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THE

SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Thomas Brown.*

Containing

LETTERS

FROM THE

DEAD to the LIVING,

And from the

LIVING to the DEAD.

Together with

Dialogues of the DEAD,

After the Manner of LUCIAN.

The Seventh Edition carefully Corrected.

LONDON:

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THE WORKS OF Mr. *Thomas Brown.*

VOLUME the Second.

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THE

LETTERS

FROM THE

DEAD to the LIVING.

PART I.

A Letter *of News from Mr.* JOSEPH HAINES, *of Merry Memory, to his Friends at* Will's *Coffee-House in* Covent-Garden. *By Mr.* THO. BROWN.

Gentlemen,

I Had done myself the honour to write to you long ago, but wanted a convenience of sending my letter; for you must not imagine 'tis as easy a matter for us on this side the river *Styx*, to maintain a correspondence with you in the upper world, as 'tis to send a pacquet from *London* to *Rotterdam*, or from *Paris* to *Madrid:* But upon the news of a fresh war ready to break out in your part of the world, (which, by the by, makes us keep holy-day here in hell) *Pluto* having thought fit to dispatch an extraordinary messenger to see how your parliament, upon whose resolutions the fate of *Europe* seems wholly to depend, will behave themselves in this critical

conjuncture. I tipp'd the fellow a George to carry this letter for me, and leave it with the master at *Will*'s in his way to *Westminster*.

I am not insensible, gentlemen, that *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Dante*, Don *Quevedo*, and many more before me, have given an account of these subterranean dominions, for which reason it may look like affectation or vanity in me to meddle with a subject so often handled; but if new travels into *Italy*, *Spain* and *Germany*, are daily read with approbation, because new matters of enquiry and observation perpetually arise, I don't see why the present state of the *Plutonian* kingdoms may not be acceptable, there having been as great changes and alterations in these infernal regions, as in any other part of the universe whatever.

When I shook hands with your upper hemisphere, I stumbled into a dark, uncouth, dismal lane, which, if it be lawful to compare great things with small, somewhat resembles that dusky dark cut under the mountains called the *grotto* of *Puzzoli* in the way to *Naples*. I was in so great a consternation, that I don't remember exactly how long it was, but this I remember full well, that there were a world of ditches on both sides of the wall, adorned and furnished with harpies, gorgons, centaurs, chimeras, and such like pretty curiosities, which could not but give a man a world of titillation as he travell'd on the road. The three-headed *Gerion*, put me in mind of the master of the *Temple*'s three intellectual minds, and when I saw *Briares* with his hundred arms and heads, out of my zeal to king *William* and his government, I could not but wish that we had so well qualify'd a person for secretary of state ever since the Revolution; for having so many heads and hands to employ, he might easily have managed all affairs domestick and foreign, and been both dictator and clerk to himself. Which besides the advantage of keeping secret all orders and instructions, (and that you know, gentlemen, is of no small importance in politicks) would have saved his majesty no inconsiderable sum in his civil list.

Being arrived at the end of this doleful and execrable lane, I came into a large open, barren plain, thro' which ran a river, whose water was as black as my hat: Coming

to

to the banks of this wonderful river, an old ill-look'd wrinkl'd fellow in a tatter'd boat, which did not ſeem to be worth a groat, making towards the ſhoar, beckon'd, and held out his right-hand to me: Knowing nothing of his buſineſs or character, I could not imagine what he meant by doing ſo; but upon ſecond thoughts, thinking he had a mind to have his his fortune told, *You muſt underſtand, old gentleman,* ſays I to him, *that there are three principal lines in a man's hand, the firſt of which is called by the learned* Ludovicus Vives, *ſecretary to* Tamerlain *the magnificent, the* linea boetica, *line of life; the ſecond, the* linea heptica, *or liver line; the third and laſt, the* linea intercalaris, *ſo call'd by* Sebaſtian Munſter *and* Erra Pater, *becauſe it croſſes the two aforeſaid lines in an equicrural parabola.* Hold your impertinent ſtuff, ſays the old ferryman, *erra* me no *erra paters,* but ſpeak to the point, and give me my fare, if you deſign to come over. By this I perceiv'd my miſtake, and knew him to be *Charon:* So I dived into my pockets, but alas! I found all the birds were flown, if ever any had been there, which you may believe, gentlemen, was no ſmall mortification to me. Get you gone for a raſcally ſcoundrel as you are, ſays *Charon,* ſome ſon of whore of a fiddler, or player, I warrant you; go and take up your quarters with thoſe pennyleſs rogues that are ſunning themſelves on yonder hillock. To ſee now how a man may be miſtaken by a fair outſide! when I came up to 'em, I found them a parcel of jolly well-look'd fellows, who, one would have thought were wealthy enough to have fined for ſheriffs: I counted, let me ſee, ſix princes of the empire that were younger brothers, ten *French* counts, fourteen knights of *Malta,* twelve *Welſh* gentlemen, ſixteen *Scotch* lairds, with abundance of chymiſts, projectors, inſurers, noblemens creditors, and the like; that were all wind-bound for want of the ready *rhino.* Two days we continued in this doleful condition; and as Dr. *Sherlock* ſays of himſelf, in relation to the 13th chapter of the *Romans, here I ſtuck, and had ſtuck till the laſt conflagration, if it had not been for biſhop* Overall's *Convocation-Book;* e'en ſo here we might have tarry'd world without end, if an honeſt teller of the *Exchequer,* and a clerk of the *pay-office,* had not come to our relief; who underſtanding our caſe, cry'd out, *Come*

along, gentlemen, we have money enough to defray twenty such trifles as this; God be prais'd, we had the good luck to die before the parliament look'd into our accounts. With that they gave *Charon* a broad-piece each of 'em, so our whole caravan consisting of about 70 persons in all, that had not a farthing in the world to bless themselves, ferry'd over to the other side of the river.

As we were crossing the stream, *Charon* told us how an *Irish* captain would have trick'd him. He came strutting down to the river-side, says he, as fine as a prince, in a long scarlet cloak, all bedaub'd with silver lace, but had not a penny about him. *Dear joy*, crys he to me, *I came away in a little haste from the other world, and left my breeches behind me, but I'll make thee amends by Chreest and St.* Patrick, *for I'll refresh thy antient nostrils with some of* Hippolito's *best snuff, which cost me a week ago, a crown an ounce.* I told the *Hibernian*, that old birds were not to be taken with chaff, nor *Charon* to be banter'd out of his due with a little dust of sot-weed; and giving him a reprimand with my stretcher over the noddle, bid him go, like a coxcomb as he was, about his business. The wretch santer'd about the banks for a month, but at last, pretended to be a *Frenchman*, got over gratis this summer, among the duke of *Orlean*'s retinue. But what was the most surprizing piece of news I ever heard, *Charon* assured us, upon his veracity, that the late king of *Spain* was forc'd to lie by full a fortnight, for want of money to carry him over; for cardinal *Portocarero* had been so busy in forging his will, that he had forgot to leave the poor monarch a farthing in his pocket; and that at last, one of his own grandees, coming by that way, was so complaisant as to defray his prince's passage; and well he might, says our surly ferryman, for in five years time he had cheated him of two millions.

We were no sooner landed on the other side of the river, but some of us fil'd off to the right, and others to the left, as their businesses called them: For my part, I made the best of my way to the famous city *Brandinopolis*, seated upon the river *Phlegethon*, as being a place of the greatest commerce and resort in all king *Pluto*'s dominions. Who should I meet upon the road but my old friend and acquaintance Mr. *Nokes*, the comedian, who received

me

me with all imaginable love and affection? Mr. *Haines*, says he, *I am glad with all my heart to see you in Hell*; upon my salvation, we have expected you here this great while, and I question not but our royal master will give you a reception befitting a person of your extraordinary merit. Mr. *Nokes*, said I, *Your most obedient servant*, you are pleas'd to compliment, but I know no other merit I have, but that of being honour'd with your friendship. *But my dear* Jo. cries he, *how go affairs in Covent-Garden?* Does cuckoldom flourish, and fornication maintain its ground still against the reformers? And the playhouse in *Drury-Lane*, is it as much frequented as it us'd to be? I had no sooner given him a satisfactory answer to these questions, but we found ourselves in the suburbs; so my friend *Nokes*, with that gaity and openness, which became him so well at the play-house, *Jo*, says he, I'll give thee thy welcome to Hell; with that he carry'd me to a little blind coffee-house, in the middle of a dirty alley, but certainly one of the worst furnish'd tenements I ever beheld: there was nothing to be seen but a few broken pipes, two or three founder'd chairs, and bare naked walls, with not so much as a superannuated almanack, or tatter'd ballad to keep 'em in countenance; so that I could not but fancy myself in some of love's little tabernacle's about *Wildstreet*, or *Drury-Lane*. Come, Mr. *Haines*, and what are you disposed to drink? What you please, Sir. Here, madam, give the gentleman a glass of *Geneva*. As soon as I had whipp'd it down, my friend *Nokes* plucking me by the sleeve, and whispering me in the ear, prithee *Jo*, who dost think that lady at the bar is? I consider'd her very attentively, by the same token she was three times as ugly as my lady *Frightall*, countess of —— and three times as thick and bulky as Mrs. *Pix* the poetress, and very fairly told him, I knew her not. Why then I shall surprize you. This is the famous *Semiramis*. The Devil she is! answer'd I: What is this the celebrated and renowned queen of *Babylon*, she that built those stupendious walls and pensile gardens, of which antient historians tells us so many miracles; that victorious *heroine*, who eclipsed the triumphs of her illustrious husband; that added *Æthiopia* to her empire; and was the wonder as well as the ornament of her sex? Is it possible she should

fall so low as to be forced to sell *Geneva*, and such ungodly liquors for a subsistence? 'Tis e'en so, says Mr. *Nokes*, and this may serve as a lesson of instruction to you, that when once death has laid his icy paws upon us, all other distinctions of fortune and quality immediately vanish. These words were no sooner out of his mouth, but in came a formal old gentleman, and plucking a large wooden box from under his cloak, *Will you have any fine snuff*, gentlemen, *here is the finest snuff in the universe*, gentlemen; *a never failing remedy*, gentlemen, *against the megrims and head-ach*. And who do you take this worthy person to be? says Mr. *Nokes*, But that I am in this lower world, cry'd I, I durst swear 'tis the very individual quaker that sells his herb-snuff at the *Rainbow* coffee-house. Damnably mistaken, says Mr. *Nokes*, before *George*, no less a man than the great *Cyrus*, the first founder of the *Persian* monarchy. I was going to bless myself at this discovery, when a jolly red-nos'd woman in a straw-hat popt into the room, and in a shrill treble cry'd out, *Any buckles, combs or scissars*, gentlemen, *and tooth-picks, bottle-screws or twizers, silver-buttons or tobacco-stoppers*, gentlemen; well now, my worthy friend, Mr. *Haines*, who do you think this to be? The Lord knows, reply'd I, for here are such an unaccountable choppings and changings among you that the Devil can't tell what to make of 'em. Why then, in short, this is the virtuous *Thalestris*, Queen of the *Amazons*, the same numerical princess, that beat the hoof so many hundred leagues to get *Alexander* the Great to administer his royal nipple to her. But *Jo.* since I find thee so affected at these alterations that have happen'd to persons who lived so many hundred years ago, I am resolv'd to shew thee some of a more modern date, and particularly of such as either thou wast acquainted with in the other world, or at least hast often heard mention'd in company. So calling for the other glass of *Geneva*, he left a tester at the bar, and *Semiramis*, to shew her courtly breeding, dropp'd us abundance of curtesies, and paid us as much respect at our coming out, as your two-penny *French* barbers in *Soho* do to a gentleman that gives them a brace of odd half-pence above the original contract in their sign.

We

The Pall Mall of Brandipolis,

Vol. II P. 7

We walk'd thro' half a dozen ſtreets without meeting any thing worthy of obſervation. At laſt my friend *Nokes*, pointed to a little edifice, which exactly reſembles Dr. *Burgeſs*'s conventicle in *Ruſſel-Court*; ſays he, your old acquaintance *Tony Lee*, who turn'd presbyterian parſon upon his coming into theſe quarters, holds forth moſt notably here every *Sunday*; *Jacob Hall* and *Jevon* are his clerks, and chant it admirably. Mother *Stratford*, the ducheſs of *Mazarine*, my lord *Warwick*, and Sir *Fleetwood*, are his conſtant hearers; and to *Tony*'s everlaſting honour be it ſpoken, he delivers his fire and brimſtone with ſo good a grace, ſplits his text ſo judiciouſly, turns up the whites of his eyes ſo theologically, cuffs his cuſhion ſo orthodoxly, and twirls his band-ſtrings ſo primitively, that *Plato* has lately made him one of his chaplains in ordinary. From this we croſſed another ſtreet, which one may properly enough call the *Bow-ſtreet*, or *Pall-Mall* of *Brandivopolis*. No tawcy tradeſman or mechanick dares preſume to live here, but 'tis wholly inhabited by fine gaudy fluttering ſparks, and fine airy ladies; who in no reſpect are inferior to yours in *Covent-Garden*. When the ſky is ſerene, and not a breath of wind ſtirring, you may ſee whole covies of them diſplaying their finery in the ſtreet; but at other times you never ſee 'em out of a chair, for fear of diſcompoſing their commodes or periwigs. We had not gone twenty paces, before we met three flaming beaux of the firſt magnitude, the like of whom we never ſaw at the *Vourthoot* at the *Hague*, the *Tuilleries* at *Paris*, or the *Mall* in St. *James*'s-park. They were all three in black (for you muſt know we are in deep mourning here for the death of my lady *Proſerpine*'s favourite monkey) but he in the middle, tho' he had neither face nor ſhape to qualify him for a gallant: for he had a phyz as forbidden as beau *Whitaker*, and was as thick about the waſte, as the fat ſquab porter at the *Griffin*-tavern in *Fuller's-Rents*, yet he made a moſt magnificent figure: His periwig was large enough to have loaded a camel, and he had, beſtowed upon it at leaſt a buſhel of powder, I warrant you. His ſword-knot dangled upon the ground, and his ſteenkirk that was moſt agreeably diſcolour'd with ſnuff from top to bottom, reach'd down to his waſte; he carry'd his hat under his left-arm, walk'd with both his

hands in the waſtband of his breeches, and his cane that hung negligently down in a ſtring from his right-arm, trail'd moſt harmoniouſly againſt the pebbles, while the maſter of it, tripping it nicely upon his toes, was humming to himſelf,

Oh, ye happy happy groves,
Witneſs of our tender loves.

Having given you this deſcription of him, I need not trouble myſelf to enlarge upon the dreſs of his two companions, who, tho' they fell much ſhort of his inimitable original in point of garniture and dreſs, yet they were ſingular enough to have drawn the eyes of men, women and children after 'em in any part of *Europe*. As I obſerved this ſight with a great deal of admiration, Mr. *Nokes* very gravely asked me, who I took the middlemoſt perſon to be; upon my telling him I had never ſeen him before, nor knew a ſyllable of him or his private hiſtory; why, ſays Mr. *Nokes*, this is *Diogenes* the famous cynic philoſopher, and his two companions are *George Fox* and *James Naylor* the quakers. *Diogenes*, reply'd I to him, why he was one of the arranteſt ſlovens in all *Greece*, and a profeſs'd enemy to laundreſſes, for he never parted with his ſhirt, 'till his ſhirt parted with him. No matter for that, ſays Mr. *Nokes*, the caſe is alter'd now with him, for he has the vanity and affectation of twenty Sir *Courtly Nice*'s blended together; he conſtantly diſpatches a courier to *Lisbon* every month, to bring him a cargo of *Limons* to waſh his hands with; he ſends to *Montpelier* for *Hungary*-water; *Turin* furniſhes him with *Roſa Solis*; *Niſmes* with *Eau de Conelle*, and *Paris* with *Ratifia* to ſettle his maw in the morning. Nothing will go down with him but *Ortolans*, *Snipes*, and *Woodcocks*; and *Matſon*, that ſome years ago liv'd at the *Rummer* in *Queen-ſtreet*, is the adminiſtrator of his kitchen. This, ſaid I to him, is the moſt phantaſtick change I have ſeen ſince my paſſing the *Styx*: for who the plague wou'd have believ'd that that antient quaker *Diogenes*, and thoſe modern cynicks, *Fox* and *Naylor*, ſhould degenerate ſo much from their primitive inſtitution, as to ſet up for fops? When we came up to 'em, *Diogenes* gave us a moſt gracious bow, but thoſe

two

two everlasting complimenters, his friends, I was afraid wou'd have murder'd me with their civilities; for which reason I disingaged myself from 'em something abruptly, by the same token I overheard *James Naylor* call me *bougre insulare* and *tramontane*, for my ill manners.

When the coast was clear of 'em, says I to my *Nokes*, every thing is so turned topsy-turvy here with you, that I can hardly resolve myself whether I walk upon my head or my feet: right, Mr. *Haines*, says he, but time is precious; so let's mend our pace if you please, that we may see all the curiosities of this renowned city before 'tis dark.

The next street we came into, we saw a tall thin-gutted mortal driving a wheel-barrow of pears before him, and crying in a hoarse tone, *pears twenty a penny*; looking him earnestly in the face, I presently knew him to be beau *Heveningham*, but I found he was shy, and so took no further notice of him. Not ten doors from hence, says Mr. *Nokes*, lives poor *Norton*, that shot himself. I ask'd him in what quality, he answered me, as a sub-operator to a disperser of darkness, *anglicè*, a journeyman to a tallow-chandler. I would willingly have made him a short visit, but was intercepted in my design by a brace of fellows that were link'd to their good behaviour, like a pair of *Spanish* galley-slaves; tho' they agreed as little as *Jowler* and *Ringwood* coupled together, for one of 'em lugg'd one away, and his brother the other. I soon knew them to be *Dick Baldwin*, the whig-bookseller, and *Mason* the non-swearing parson, whom, as I was afterwards informed, judge *Minos*, had order'd to be yoak'd thus, to be a mutual plague and punishment to one another. Both of 'em made up to us as hard as they could drive. *Well, Sir, says the* Levite, *what comfortable news do you bring from St.* Germains? *Our old friend* Lewis le Grand *is well I hope. Damn* Lewis le Grand, *and all his adherents, cries* Dick Baldwin. *Pray Sir, what racy touches of scandal have been publish'd of late,* by my worthy friends, *Sam. Johnson,* Mr. *Tutchin,* and honest Mr. *Atwood*; and the gallows that groan'd so long for *Robin Hog* the messenger, when is it like to lose its longing? Have no fresh batteries attack'd the court lately from honest Mr. *Darby*'s in *Bartholomew-Close?* And prithee what new piracies

from the quakers at the *Pump* in *Little-Britain?* What new whales, devils, ghosts, murders, from *Wilkins* in the *Fryars?* But above all, dear Sir, of what kidney are the present sheriffs; and particularly my lord-mayor, how stands he affected? Why *Dick*, says I to him, fearing to be stunn'd with more interrogatories, tho' most of the folks I have seen here are chang'd either for the better or the worse, yet I find thou art the true, primitive, busy, pragmatical, prating, muttering *Dick Baldwin* still, and will be so to the end of the chapter. In the name of the three furies, what should make thee trouble thyself about sheriffs and lord-mayor? But thou art of the same foolish belief, I find, with thy brother coxcombs at *North*'s coffee-house, who think all the fate of christendom depends upon the choice of a lord-mayor; whereas to talk of things familiarly, and as we ought to do, what is this two-legg'd animal ycleped a lord-mayor, but a certain temporary machine of the city's setting up, who on certain appointed days is oblig'd to ride on horse-back to please the *Cheapside* wives, who must scuffle his way thro' so many furlongs of custard, who is only terrible to delinquent-bakers, oyster-women, and scavengers; and has no other privilege above his brethren, as I know of, but that of taking a comfortable nap in his gold chain at *Paul*'s or *Salter's-Hall*; to either of which places his conscience, that is, his interest, carries him. Surly *Dick* was going to so say something in defence of the city magistrate, but my brother *Nokes* and I prevented him, by calling to the next hackney coachman, whom, to my great surprise, I found to be the famous Dr. *Busby* of *Westminster*-school; who now, instead of flogging boys, was content to act in an humbler sphere, and exercise his lashing talent upon horses. We ordered him to set us down at *Bedlam*, where my friend *Nokes* assured me we should find diversion enough, and the first person we met with in this celebrated mansion, was the famous queen *Dido* of *Carthage*, supported by the ingenious Mrs. *Behn* on the one side, and the learned *Christiana*, queen of *Sweden*, on the other. *Gentlemen*, cry'd she, *I conjure you, by that respect which is due to truth, and by that complaisance which is owing to us of the fair sex, to believe none of those idle lies that* Virgil *hath told of me. That impudent versifyer has given out, that I murder'd*

murder'd myself for the sake of his pious Trojan, *the hero of his romance; whereas I declare to you, gentlemen, as I hope to be sav'd, that I never saw the face of that fugitive scoundrel in my life, but dy'd in my bed with as much decency and resignation as any woman in the parish: but what touches my honour most of all, is that most horrid calumny of my being all alone with* Æneas *in the cave.* Upon this I humbly remonstrated to her majesty, that altho' *Virgil* had taken the liberty to leave her and his pious *Trojan* in a grotto together, yet he no where insinuated that any thing criminal had passed between 'em. How, says Mr. *Behn*, in a fury, was it not scandal enough in all conscience, to say that a man and a woman were in a dark blind cavern by themselves? What tho' there was no such convenience as a bed or a couch in the room; nay, not so much as a broken-back'd chair, yet I desire you to tell me, sweet Mr. *Haines*, what other business can a man and a woman have in the dark together, but——. Ay, cries the queen of *Sweden*, what other business can a man and a woman have in the dark, but, as the fellow says in the *Moor of Venice*, to make the beast with two backs? not to pick straws I hope, or to tell tales of a tub. Under favour, ladies, reply'd I, 'tis impossible I should think, for a grave sober man, and a woman of discretion, to pass a few hours alone, without carrying matters so far home as you insinuate. What in the dark? cries queen *Dido*, that's mine a—— in a band-box. Let peoples inclinations be never so modest and virtuous, yet this curs'd darkness puts the devil and all of wickedness into their heads: the man will be pushing on his side, that's certain; and as for the woman, I'll swear for her, that when no body can see her blush, she will be consenting. In fine, tho' the soul be never so well fortify'd to hold out a siege, yet the body, as soon as love's artillery begins to play upon it, it will soon beat a parley, and make a separate treaty for itself.

Thus her *Punick* majesty run on, and the Lord knows when her royal clack would have done striking, if a female messenger had not come to her in the nick of time, and whisper'd her in the ear, to go to the famous *Lucretia*'s crying-out, who, it seems, was got with child upon a hay-cock, by *Æsop* the fabulist. As soon as queen

Dido and her two prattling companions were gone out of the room, Mr. *Nokes*, says I, you have without question seen *Æsop* very often, therefore pray let me beg the favour of you, to tell me whether he is such a deformed ill-favoured wight, as the historians represent him; for you must know we have a modern critick of singular humanity, near St. *James's*, that has been pleased, in some late dissertation upon *Phalaris*'s epistles, to maintain that he was a well-shap'd, handsome gentleman; and for a proof of this, insists much upon *Æsop*'s intriguing with his fellow-slave, the beautiful *Rhodope*. No, no, replies Mr. *Nokes*, *Æsop* is just such a crumpled hump-shoulder'd dog, for all the world, as you see him before *Ogilby*'s translation of his fables; and let the above-mentioned grammarian, I think they call him, Dr. *Bentivolio*, say what he will to the contrary, 'tis even so as I tell you. And now, we are upon the chapter of Dr. *Bentivolio*; about a month ago I happen'd to make merry over a bowl of punch with *Phalaris* the *Sicilian* tyrant, who swore by all that was good and sacred, that he would trounce the unmannerly slave for robbing him of those epistles, which have gone unquestion'd under his name for so many ages: but the time is coming, said he, when I shall make this impudent pedant cry *peccavi* for the unworthy treatment he has given me: I have my brazen-bull, heaven be prais'd, ready for him, and as soon as he comes into these quarters, will shut him up in it, and roast him with his own dull volumes, and those of his dearly beloved friends the *Dutch* commentators.

By this time we were got to the upper end of the room, when, says Mr. *Nokes* to me, I will shew you a most surprising sight. You must know this place, like *Noah*'s ark, contains beasts of all sorts and sizes; some have their brains turn'd by politicks, who, except some three or four that are suffer'd to go abroad with a keeper, are lock'd up in a large apartment up stairs. These puppies rave eternally about liberty and property, and the *jura populi*, and are so damn'd mischievous, that it is dangerous to venture near them. *England* sends more of this sort to *Bedlam*, than all the countries of *Europe* besides. Others again have their intellects fly-blown by love, by the same token that most of the poor wretches

that

that are in this doleful predicament come out of *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*, and such hot climates. Now and then, indeed, we have a silly apprentice or so, takes a leap from *London-Bridge* into the *Thames*, or decently hangs himself in a garret, in his mistress's garters, but these accidents happen but seldom; and besides, since fornication has made so great a progress among us, love is observed not to operate so powerfully in *England* as it formerly did, when there was no relief against him but matrimony. Some again have their *pia mater* addled by their religion, but neither are the sots of this species so numerous in *Britain*, or elsewhere, as they were in the days of yore; for the priests of most religions have play'd their game so aukwardly, that not one man in a thousand will trust them with shuffling of the cards.

But of all the various sorts of mad-men that come hither, the rhimers or versifyers far exceed the rest in number: most of these fellows in the other world were mayors, or aldermen, or deputies of wards, that knew nothing but the rising and falling of stocks, squeezing young heirs, and cheating their customers: but now the tables are turn'd, for they eat and drink, nay, sleep and dream in rhime, and have a distich to discharge at you upon every occasion. With that he open'd the wicket of the uppermost door, and bid me peep in. 'Tis impossible to describe to you the surprize I was in, to see so many of my city acquaintance there, whom I should sooner have suspected of burglary or sacrilege, than of tacking a pair of rhimes together: but it seems this is a judgment upon these wretches, for the aversion they have to the muses when they are living. The walls were lined with verses from top to bottom, and happy was the wretch that could get a bit of charcoal to express the happiness of his fancy upon the poor plaister. The first man I saw was Sir *John Peak*, formerly lord-mayor of *London*, who bluntly came up to the door, and asked me what was rhime to *Crambo*? Immediately Sir *Thomas Pilkington* popp'd over his shoulder, and pray friend, says he, for I perceive you are newly come from the other world, how go the affairs of *Parnassus*? What new madrigals, epithilamiums, sonnets, epigrams, and satires, have you brought with you? What pretty conceits had Mr. *Settle* in

in his laſt *London* triumphs? What plays have taken of late? Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, doth ſhe live ſtill unmarried? And pray, Sir, how doth Mr. *Betterton*'s lungs hold out? But now I think on't, I have a delicious copy of verſes to ſhew you, upon the divine *Meleſinda*'s frying of pancakes, only ſtay a minute, while I ſtep yonder to fetch 'em: he had no ſooner turn'd his back, but I pluck'd too the wicket, and gave him the ſlip; for certainly of all the plagues in hell, or t'other ſide of it, nothing comes up to that of a confounded repeater. Leaving theſe verſifying inſects to themſelves, we walked up a pair of ſtairs into the upper room, one end of which was the quarter for diſtracted lovers, as the other was for the lunatick republicans. I juſt caſt my eyes into *Cupid*'s *Bear-Garden*, and obſerved that the walls were all adorned with myſterious hieroglyphicks of love, as hearts transfixed, and abundance of odd-faſhion'd battering rams, ſuch as young lovers uſe to trace upon the cieling of a coffee-houſe with the ſmoke of a candle. Some half a ſcore of 'em were making to the door, but having ſeen enough of theſe impertinents in the other world, I had no great inclination to ſuffer a new perſecution from 'em in this. So my friend and I turn'd up to the apartment where the republicans were lock'd up, who made ſuch a hurricane and noiſe, as if a legion of devils had been broke looſe among them. *Harrington*, I remember, was the moſt unruly of the whole pack. Thanks to my friends in *London*, ſays he, I hear my *Oceana* is lately reprinted, and furbiſh'd with a new dedication to thoſe judicious and worthy gentlemen, my lord-mayor and court of aldermen, by Mr. *Toland*. You need not value yourſelf ſo much upon that, ſays *Algernoon Sidney*, for my works were publiſhed there long before yours. And ſo were mine, cries *Milton*, at the expence of ſome worthy patriots, that were not afraid to publiſh them under a monarchical government. But what think you of my memoirs, cries *Ludlow*, for if you talk of hiſtories, there's a hiſtory for you, which, for ſincerity and truth, never ſaw its fellow ſince the creation. Upon this the uproar began afreſh, ſo thinking it high time to withdraw, I jogg'd my friend *Nokes* by the elbow, and as we went down ſtairs told him, that *Pluto* was certainly in the right on't, to lock

up

up these hot-headed mutineers by themselves, allow them neither pen, ink, fire, nor candle; for should he give them leave to propagate their seditious doctrines, he would only find himself king of *Erebus*, at the courtesy of his loving subjects.

Just as we were going out of this famous edifice; I have an odd piece of news to tell you, says Mr. *Nokes*, which is, that altho' we have men of all countries, more or less here, yet there never was one *Irishman* in it. How comes that about, I beseech you? said I to him. Why, replies he, madness always supposes a loss of reason; but the duce is in't if a man can lose that which he never possess'd in his life. Oh your humble servant, answer'd I, 'tis well none of our swaggering Dear Joys in *Covent-Garden* hear you talk so, for if they did, ten to one but they would cut your throat for this reflection upon the intellects of their country, and send you to the Devil for the honour of St. *Patrick*.

When we came out into the open air again, and had taken half a dozen turns in the neighbouring fields, Mr. *Nokes*, says I, 'tis my misfortune to come in this place without a farthing of money in my pocket, and *Alecto* confound me, if I know what course to take for my maintenance, therefore I would desire you to put me in a way. Have no care for that, says Mr. *Nokes*, his infernal majesty is very kind and obliging to us players, and because we act so many different parts in the other world, as kings, princes, bishops, privy-counsellors, beaux, cits, sailors, and the like, gives us leave to follow what profession we have most a fancy to. For my part, I keep a nicknackatory, or toy-shop, as I formerly did over against the *Exchange*, and turn a sweet penny by it, for our gallants here throw away their money after a furious rate. Now *Jo.* I think thou can'st not do better than to set up for a *High-German* fortune-teller; thou knowest all the cant and roguery of that practice to perfection, and besides, has the best ph'z in the world to carry on such an affair. As for money to furnish thee an house, and set up a convenient equipage, to buy thee a pair of globes, a magick looking-glass, and all other accoutrements of that nature, thou shalt command as much as thou hast occasion for. I was going to thank my friend for

for ſo courteous an offer, when who ſhould pop upon us on the ſudden, but his *Poliſh* majeſty's phyſician in ordinary, the late famous Dr. *Conner* of *Bowſtreet*, but in ſo wretched a pickle, ſo tatter'd a condition, that I could hardly know him. How comes this about, noble doctor, ſaid I to him, what is fortune unkind, and do the planets frown upon merit? I remember you were going to ſet up your coach, and marry the widow *Bently* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, juſt before your laſt diſtemper hurry'd you out of the world. Is it poſſible the learned author of *Evangelium Medici* ſhould want bread? or, doctor, did you leave all your *Hibernian* confidence behind you! I thought a true *Iriſhman* could have made his fortune in any part of the univerſe.

Ille nihil, nec me quærentem vana moratur;
Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens.

Mr. *Haines*, ſays he, *Pluto*, to ſay no worſe of him, is very ungrateful to the gentlemen of our faculty; and were he not a crown'd head, I would not ſtick to call him a *Poltroon*. I am ſure no body of men cultivate his intereſt with more induſtry and ſucceſs, than we phyſicians. What would his dominions be but a bare wilderneſs and ſolitude, if we did not daily take care to ſtock them with freſh colonies? This I can ſay for myſelf, that I did not let him loſe one patient that fell into my hands; nay, rather than he ſhould want cuſtomers, I practiſed upon myſelf. But after the received maxim of moſt princes, I find he loves the treaſon, and hates the traytor; ſo that no people are put to harder ſhifts in hell, than the ſons of *Galen*. Would you believe it, Mr. *Haines*, the immortal Dr. *Willis* is content to be a flayer of dead horſes; the famous *Harvey* is turn'd higgler, and you may ſee him ride every morning to market upon a pannier of eggs; *Mayern* is glad to be pimp to noblemens *valets de chambre*; old *Gliſſon* ſells vinegar upon a lean ſcraggy tit; *Moreton* is return'd to his occupation, and preaches in a little conventicle you can hardly ſwing a cat round in; *Lower* ſells penny prayer-books all the week, and curls an *Amen* in a meeting-houſe on ſundays; *Needham*, in conjunction with Capt. *Dawſon*, is bully to a *Bordello*; and the celebrated *Sydenham* empties cloſe-ſtools. As for

for myſelf, I am ſometimes a ſmall retainer to a billiard-table; and ſometimes, when the maſter on't is ſick, earn a penny by a whimſy-board. I lie with a link-man upon a flock-bed in a garret, and have not ſeen a clean ſhirt upon my back ſince I came into this curſed country. By my troth, ſaid I, I am ſorry to hear matters go ſo ſcurvily with you; but pluck up a good heart, for when the times are at worſt they muſt certainly mend. But, pray doctor, before you go any further, ſatisfy me what church you dy'd a member of, for we had the devil and all to do about you when you were gone. The parſon of St. *Giles*'s ſtood out ſtifly that you dy'd a ſound Proteſtant, but all your countrymen ſwore thou didſt troop off like a good Catholick. Why really *Jo.* cry'd the doctor, to deal plainly with you, I don't know well what religion I dy'd in; but if I dy'd in any, as phyſicians you know ſeldom do, it was, as I take it, that of the Church of *England.* I remember, indeed, when I grew light-headed, and the bed, room, and every thing began to turn round with me, that a forſter-brother of mine, an *Iriſh* Prieſt, offer'd me the civility of *Extreme Unction*, and I that knew I had a long journey to go, thought it would not be amiſs to have my boots well liquor'd beforehand, tho' after all, for any good it did me, he might as well have rubb'd my poſteriors with a brick-bat. This is all I remember of the matter; but what ſignifies it to the buſineſs we are talking of? In ſhort, *Jo.* if thou could'ſt put me in a way to live, I ſhould be excedingly beholden to thee. Doctor, cry'd I, if you will come to me a week hence, ſomething may be done; for I intend to build me a ſtage in one of the largeſt *Piazzas* of this city, take me a fine houſe, and ſet up my old trade of fortune-telling; and as I ſhall have occaſion now and then for ſome underſtrapper to draw teeth for me, or to be my toad-eater upon the ſtage, if you will accept of ſo mean an employment, beſides my old cloaths, which will be ſomething, I'll give you meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging, and four marks *per annum.*

I am ſenſible, gentlemen, that I have tried your patience with a long tedious letter, but not knowing when I ſhould find ſo convenient an opportunity to ſend another, I reſolved to give you a full account in this, of all

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the memorable things that fell within the compass of my observation, during my short residence in this country. At present, thanks to my kind stars, I live very comfortably; I keep my brace of geldings, and half a dozen servants; my house is as well furnish'd as most in this populous city; and to tell you what prodigious number of persons of all ages, sexes and conditions flock daily to me, to have their fortunes told, 'twould hardly find belief with you. If the celestial phenomena's deceive me not, and there is any truth in the conjunction of *Mercury* and *Luna*, I shall in a short time rout all the pretenders to *Astrology*, who combine to ruin my reputation and practice, but without effect; for this opposition has rather increased my friends at court than lessen'd them. I am promised to be *maître des langues*, to the young prince of *Acheron*, (so we call the heir apparent to these subterranean dominions) and *Proserpine's camariera major* assured me t'other morning, I should have the honour of teaching the beautiful princess *Fustamarilla*, his sister, to dance. Once more, gentlemen, I beg your excuse for this prolix epistle, and hoping you will order one of your fraternity to send me the news of your upper world, I remain,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

Dec. 21. 1701. JO. HAINES.

An Answer to Mr. JOSEPH HAINES, High-German *Astrologer, at the sign of the* Urinal *and* Cassiopea's Chair, *in* Brandinopolis, *upon* Phlegethon. *By Mr.* BROWN.

Worthy Sir,

WE received your letter, dated *Dec.* 21. 1701. and read it yesterday in a full assembly at *Will's*. The whole company lik'd it exceedingly, and return you their thanks for the ample and satisfactory account you have given them of *Pluto's* dominions, from which we have had

had little or no news, however it has happen'd, ſince the famous *Don Quevedo* had the curioſity to travel thither.

Whereas you deſire us, by way of exchange, to furniſh you with ſome of the moſt memorable tranſactions that have lately fallen out in this part of the globe; we willingly comply with your propoſal, and are proud of any opportunity to ſhew Mr. *Haines* how much we reſpect and value him.

Imprimis, *Will*'s coffee-houſe, Mr. *Haines*, is much in the ſame condition, as when you left it; and as a worthy gentleman has lately diſtributed them into their proper claſſes, we have four ſorts of perſons that reſort hither; firſt, Such as are beaux and no wits, and theſe are eaſy to be known by their full periwigs and empty ſculls; ſecondly, Such as are wits and no beaux, and theſe, not to talk of their out-ſides, are diſtinguiſh'd by cenſuring the ill taſte of the age, and railing at one another; thirdly, Such as are neither wits nor beaux, I mean your grave plodding politicians that come to us every night piping hot from the parliament-houſe, and finiſh treaties that were never thought of, and end wars before they are begun; and fourthly, Such as are both wits and beaux, to whoſe perſons, as well as merits, you can be no ſtranger.

In the next place, the Playhouſe ſtands exactly where it did. Mr. *Rich* finds ſome trouble in managing his mutinous ſubjects, but 'tis no more than what princes muſt expect to find in a mixt monarchy, as we take the Playhouſe to be. The actors jog on after the old merry rate, and the women drink and intrigue. Mr. *Clinch* of *Barnet*, with his pack of dogs and organ, comes now and then to their relief; and your friend Mr. *Jevon* would hang himſelf, to ſee how much the famous Mr. *Harvey* exceeds him in the ladder-dance.

We have had an inundation of plays lately, and one of them, by a great miracle, made ſhift to hold out a full fortnight. The generality are either troubled with convulſion-fits, and die the firſt day of the repreſentation, or by meer dint of acting, hold out to the third; which is like a conſumptive man's living by cordials, or elſe die a violent death, and are interr'd with the ſolemnity of catcalls. A merry virtuoſo, who makes one of the congregation *de propagando ingenio*, deſigns to publiſh a weekly bill

bill for the use of the two theatres, in imitation of that published by the parish clerks, and faithfully to set down what distemper every new play dies of.

If the author of a play strains hard for wit, and it drivels drop by drop from him, he says it is troubled with a strangury. If it is vicious in the design and performance, and dull throughout, he intends to give it out in his bill, that it died by a knock in the cradle; if it miscarries for want of fine scenes, and due acting, why then he says, 'tis starv'd at nurse; if it expires the first or second day he reckons it among the abortive; and lastly, if it is damn'd for the feebleness of its satire, he says it dies in breeding of teeth.

As our *wit*, generally speaking is debauch'd, so our wine, the parent of it, is sophisticated all over the *town*; and as we never had more *plays* in the *two houses*, and more wine in city than at present, so we were never encumber'd with worse of the two sorts than now. As for the latter, we sell that for claret which has not a drop of the juice of the grape in it, but is downright cyder. The corporation does not stop short here, but our cyder, instead of apples, is made of turnips. Who knows where the cheat will conclude? perhaps the next generation will debauch our very turnips.

'Tis well, Mr. *Haines*, you dy'd when you did, for that unhappy place, where you have so often exerted your talent, I mean *Smithfield*, has fallen under the city magistrate's displeasure; so that now St. *George* and the *Dragon*, the *Trojan* horse, and *Bateman*'s ghost, the *Prodigal Son*, and *Jeptha*'s *Daughter:* In short, all the drolls of glorious memory, are routed, defeated, and sent to grass, without any hopes of a reprieve.

Next to *plays*, we have been over-run, in these times of publick ferment and distraction, with certain wicked things, called *pamphlets*; and some scriblers that shall be nameless, have writ *pro* and *con* upon the same subject, at least six times since last spring.

Both nations are at a *bay*, and like two *bull-dogs* snarl at one another, yet have not thought fit, as yet, to come to actual blows. What the event will be, we cannot prophesy at this distance, but every little corporation in the kingdom has laid *Lewis le Grand* upon his back, and as good

good as call'd him perjur'd knave and villain. However, 'tis the hardeſt caſe in the world if we miſcarry; our *Grub-ſtreet* pamphleteers adviſe the ſhires and boroughs what ſort of members to chuſe; the ſhires and boroughs adviſe their repreſentatives what courſe to ſteer in parliament; and the ſenators, no doubt on't, will adviſe his majeſty what miniſters to rely on, and how to behave himſelf in this preſent conjuncture. Thus, advice, you ſee, like malt-tickets, circulates plentifully about the kingdom; ſo that if we fail in our deſigns, after all, the wicked can never ſay, 'twas for want of advice. We forgot to tell you, Mr. *Haines*, that ſince you left this upper world, your life has been written by a brother-player, who pretends he received all his *memoirs* from your own mouth, a little before you made a leap into the dark; and really you are beholden to the fellow, for he makes you a maſter of arts at the univerſity, tho' you never took a degree there. That, and a thouſand ſtories of other people he has father'd upon you, and the truth on't is, the adventures of thy life, if truly ſet down, are ſo romantick, that few beſides thy acquaintance would be able to diſtinguiſh between the hiſtory and the fable. But let not this diſturb the ſerenity of your ſoul, Mr. *Haines*, for after this rate the lives of all illuſtrious perſons, whether ancient or modern, have been written. This, Mr. *Haines*, is all we have to communicate to you at preſent, ſo we conclude, with ſubſcribing ourſelves,

Your moſt humble Servants,

From Will's *in* Covent-Garden, Jan. 10. 1701.

Sebaſtian Freeman,
Regiſtrarius, Nomine Societatis.

SCARRON *to* LEWIS *le* GRAND.
By Mr. BROWN.

ALL the converſation of this lower world, at preſent, runs upon you; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houſes, but what his *Gallic* Majeſty is more or leſs concern'd in. 'Tis agreed on by all our *Virtuoſos*,

Virtuoſos, that ſince the days of *Diocleſian*, no prince has been ſo great a benefactor to hell as your ſelf; and as much a maſter of eloquence as I was once thought to be at *Paris*, I want words to tell you, how much you are commended here for ſo heroically trampling under foot the treaty of *Reſwick*, and opening a new ſcene of war in your great *climateric*, at which age moſt of the princes before you were ſuch recreants, as to think of making up their ſcores with heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they ſay, are above ſuch ſordid precedents, and rather than *Pluto* ſhould want men to people his dominions, are willing to ſpare him half a million of your own ſubjects, and that at a juncture too, when you are not overſtock'd with them.

This has gain'd you an univerſal applauſe in theſe regions; the three *Furies* ſing your praiſes in every ſtreet; *Bellona* ſwears there's never a prince in *Chriſtendom* worth hanging beſides your ſelf; and *Charon* buſtles for you in all companies: he deſir'd me, about a week ago, to preſent his moſt humble reſpects to you; adding, that if it had not been for your majeſty, he, with his wife and children, muſt long ago been quarter'd upon the pariſh; for which reaſon he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold *Styx* next his conſcience.

Indeed I have a double title to write to you, in the firſt place, as one of your dutiful, tho' unworthy, ſubjects, who formerly taſted of your liberality; and ſecondly, as you have done me the honour to take away my late wife, not only into your private embraces, but private councils. Poor ſoul! I little thought ſhe would fall to your majeſty's ſhare when I took my laſt farwel of her, or that a prince that had his choice of ſo many thouſands, would accept of my ſorry leavings. And therefore, I muſt confeſs, I am apt to be a little vain, as often as I reflect, that the greateſt monarch in the univerſe and I are brother-ſtallions, and that the eldeſt ſon of the church, and the little *Scarron* have fiſh'd in the ſame hole. Some ſawcy fellows have had the impudence to tell me to my face, that Madam *Maintenon* (for ſo, out of reſpect to your majeſty, I muſt call her) is your lawful wife, and that you were clandeſtinely marry'd to her. I took them up roundly, as they deſerv'd, and told them, I was ſure it was a damn'd lie;

lie; for, said I to them, if my master was marry'd to her, as you pretend, she had broke his heart long ago, as well as she did mine; from whence I positively concluded, that she might be your mistress, but was none of your wife.

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a publick-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the *Milanese*, and the intended siege of *Mantua*, the whole company fell a talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had perform'd in your time. Why, gentlemen, says an ill-look'd rascal, who prov'd to be *Herostratus*, for *Pluto*'s sake let not the grand monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too; 'twas I, who out of the *Gaiete de Cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fir'd the famous temple of the *Ephesian Diana*, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure which was two hundred years a building: therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share. Why, thou diminutive inconsiderable wretch said I, in a great passion to him, thou worthless idle *logger-head*, thou *pigmy* in sin, thou *Tom Thumb* in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art, have the impudence to enter the lists with *Lewis le Grand?* thou valuest thy self upon firing a church, but how? when the mistress of the house, who was a midwife by profession, was gone out to assist *Olympias*, and deliver'd her of *Alexander* the Great. 'Tis plain, thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot; but what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabricks in his time, and bravely ordered them to be bombarded, when he knew the very God that made and redeemed him had taken up his *Quarters* in 'em. Therefore turn out of the room, like a paltry insignificant villain as thou art, or I'll pick thy carcass for thee.

He had no sooner made his *exit*, but cries an odd sort of a spark, with his hat button'd up before, like a country scraper, under favour, Sir, what do you think of me? Why, who are you? reply'd I to him, Who am I, answer'd he, Why *Nero*, the sixth emperor of *Rome*, that murder'd my—— Come, said I to him, to stop your prating, I know your history as well as yourself, that murder'd

murder'd your mother, kick'd your wife down ſtairs, diſpatch'd two Apoſtles out of the world, begun the firſt perſecution againſt the chriſtians, and, laſtly, put your maſter *Seneca* to death. As for the murder of your mother, I confeſs it ſhew'd you had ſome taſte of wickedneſs, and may paſs for a tolerable piece of gallantry; but prithee, what a mighty matter was it to ſend your wife packing with a good kick in the guts, when once ſhe grew nauſeous and ſawcy; 'tis no more than what a thouſand tinkers and foot-ſoldiers have done before you: or to put the penal laws in execution againſt a brace of hot-headed bigots, and their beſotted followers, that muſt needs come and preach up a new religion at *Rome:* or, in fine, to take away a haughty, ungrateful pedant's life, who conſpir'd to take away your's; altho' I know thoſe worthy gentlemen, the ſchool-maſters, make a horrid rout about it in their nonſenſical declamations? Whereas his moſt *Chriſtian Majeſty*, whoſe advocate I am reſolved to be againſt all oppoſers whatever, has bravely and generouſly ſtarv'd a million of poor *Hugonots* at home, and ſent t'other million of them a graſing into foreign countries, contrary to ſolemn edicts, and repeated promiſes, for no other provocation, that I know of, but becauſe they were ſuch coxcombs, as to place him upon the throne. In ſhort, friend *Nero*, thou may'ſt paſs for a rogue of the third or fourth claſs; but be adviſed by a ſtranger, and never ſhew thyſelf ſuch a fool as to diſpute the pre-eminence with *Lewis le Grand*, who has murder'd more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thou haſt murder'd tunes, for all thou art the vileſt thrummer upon cat-gut the ſun ever beheld. However, to give the Devil his due, I will ſay it before thy face, and behind thy back, that if thou had'ſt reign'd as many years as my gracious maſter has done, and had'ſt had, inſtead of *Tigellinus*, a *Jeſuit* or two to have govern'd thy conſcience, thou mighteſt, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of.

Having put my *Roman* emperor to ſilence, I look'd about me, and ſaw a pack of grammarians (for ſo I gueſſed them to be by their impertinence and noiſe) diſputing it very fiercely at the next table; the matter in debate

bate was, which was the moſt heroical age; and one of them, who valu'd himſelf very much upon his reading, maintain'd, that the heroical age, properly ſo call'd, began with the *Theban*, and ended with the *Trojan* war, in which compaſs of time, that glorious conſtellation of heroes, *Hercules*, *Jaſon*, *Theſeus*, *Tidæus*, with *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Troilus*, and *Diomedes* flouriſhed: men that had all ſignaliz'd themſelves by their perſonal gallantry, and valour. His next neighbour argued very fiercely for the age wherein *Alexander* founded the *Grecian* monarchy, and ſaw ſo many noble generals and commanders about him. The third was as obſtreperous for that of *Julius Cæſar*, and manag'd his argument with ſo much heat, that I expected every minute when theſe puppies wou'd have gone to loggerheads in good earneſt. To put an end to your controverſy, gentlemen, ſays I to them, you may talk till your lungs are founder'd, but this I poſitively aſſert, that the preſent age we live in is the moſt heroical age, and that my maſter. *Lewis le Grand* is the greateſt hero of it. Hark you me, Sir, how do you make that appear, cry'd the whole pack of them, opening upon me all at once: by your leave, gentlemen, anſwer'd I, two to one is odds at foot-ball; but having a hero's cauſe to defend, I find myſelf poſſeſs'd with a hero's vigour and reſolution, and don't doubt but I ſhall bring you over to my party. That age therefore is the moſt heroical which is the boldeſt and braveſt; the antients, I grant you, whor'd and got drunk, and cut throats as well as we do; but, gentlemen, they did not ſin upon the ſame foot as we, nor had ſo many wicked diſcouragements to deter them; we where when we know 'tis ten to one but we get a clap for our pains; whereas our fore-fathers, before the ſiege of *Naples*, had no ſuch bleſſing to apprehend; we drink and murther one another in cold blood, at the ſame time we believe that we muſt be rewarded with damnation; but your old hero's had no notion at all, or at leaſt an imperfect one of a future ſtate: ſo 'tis a plain caſe, you ſee, that the heroiſm lies on our ſide. To apply this then to my royal maſter; he has fill'd all Chriſtendom with blood and confuſion; he has broke thro' the moſt ſolemn treaties ſworn at the altar; he has ſtray'd and undone infinite

numbers of poor wretches; and all this for his own glory and ambition, when he's assured that hell gapes every moment for him: now tell me, whether your *Jasons*, your *Agamemnons*, or *Alexanders*, durst have ventur'd so heroically; or whether your pitiful emperors of *Germany*, your mechanick kings of *England* and *Sweden*, or your lousy States of *Holland*, have courage enough to write after so illustrous a copy.

Thus, Sir, you may see with what zeal I appear in your majesty's behalf, and that I omit no opportunity of magnifying your great exploits to the utmost of my poor abilities. At the same time I must freely own to you, that I have met with some rough-hewn sawcy rascals, that have stopp'd me in my full career, when I have been expatiating upon your praises, and have so dumbfounded me with their villainous objections, that I could not tell how to reply to them.

Some few days ago it was my fortune to affirm, in a full assembly, that since the days of *Charlemagne*, *France* was never bless'd with so renown'd, so victorious, and so puissant a prince as your majesty. You lame, gouty coxcomb, says a sawcy butter-box of a *Dutchman* to me, don't give yourself these airs in our company; *Lewis*, the greatest prince that *France* ever had! Why, I tell thee, he has no more title to that crown, than I have to the *Great Mogul*'s; and *Lewis* the thirteenth was no more his father than the Pope of *Rome* is thine. I bless'd myself to hear the fellow deliver this with so serious a mien, when a countryman of his taking up the cudge's; 'Tis true, says he, your mighty monarch has no right to the throne he possesses; the late king had no hand in the begetting of him, but a lusty proper young fellow, one *le Grand* by name, and an Apothecary by profession, was employ'd by cardinal *Mazarine*, who had prepar'd the queen's conscience for the taking of such a dose, to strike an heir for *France* out of her majesty's body; by the same token that this scarlet agent of hell, got him fairly poison'd as soon as he had done the work, for fear of telling tales. If you ever read *Virgil*'s life written by *Donatus*, cries a third to me, you'll find that *Augustus* having rewarded that famous poet for some little services done him, with a parcel of loaves, had the curiosity once to enquire

quire of him who he thought was his father? to which question of the emperor, *Virgil* fairly answer'd, that he believ'd him to be a Baker's son, because he still paid him in a Baker's manufacture, *viz.* bread. And thus, were there no other proofs to confirm it, yet any one would swear that *Lewis le Grand* is an Apothecary's son, because he has acted all his life-time the part of an Apothecary.

Imprimis, He has given so many strong purges to his own kingdom, that he has empty'd it of half its people and money. *Item*, He apply'd costives to *Genoa* and *Brussels*, when he bombarded both those cities. *Item*, He gave a damn'd clyster to the *Hollanders* with a witness, when he fell upon the rear of their provinces, in the year 72. *Item*, He lull'd king *Charles* the second asleep with female opiates. *Item*, He forced Pope *Innocent* the eleventh, to swallow the unpalatable draught of the *Franchises*. *Item*, He administrated a restorative cordial to *Mahumetanisme*, when he enter'd into an alliance with the *Grand Turk* against the emperor. *Item*, He would have bubbled the prince of *Orange* with the gilded pill of sovereignty, but his little cousin was wiser than to take it. And lastly, If he had restor'd king *James* to his crown again, he would have brought the people of *England* a most conscientious Apothecary's bill for his waiting and attending. In short, shake this mighty monarch in a bag, turn him this way, and that way, and t'other way, *sursum*, *deorsum*, *quaquaversum*, I'll engage you'll find him nothing but a meer Apothecary; and I hope the emperor and king of *England* will play the Apothecary too in their turn, and make him vomit up all those provinces and kingdoms he has so unrighteously usurp'd. Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* has work'd him pretty well this last summer, and 'tis an infallible prognostic, that he's reduced to the last extremities, when his spiritual physicians apply pigeons to the soles of his feet; I mean prayers and masses, and advise him to reconcile himself to that Heaven he has so often affronted with his most execrable perjuries.

'Tis impossible for me to tell your majesty, what a surprize I was in to hear this graceless *Netherlander* blaspheme your glorious name after this insufferable rate.

But to see how one persecution treads upon the heels of another! I was hardly recover'd out of my astonishment, when a son of a whore of a *German*, advancing towards me, was pleas'd to explain himself as follows:

You keep a pother and noise here about your mighty monarch, says he to me, but what has this mighty monarch, and be damn'd to you, done to merit any body's good word? I say, what one generous noble exploit has he been guilty of in his whole reign, as long as it is, to deserve so much incense and flattery, so many statues and triumphal arches, which a pack of mercenary, nauseous, fulsome slaves have bestow'd upon him? For my part, continues he, when I first heard his historians and poets, his priests and courtiers, talk such wonderful things of him, I fancy'd that another *Cyrus* or *Alexander* had appeared upon the stage; but when I observed him more narrowly, and by a truer light, I found this immortal man, as his inscriptions vainly stile him, to be a little, tricking, pilfering *Fripon*, that watch'd the critical minute of stealing towns, as nicely as your rogues of an inferior sphere do that of nimming cloaks; and tho' he had the fairest opportunity of erecting a new western monarchy that ever any prince cou'd boast of, since the declension of the *Roman* empire; yet to his eternal disgrace be it said, no man could have made a worse use of all those wonderful advantages, that fortune, and the stupid security of his neighbours conspir'd to put into his hands. To convince you of the truth of this, let us only consider what posture the affairs of *France* were in at his accession to that crown, and several years after, as likewise how all the neighbouring princes and states about him stood affected: to begin then with the former, he found himself master of the best disciplin'd troops in the universe, commanded by the most experienc'd generals that any one age had produc'd, and spirited by a long train of victories, over a careless, desponding, lazy enemy. All the great men of his kingdom so depressed and humbled by the fortunate artifices of *Richlieu* and *Mazarine*, that they were not capable of giving him any uneasiness at home, the sole power of raising money entirely in his own hands, and his parliaments so far from giving a check to his daily encroachments upon their liberties?

berties, that they were made the most effectual instruments of his tyranny: In short, his clergy as much devoted, and the whole body of his people as subservient to him as a prince cou'd wish. As for his neighbours, he who was best able of any to put a stop to his growing greatness, I mean the king of *England*, either favour'd his designs clandestinely, or was so enervated by his pleasure, that provided he cou'd enjoy an inglorious effeminacy at home, he seem'd not to lay much to heart what became of the rest of Christendom.

The emperor was composing anthems for his chapel at *Vienna*, when he shou'd have appeared at the head of his troops on the *Rhine*. The princes of *Germany* were either divided from the common interest by the underhand management of *France*, or not at all concern'd at the impending storm that threatned them. The *Hollanders* within an ace of losing their liberty by the preposterous care they took to secure it; I mean, by divesting that family of all power in their government, which, as it had formerly erected their republick, so now was the only one that cou'd help to protect it.

The little states and principalities of *Italy*, looking on at a distance, and not daring to declare themselves in so critical a conjuncture, when the two keys of their country, *Pignerol* and *Casal* hung at the girdle of *France*. In short, the dispeopl'd monarchy of *Spain*, governed by a soft unactive prince, equally unfit for the cabinet and the field; his counsellors, who manag'd all under him, taking no care to lay up magazines, and put their towns in a posture of defence, but wholly relying as for that, upon their neighbours; like some inconsiderate spend-thrift thrown into a jail by his creditors, that smoakes and drinks, and talks merrily all the while, but never advances one step to make his circumstances easy to him, leaving the burthen of that affair to his friends and relations, whom perhaps he never oblig'd so far in his prosperity, as to deserve it from their hands.

Here now, says he, was the fairest opportunity that ever presented itself for a prince of gallantry and resolution, for a *Tamerlane* and a *Scanderbeg*, to have done something eminently signal in his generation; and if in the last century, a little king of *Sweden*, with a handful

of men, cou'd force his way from the *Baltick* to the *Rhine*, and fill all *Germany* with terror and conſternation, what might we not have expected from a powerful king of *France*, in the flower of his youth, and at the head of two hundred thouſand effective men, eſpecially when there was no viſible power to oppoſe him? But this wonderful monarch of yours, inſtead of carrying his arms beyond the *Danube*, and performing any one action worthy for his hiſtorians to record in the annals of his reign, has humbly contented himſelf, now and then, in the beginning of the year, when he knew his neighbours were unprepar'd for ſuch a viſit, to inveſt ſome little market-town in *Flanders*, with his invincible troops; and when a parcel of ſilly implicit fools had done the buſineſs for him; then, forſooth, he muſt appear at the head of his court harlots and minſtrels, and make a magnificent entry thro' the breach: And after this ridiculous piece of pageantry is over, return back again to *Verſailles*, with the ſame equipage, order'd new medals, operas, and ſonnets to be made upon the occaſion; and what ought by no means to be omitted, our moſt truſty and well-beloved counſellor and couſin, the archbiſhop of *Paris*, muſt immediately have a letter ſent him, to repair forthwith, at the head of his eccleſiaſtick myrmidons, to *Nôtre Dame*, and there to thank God for the ſucceſs of an infamous robbery, which an honeſt moral pagan would have bluſh'd at. So that when the next fit of his *fiſtula in ano* ſhall ſend this immortal town-ſtealer, this divine village-lifter, this heroic pilferer of poor hamlets and their dependancies, down to theſe ſubterranean dominions, don't imagine that he'll be allow'd to keep company with the *Pharamonds* and *Charlemagnes* of *France*, the *Edwards* and *Henries* of *England*, the *Williams* of the *Naſſovian* family, or the *Alexanders* and *Cæſars* of *Greece* and *Rome*. No, ſhou'd he have the impudence to ſhew his head among that illuſtrious aſſembly, they wou'd ſoon order their footmen to drub him into better manners: Neither, cries a ſurly *Engliſhman*, clapping his ſides, and interrupting him, muſt he expect the favour to appear even among our holyday heroes, and cuſtard ſtormers of *Cheapſide*, thoſe merry burleſques of the art military in *Finſbury-fields*, who, poor creatures! never meant the deſtruction of any mortal thing, but tranſitory roaſt-beaf and capon.

capon: no, friend, says he, *Lewis le Grand* must expect to take up his habitation in the most infamous quarter of *Hell*, among a parcel of house-breakers and shop-lifters, rogues burnt in the cheek for petty-larceny and burglary, brethren of the moon, gentlemen of the horn-thumb, pillagers of the hedges and henroosts, conveyers of silver spoons, and camblet cloaks, and such like enterprising heroes, whose famous actions are faithfully register'd in our sessions-papers and dying-speeches, transmitted to posterity by the Ordinary of *Newgate*; a much more impartial historian than your *Pelissons* and *Boileaus*. However, as I was inform'd last week by an understrapper at court; *Pluto*, in consideration of the singular services your royal master has done him, will allow him a brace of fiddlers to scrape and sing to him wherever he goes, since he takes such a delight to hear his own praises.

I must confess, says another leering rogue, a countryman of his, that since the grand monarch we have been speaking of, who has all along done more by his bribing and tricking, than by the conduct of his generals, or the bravery of his troops, who has plaid at fast and loose with his neighbours ever since he came to the crown, who has surprised abundance of towns in his time, and at the next treaty been forced to spue up those very places he ordered *Te Deum* to be sung for a few months before. I must confess, says he, that since in conjunction with a damn'd mercenary priest, he has forg'd a will for his brother-in-law of *Spain*, and plac'd his grandson upon that throne, I should think the rest of Christendom in a very bad condition indeed, if he should be suffered to go on quietly with his show a few years more: Then for all I know, he might bid fair to set up a new empire in the west, which he has been aiming at so long: But if the last advice from the other world don't deceive us: If the parliament of *England* goes on as unanimously as they have begun, to support their prince in so pious and necessary a war; in short, if the emperor, the *Dutch*, and the other allies, act with that vigour and resolution as it becomes them upon this pressing occasion, I make no question to see this mighty hero plunder'd like the jay in the fable, of all the fine plumes he has borrow'd, and reduc'd to so low an ebb, that he shall not find it in his power, tho' he has never so

much in his will, to disturb the peace of the christian world any more. And this, continues he, is as favourable an opportunity as we could desire, to strip him of all his usurpations; for heaven be praised, *Spain* at present is a burthen to him, and by grasping at too much, he's in a fair way to lose every farthing. Besides, this late forgery of the will has pluck'd off his old mask, and shews that 'tis an universal monarchy he intends, and not the repose of *Europe*, which has been so fortunate a sham to him in all his other treaties; so that the devil's in the allies now, if they don't see thro' those thin pretences he so often bubbled them with formerly; or lay down their arms, till they have made this *French* bustard, who is all feathers, and no substance, as bare and naked as a skeleton; and effectually spoil his new trade of making wills for other people. And this they may easily bring about, continues he, if they lay hold on the present opportunity, for as I observed to you before, he has taken more business upon his hands than he'll ever be able to manage, and by grasping at too much, is in the direct road to lose all. For my part, I never think of him, but he puts me in mind of a silly foolish fellow I knew once in *London*, who was a common knife-grinder about the streets, and having in this humble occupation gathered a few straggling pence, must needs take a great house in *Fleetstreet*, and set up for a sword-cutler; but before quarter-day came, finding the rent too bulky for him, he very fairly rubb'd off with all his effects, and left his landlord the key under the door. Without pretending to the spirit of *Nostradamus*, or *Lilly*, this I foresee, will be the fate of *Lewis le Grand*; therefore when you write next to your glorious monarch, pray give my respects to him, and bid him remember the sad destiny of the poor knife-grinder of *London*.

Thus you see, Sir, how I am daily plagu'd and harass'd by a parcel of brawny impudent rascals, and all for espousing your quarrel, and crying up the justice of your arms. For *Pluto*'s sake let me conjure your majesty to lay your commands upon *Boileau*, *Racine*, or any of your panegyrists, to instruct me how I may stop the mouths of these impertinent babblers for the future, who make Hell ten times more insupportable than otherwise it would be, and threaten to toss me in a blanket the next time I come

unprovided

unprovided for your defence into their company. In the mean time, humbly desiring your majesty to present my love to the *quondam* wife of my bosom, I mean the virtuous madam *Maintenon*, who, in conjunction with your most christian majesty, now governs all *France*; and put her in mind of sending me a dozen of new shirts by the next pacquet, I remain,

Your Majesty's

most obedient, and most obliged

Subject and Servant,

SCARRON.

HANNIBAL *to the Victorious Prince* EUGENE *of* SAVOY. *By Mr.* BROWN.

'TWAS with infinite satisfaction that I receiv'd the news of the happy success of your arms in *Italy*. My worthy friend *Scipio*, (for so I may justly call him, since we have dropp'd our old animosities, and now live amicably together) is eternally talking of your conduct and bravery; nay, *Alexander* the *Great*, who can hardly bear any competitor in the point of glory, has freely confessed, that your gallantry in passing the *Po* and *Adige*, in the face of so powerful an enemy, falls not short of what he himself formerly shew'd upon the banks of the *Granicus*. For my part, I have a thousand obligations to you. My march over the *Alpes*, upon which I may deservedly value myself, was look'd upon here to be fabulous, till your late expedition over those rugged mountains confirm'd the belief of it. Thus neither hills nor rivers can stop the progress of your victories, and 'tis you who have found out the lucky secret, how to baffle the circumspect gravity of the *Spaniards*, and repress the furious impetuosity of the *French*. His *Gallic* majesty, who minds keeping his word as little, as that mercenary republick of tradesmen whom it was my misfortune to serve, will find to his cost, that all the laurels he has been so long a plun-

dering, will at last fall to your excellency's share; and that he has been labouring forty years together to no other purpose, than to enrich you with the spoils of his former triumphs. Go on, therefore, in the glorious track as you have begun, and be assured, that the good wishes of all the great and illustrious persons now resident in this lower world attend you in all your enterprizes. As nothing can be a greater pleasure to virtuous men, than to see villains rewarded according to their deserts; so true heroes never rejoice more than when they see a sham-conqueror, and vain glorious bully, such as *Lewis* XIV. plunder'd of all his unjust acquisitions, and reduced to his primitive state of nothing. Were there a free communication between our territories and yours, *Cyrus*, *Miltiades*, *Cæsar*, and a thousand other generals, would be proud to offer you their service the next campaign; but 'tis your happiness that you want not their assistance; your own personal bravery, join'd to that of your troops, and the justice of your cause, being sufficient to carry you thro' all your undertakings.

Farewel.

PINDAR *of* Thebes *to* TOM. DURFEY. *By Mr.* BROWN.

HOwever it happen'd so, I can't tell, but I could never get a sight of thy famous *Pindaric* upon the late queen *Mary*, 'till about a month ago. Most of the company would needs have me declare open war against thee that very minute, for prophaning my name with such execrable doggrel. *Stenschorus* rail'd at thee worse than the man of the *Horseshoe-Tavern* in *Drury-lane*; *Alcæus*, I believe, will hardly be his own man again this fortnight, so much concerned he is to find thee crowding thy self upon the *Lyric* poets; nay, *Sappho* the patient, laid about her like a fury, and call'd thee a thousand pimping stuttering ballad-singers. As for me, far from taking any thing amiss at my hands, I am mightily pleased with the honour thou hast done me, and besides, must own thou hast been the cheapest, kindest physician to me I ever met with; for whenevever my circumstances sit uneasy upon me, (and for

for thy comfort *Tom*, we poets have our plagues in this world, as well as we had in your's) when my landlord perſecutes me for rent, my ſempſtreſs for my linnen, my taylor for cloaths, or my vintner for a long pagan ſcore behind the bar, I immediately read but half a dozen lines of thy admirable ode, and ſleep as heartily as the monks in *Rabelais*, after ſinging a verſe or two of the ſeven penitential pſalms. All I am afraid of, is, that when the virtues of it are known, ſome body or other will be perpetually borrowing it of me, either to help him to a nap, or cure him of the ſpleen, for I find 'tis an excellent ſpecifick for both; therefore I muſt deſire thee to order truſty *Sam.* to ſend me as many of them as have eſcap'd the Paſtry-cook, and I will remit him his money by the next opportunity. If *Auguſtus Cæſar* thought a *Roman* gentleman's pillow worth the buying, who ſlept ſoundly every night amidſt all his debts, can a man blame me for beſtowing a few tranſitory pence upon thy poem, which is the beſt opiate in the univerſe? In ſhort, friend *Tom*, I love and admire thee for the freedom thou haſt taken with me; and this I will ſay in commendation, that thou haſt in this reſpect done more than even *Alexander* the Great durſt do. That mighty conqueror, upon the taking of *Thebes*, ſpared all of my family; nay, the very houſe I lived in: but thou, who haſt a genius ſuperior to him, haſt not ſpared me, even in what I value moſt, my verſification and good name, for which *Apollo* in due time reward thee.

Farewel.

King JAMES II. *to* LEWIS XVI. *By Mr.* BOYER.

Dear Royal Brother and Couſin,

THO' I have travers'd the vaſt abyſs that lies betwixt us, and am now at ſome hundred millions of leagues diſtance from you, yet do I ſtill remember the promiſe I made you before my departure, to ſend you an account of my journey hither. Know then, that all the ſtories you hear of the manſions of the dead, are ſlim-ſlams, invented by the crafty, to terrify and manage the weak. Here's no ſuch thing as *Hell* or *Purgatory*; no *Lake of fire and*

brimſtone; no *cleven-footed devils*; no *land of darkneſs*. This place is wonderfully well lighted by a never decaying effulgence, which flows from the Almighty; and the pleaſures we dead enjoy, and the torments we endure, conſiſt in a full and clear view of our paſt actions, whether good or bad; and in being in ſuch or ſuch company as is allotted us. For my part, I am continually tormented with with the thoughts of having loſt three goodly kingdoms by my infatuation and bigotry; and to aggravate my pain, I am quarter'd with my royal father *Charles* I. my honeſt well meaning brother *Charles* II. and the ſubtle *Machiavel*; the firſt reproaches me ever and anon, with my not having made better uſe of his dreadful examples; the ſecond, with having deſpis'd his wholſome advices; and the third, with having miſapply'd his maxims, thro' the wrong ſuggeſtions of my father confeſſor. Oh! that I had as little religion as your ſelf, or as *S*-----*M*----, *R*-----*H*-----, and ſome others of my miniſters, and my predeceſſors; then might I have reign'd with honour, and in plenty over a nation, which is ever loyal and faithful to a prince who is tender of their laws and liberties; and peacefully reſign'd my crown my lawfully begotten ſon; whereas thro' the deluſions of prieſt-craft, and the fond inſinuations of a bigotted wife, I endeavoured to eſtabliſh the ſuperſtitions of *Popery*, and the fatal maxims of a deſpotick, diſpenſing power, upon the ruins of the *Proteſtant Religion*, and of the fundamental laws of a free people, which at laſt concluded with my abdication and exile. I am ſorry you have deviated from your wonted cuſtom of breaking your word, and that you have punctually obſerv'd the promiſe you made me at my dying bed, of acknowledging my dear ſon as king of *Great-Britain*; for I fear my *quondam* ſubjects, who love to contradict you in every thing, will from thence take occaſion to abjure him for ever; whereas had you diſowned him, they would perhaps have acknowledged him in mere ſpite. Cardinal *Richlieu*, who viſits me often, profeſſes ſtill a great deal of zeal and affection for your government, but is extremely concern'd at the wrong meaſures you take to arrive at univerſal monarchy. He has deſir'd me to adviſe you to keep the old method he chalk'd out for you, which is, to truſt more to your gold than to your

your arms. I cannot but think he is in the right on't, considering the wonderful success the first has lately had with the archbishop of *Cologn*, and some other of the *German* and *Italian* princes, and the small progress your armies have made in the *Milanese*. But the wholesomeness of his advice is yet better justify'd by your dealings with the *English*, whom you know, you have always found more easily bribed than bullied. Therefore, as you tender the grandeur of your monarchy, and the interest of my dear son, instead of raising new forces, and fitting out fleets, be sure to send a cart-load of your new-coin'd *Lewis d'ors* into *England*, in order to divide the nation, and set the *Whigs* and *Tories* together by the ears. But take care you trust your money in the hands of a person that knows how to distribute it to more advantage than either count *T-----d* or *P-----n*, who, as I am told, have lavish'd away your favours all at once upon insatiable cormorants, and extravagant gamesters and spendthrifts. 'Tis true, by their assistance, and the unwearied diligence of my loyal *Jacobites*, you have made a shift to get the old ministry discarded, and to retard the grand alliance; but let me tell you, unless you see them afresh, they will certainly leave you in the lurch at the next sessions; for ingratitude and corruption do always go together. Therefore to keep these mercenary rogues to their behaviour, and in perpetual dependance, you must feed them with small portions, as weekly, or monthly allowance. Above all, bid your agents take heed how they deal with a certain indefatigable writer, who, as long as your gold has lasted, has been very useful to our cause, and boldly defeated the dangerous counsels of the *Whigs*, your implacable enemies; but who, upon the first withdrawing of your bounty, will infallibly turn cat in pan, and write for the house of *Austria*.

I could give you more instructions in relation to *England*, but not knowing whether they would be taken in good part, I forbear them for the present. Pray comfort my dear spouse with a royal kiss, and tell her, I wait her coming with impatience. Bid my beloved son not despair of ascending my throne, that is, provided he shakes off the fetters of the *Romish* superstition; let him not despond upon account of my unfaithful servant *Fuller*'s evidence against his legitimacy, for the depositions of my nobility

nobility, which are ſtill upon record in the Chancery, will eaſily defeat that perjur'd fellow's pretended proof, with all honeſt conſidering men. And as for the numerous addreſſes, which I hear, are daily preſented to my ſucceſſor againſt him, he may find as many in my ſtrong box, which were preſented to me in his favour, both before and after his birth. The laſt courier brought us news of a pretended miracle, wrought by my body at the *Benedictines* church; I earneſtly deſire you to diſabuſe the world, and keep the impoſture from getting ground; for how is it poſſible I ſhould cure eye-fiſtulas, now I am dead, that could not eaſe myſelf of a troubleſome corn in my toe when living? My ſervice to all our friends and acquaintance; be aſſur'd that all the *Lethean* waters ſhall never waſh away from my memory the great ſervices I have received at your hands in the other world; nor the inviolable affection, which makes me ſubſcribe myſelf,

Dear Royal Brother and Couſin,

Your moſt obliged Friend,

JAMES REX.

LEWIS XIV's. *Anſwer to* K. JAMES II. *By the ſame Hand.*

Moſt beloved Royal Brother and Couſin,

YOUR's I received this morning, and no ſooner caſt my eyes upon the ſuperſcription, but I gueſs'd it to be written by one of my fellow kings, by the ſcrawl and ill ſpelling. I am glad your account of the other world agrees ſo well with the thoughts I always entertained about it: For, between friends, I never believ'd the ſtories the prieſts tell us of hell and purgatory. Ambition has ever been my religion; and my grandeur the only deity to which I have paid my adorations. If I have perſecuted the proteſtants of my kingdom, 'twas not becauſe I thought their perſwaſions worſe than the *Romiſh*, but becauſe I look'd upon them as a ſort of dangerous, antimonarchical people; who, as they had fixed the crown upon my head, ſo they might as eaſily take it off, to ſerve

their

their own party; and because by that means I secur'd the *Jesuits*, who must be own'd the best supporters of arbitrary power. Nay, to tell you the truth, my design in making you, by my emissaries, a stickler of popery, was only to create jealousies betwixt you and your people, so that ye might stand in need of my assistance, and be tributary to my power. I am sorry you are in the company of the three persons you mention. To get rid of their teasing and reproaching conversation, I advise you to propose a match at whisk, and if by casting knaves you can but get *Machiavel* on your side, I am sure you will get the better of the other two. Since you mention my owning the prince your son as king of *Great Britain*, I must needs tell you, that neither he nor you, have reason to be beholden to me for it; for what I did was not to keep my promise to you, but only to serve my own ends; I considered, that an alliance being made between the *English*, the *Emperor*, and the *Dutch*, in order to reduce my exorbitant power, a war must inevitably follow. Now, I suppose, that after two or three years fighting, my finances will be pretty near exhausted, and that I shall be forced to condescend to give peace to *Europe*, as I did four years ago. The *Emperor*, I reckon, will be brought to sign and seal upon reasonable terms, and be content with having some small share in the *Spanish* monarchy, as will the *Dutch* also with a barrier in *Flanders*. These two less considerable enemies being quieted, how shall I pacify those I fear most, I mean the *English?* Why, by turning your dear son out of my kingdom, as I formerly did you and your brother. Not that I will wholly abandon him neither: no, you may rest assured that I will re-espouse his quarrel, as soon as I shall find an opportunity to make him instrumental to the advancement of my greatness. I am obliged to cardinal *Richlieu* for the concern he shews for the honour of *France*, and will not fail to make use of his advice, as far as my running cash will let me. But I am somewhat puzzled how to manage matters in *England* at the next sessions; for my agent *P——n*, by taking his leave in a publick tavern, of three of our best friends, has render'd them suspected to the nation, and consequently useless to me. I wish you could direct me to some trusty

Jacobite

Jacobite in *England*, to distribute my bribes; for I find my own subjects unqualify'd for that office, and easily bubbled by the sharp mercenary *English*. However, I will not so much depend upon my *Lewis d'ors*, as to disband my armies, and lay up my fleets, as you and cardinal *Richlieu* seem to counsel me to do. I suppose you have no other intelligence but the *London-Gazette*, else you would not entertain so despicable an opinion of my arms in *Italy*. I send you here enclos'd a collection of the *Gazettes* printed this year in my good city of *Paris*, whereby you will find, upon a right computation, that the *Germans* have lost ten men to one of the confederates. Pray fail not sending me by the next post, all the instructions you can think of, in relation to *England:* for tho' you made more false steps in this world, than any of your predecessors; yet I find by your letter, you have wonderfully improv'd your politicks by the conversation of *Machiavel* and *Richlieu*. I have communicated your letter to your dear spouse and beloved son, who cannot be perswaded to believe it came from you; not thinking it possible that so religious a man, whilst living, should turn libertine after his death: I cannot, with safety, comply to your desire of disabusing the world, concerning the miraculous cure pretended to be wrought by your body at the *Benedictines* church. Such pious frauds being the main prop of the Popish religion; as this is of my sovereign authority. Your son may hope to be one day seated on your throne, not by turning Protestant (to which he is entirely averse, and which I shall be sure to prevent) but by the *superiority* of my arms, and the *extensiveness* of my *power*, after I shall have fix'd my son on the monarchy of *Spain*. Madam *Maintenon* desires to be remembred to you, she writes by this post to Mr. *Scarron*, her former husband, to desire him to wait on you, and endeavour to divert your melancholy thoughts, by reading to you the third part of his comical romance, which we are inform'd he has lately written, for the entertainment of the dead. I remain as faithfully as ever,

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,

Your affectionate Friend,

LEWIS REX.

From

From JULIAN, *late Secretary to the* MUSES, *to* WILL. PIERRE *of* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields *Play-house. By another Hand.*

Pandæmonium the 8th of the month of Belzebub.

Worthy and Right Well-beloved,

THAT you may not wonder at an addreſs from hell, or be ſcandaliz'd at the correſpondence, I muſt let you know firſt, that by the uncertainty of the road, and the forgetfulneſs of my old acquaintance, all my former letters are either miſcarried, or have been neglected by my correſpondents, who, tho' they were fond enough of my ſcandal, nay, courted my favours when living, now I am paſt gratifying their vices, like true men, they think no more of me. The conſcious tub-tavern can witneſs, and my *Berry-ſtreet* apartment teſtify the ſollicitations I have had, for the firſt copy of a new lampoon, from the greateſt lords of the court; tho' their own folly, and their wives vices were the ſubject. My perſon was ſo ſacred, that the terrible ſcan-man had no terrors for me, whoſe buſineſs was ſo publick and ſo uſeful, as conveying about the faults of the great and the fair; for in my books the lord was ſhewn a knave or fool, tho' his power defended the former, and his pride would not ſee the latter. The antiquitated coquet was told of her age and uglineſs, tho' her vanity plac'd her in the firſt row in the king's box at the play-houſe, and in the view of the congregation at St. *James*'s church. The preciſe counteſs that wou'd be ſcandaliz'd at a double *entendre*, was ſhewn betwixt a pair of ſheets with a well made footman, in ſpite of her quality and conjugal vow. The formal ſtateſman that ſet up for wiſdom and honeſty, was expos'd as a dull tool, and yet a knave, loſing at play his own revenue, and the bribes incident to his poſt, beſides enjoying the infamy of a poor and fruitleſs knavery without any concern. The demure lady, that wou'd ſcarce ſip off the glaſs in company, carouſing her bottles in private, of cool *Nantz* too, ſometimes to correct the crudities of her laſt night's debauch. In ſhort, in my books were

ſeen

seen men and women as they were, not as they wou'd seem; stripp'd of their hypocrisy, spoil'd of their fig-leaves of their quality. A knave was a call'd a knave, a fool a fool, a jilt a jilt, and a whore a whore. And the love of scandal and native malice that men and women have to one another, made me in such request when alive, that I was admitted to the lord's closet, when a man of letters and merit would be thrust out of doors. And I was as familiar with the ladies as their lap-dogs; for to them I did often good services, under a pretence of a lampoon, I conveying a *Billet-deux*; and so whilst I expos'd their past vices in the present, I prompted matter for the next lampoon. After all these services, believe me, Sir, I was no sooner dead, than forgotten: I have writ many letters to the brib'd countries, of their fore-runner's arrival in these parts, but not one word of answer. I sent word to my lord *Squeezall* that his good friend Sir *Parcimony Spareall* was newly arriv'd, and clapp'd into the bilbows for a fool as well as a knave, that starv'd himself to ~~supply~~ the prodigality of his heirs. But he despises good counsel I hear, and starves both himself and his children, to raise them portions. I writ another letter to my lady *Manishim*, that virtuous Mrs. *Vizoe* was brought in here, and made shroving-fritters for the hackney devils, for her unnatural lusts; but *Sue Frousy* that came hither the other day, assures me, that she either received not my letter, or at least took no notice of it; for that she went on in her old road, and had brought her vice almost into fashion; and that the practical vices of the town bounded an eternal breach betwixt the sexes, while each confin'd itself to the same sex, and so threaten'd a cessation of commerce in propagation betwixt them. In short, Sir, I have tired my self with advices to my *quondam* acquaintance, and that should take away your surprise at my sending to you, who must be honest, because you are so poor; and a man of merit because you were never promoted; for your world of the theatre, is the true picture of the greater world, where honesty and merit starve, while knavery and impudence get favour from all men. For you, Sir, if I mistake not, are one of the most ancient of his majesty's servants, under the denomination of a player, and yet cannot advance above the

the delivering of a scurvy message, which the strutting leaders of your house wou'd do much more aukwardly, and by consequence 'tis the partiality of them, or the town, that have kept you in this low post all this while. This perswades me, that from you I may hope a true and sincere account of things, and how matters are now carried above; for lying, hypocrisy, and compliment, so take up all that taste of fortune's favour, that there is scarce any credit to be given to their narrations; for either out of favour or malice, they give a false face to histories, and misrepresent mankind to that abominable degree, that the best history is not much better than a probable romance; and *Quintus Curtius*, and *Calprenede*, are distinguished more by their language than sincerity. Thus much by shewing the motive of my writing to you, to take away your surprise; tho', before I pass, to remove the shame of such a correspondence, I must tell you, that your station qualifying you for a right information of the scandal of the town, I hope you will not fail to answer my expectation: Behind your scenes come all the young wits, and all the young and old beaus, both animals of malice, and wou'd no more conceal any woman's frailty, or any man's folly, than they will own any man's sense, or any woman's honesty.

I know that hell lies under some disadvantages, in the opinion even of those who are industrious enough to secure themselves a retreat here. They play the devil among you, and yet are ashamed of their master, and rail at his abode, as much as if they had no right to the inheritance. The miser, whose daily toils, and nightly cares and study is how to oppress the poor, cheat or overreach his neighbour, to betray the trusts his hypocrisy procured; and, in short, to break all the positive laws of morality, cries out, *Oh diabolical!* at a poor harmless double meaning in a play, and blesses himself that he is not one of the ungodly; rails at Hell and the Devil all the while he is riding post to them. The holy sister, that sacrifices in the righteousness of her spirit the reputation of some of her acquaintance or other every day; that cuckolds her husband in the fear of the Lord with one of the elect; rails at the whore of *Babylon*, and lawn-sleeves, as the diabolical invention of *Lucifer*, tho' she is laying up provisions

proviſions here for a long abode in theſe ſhades of reverend *Satan*, whom ſhe ſo much all her life declaims againſt. The lawyer that has watched whole nights, and bawl'd away whole days in bad cauſes, for good gold; that never car'd how crafty his client's title was, if his bags were full; that has made a hundred conveyances with flaws, to beget law-ſuits, and litigious broils; when he's with the Devil, has the deteſtation of Hell and the Devil in his mouth, all the while that the love of them fills his whole heart; and ſo thro' the reſt of our falſe brothers, whoſe mouths bely their minds, and fix an infamy on what they moſt purſue.

This is what may make you aſhamed of my correſpondence, but when you will reflect on what good company we keep here, you will think it more an honour than diſgrace; for our company here is chiefly compoſed of princes, great lords, modern ſtateſmen, courtiers, lawyers, judges, doctors of divinity, and doctors of the civil-law, beaux, ladies of beauty and quality, wits of title, men of noiſy honour, gifted brothers, boaſters of the ſpirits ſupply'd them from hence: In ſhort, all that make moſt noiſe againſt us: which will, I hope, ſatisfy you ſo far, as to make me happy in a ſpeedy anſwer; which will oblige,

Your very Humble and

Infernal Servant,

JULIAN.

WILL. PIERRE's *Anſwer. By the ſame Hand.*

Behind the Scenes, Lincolns-Inn-Fields, Nov. 5. 1701.

Worthy Sir, of venerable Memory.

YOURS I received, and have been ſo far from being ſurpriz'd at, or aſham'd of your correſpondence, that the firſt I deſired, and the latter was tranſported with. My mind has been long burden'd, and I wanted ſuch

such a correspondence to disclose my grievances to, for there is no man on earth that wou'd give me the hearing, for Popery makes a man of the best parts a jest, and every fool with a feather in his cap, can overlook a man of merit in rags. Wit from one out at heels, sounds like nonsense in the ears of a gay fop, that knows no other furniture of a head, but a full wig; and he that would split himself with the half jest of a lord he wou'd flatter, is deaf to the best thing from the mouth, of a poor fellow he can't get by. These considerations, Sir, have made me proud of this occasion, of replying to your obliging letter, in the manner you desire. For as scandal was your occupation here above, you, like vintners and bawds, living on the sins of the times; so a short impartial account of the present state of iniquity and folly, cannot be disagreeable to you.

Poetry was the vehicle that conveyed all your scandal to the town, and I being conversant about the skirts of that art, my scandal must dwell chiefly thereabouts; not omitting that scantling of general scandal of the town, that is come to my knowledge; for you must know, since your death, and your successor *Summerton*'s madness, lampoon has felt a very sensible decay, and seldom is there any attempt at it, and when there is, 'tis very heavy and dull, cursed verse, or worse prose: so gone is the brisk spirit of verse, that us'd to watch the follies and vice of the men and women of figure, that they could not start new ones faster than lampoons expos'd them. This deficiency of satire is not from a scarcity of vices, which abound more than ever, or follies more numerous than in your time, but from a meer impotence of malice, which tho' as general as ever, confines itself to discourse; and railing is its utmost effort, defaming over one bottle, those they cares over another. Every man abuses his friend behind his back, and no man ever takes notice of it, but does the same thing in his turn: And for sincerity, women have as much: the women grow greater hypocrites than ever, lewder in their chamber practice, and more formal in publick; they rail at the vices they indulge; they forsake publick diversions, as plays, *&c.* to gain the reputation of virtue, to give a greater loose to the domestick diversions of a bottle and gallant; and hypocrisy heightens their pleasures. The mode now is not as of old,

old, in all amorous encounters, every man to his woman, but like nuns in a cloyſter, every female has her *privade* of her own ſex; and the honeſter part of men, muſt either fall in with the modiſh vice, or live chaſtly; to both which I find a great many extreamly averſe. There has a terrible enemy aroſe to the ſtage, an abdicate divine, who when he had eſcaped the pillory for ſedition, and reforming the ſtate, ſet up for the reformation of the ſtage. The event was admirable, fanaticks preſented the nonjuror, and miſers and extortioners gave him bountiful rewards; one grave citizen, that had found the character too often on the ſtage, and famous for the ruin of ſome hundreds of poor under-tradeſmens families, laid out threeſcore pounds in the impreſſion, to diſtribute among the ſaints, that are zealous for God and mammon at the ſame time: Bullies and republicans quarrell'd for the *paſſive obedience* ſpark; grave divines extoll'd his wit, and atheiſts his religion; the fanaticks his honeſty, the hypocrite his zeal, and the ladies were of his ſide, becauſe he was *for ſubmitting to force*. There is yet a greater miſchief befall'n the ſtage; here are ſocieties ſet up for *reformation of manners*; troops of *informers*, who are maintain'd by perjury, ſerve God for gain, and ferret out whores for ſubſiſtence. This noble ſociety conſiſts of divines of both churches, fanatick as well as orthodox ſaints and ſinners, knights of the poſt, and knights of the elbow, and they are not more unanimous againſt immorality in their informations, than for it in their practice; they avoid no ſins in themſelves, and will ſuffer none in any one elſe. The fanaticks, that never preached up morality in their pulpits, or knew it in their dealings, would ſeem to promote it in the ungodly. The churchmen, that would enjoy the pleaſure of ſinners, and the reputation of ſaints, are for puniſhing whores and drinking in all but themſelves. In ſhort, the motive that carries the Popiſh apoſtles to the richer continents, makes theſe gentlemen ſo buſy in our reformation money. Nay, reformation is grown a ſtaple commodity, and the dealers in it are ſuddenly to be made into a corporation, and their privileges peculiar are to be perjury without puniſhment, and lying with impunity. The whores have a tax laid on them towards their maintenance, in which they ſhare with captain *W*——, and the juſtices

juſtices of the peace; for *New-Priſon* knows them in all their turns, and twenty or thirty ſhillings gives them a licenſe for whoring, till next pay-day; ſo that the effect of their puniſhment only raiſes the price of the ſin, and the vices of the nation maintain the informers. Drinking, ſwearing and whoring are the manufactures they deal in; for ſhould they ſtretch their zeal to *cozening, cheating, uſury, extortion, oppreſſion, defamation, ſecret adulteries, and fornication*, and a thouſand other of theſe more crying immoralities, the city would riſe againſt theſe invaders of their liberties, and the cuckolds one and all, for their own and their wives ſakes, riſe againſt the reformers. Theſe worthy gentlemen, for promoting the intereſt of the *Crown-Office*, and ſome ſuch honeſt place, pick harmleſs words out of plays, to indict the players and ſqueeze twenty pound a week out of them, if they can, for their expoſing pride, vanity, hypocriſy, uſury, oppreſſion, cheating, and the other darling vices of the maſter reformers, who owe them a grudge, not to be appeas'd without conſiderable offerings; for money in theſe caſes wipes off all defects.

There are other matters of ſmaller importance, I ſhall refer to my next, as who kiſſes who in our dominions; that hypocriſy has infected the ſtage too, where whores with great bellies would thruſt themſelves off for virgins, and bully the audience out of their ſight and underſtanding; where maids can talk bawdy for wit, and footmen paſs on quality for gentlemen; fools ſit as judges on wit, and the ignorant on men of learning; where the motto is *Vivitur Ingenio*, the dull rogues have the management and the profits; where farce is a darling, and good ſenſe and good writing not underſtood: and this brings to my mind a thing I lately heard from a falſe ſmatterer in poetry behind the ſcenes, and which if you ſee *Ben. Johnſon*, I deſire you to communicate to him. A new author, ſays one, that has wrote a taking play, is writing *a treatiſe of Comedy, in which he mauls the learned rogues, the writers, to ſome purpoſe*; he ſhews what a coxcomb *Ariſtotle* was, and what a company of ſenſeleſs pedants the *Scaligers, Rapins, Voſſi, &c.* are; proves that no good play can be regular, and that all rules are as ridiculous as uſeleſs. He tells us, *Ariſtotle* knew nothing of poetry, (for he knew nothing

of

of his fragments ſo extoll'd by *Scaliger)* and that commo ſenſe and nature was not the ſame in *Athens* as in *Drury-lane*; that uniformity and coherence was *green-ſleeves* and *pudding-pies*, and that irregularity and nonſenſe were the chief perfections of the *drama*. That the *Silent Woman*, by conſequence was before the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, better than the *Orphan*; that *hiccius doctius* was *Arabick*, and that *Bonnyclabber* is the *black broth* of the *Lacedæmonians*; and thus he runs on with paradoxes as new as unintelligible; but this noble treatiſe being yet in embryo, you may expect a farther account of it in the next, from,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

WILL. PIERRE.

ANTIOCHUS *to* LEWIS XIV.
By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

Dear Brother,

YOU will be ſurpriz'd, I know, to receive this letter from a ſtranger; and of all the damn'd, perhaps, I am the only man from whom you leaſt of all expect any news; becauſe I have always paſſed for ſo impious and cruel a prince, and my name has given people ſuch horrid ideas of me, that they think me inſenſible of pity, as having never practiſed any in my life-time.

When I ſat upon the throne of *Syria*, having no more religion than your *Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty*, I ſtifled all the dictates of my conſcience, pillaged the temple of the *Jews*, carouſed with their blood, and running from one crime to another, drew infinite deſolations every where after me. But after I had exerciſed my tyranny on the innocent poſterity of ſeveral great kings, and left a thouſand monuments of my barbarity, I found to my ſorrow, that I was mortal, and obliged to ſubmit to that fare, whoſe attacks feeble nature cannot reſiſt. I then fell into an abyſs, which is enlightened only by thoſe flames which will for ever roaſt ſuch monſters as we; and where I was loaded with

with heavier irons than any I had plagu'd poor mortals with above. To welcome me into this place of horror, and refresh me after my voyage, I was plung'd into a bath of fire and brimstone, cupp'd by a Master-devil, rubb'd, scrubb'd, *&c.* by a parcel of smoaking, grinning hobgobblins, and afterwards presented with a musical entertainment of groans, howling, and gnashing of teeth. I soon began to play my part in this hideous consort, where despair beat the measure; and because my pains were infinitely greater than those of others, I immediately asked the reason of my torments, and was told it was for having hindered the peopling of Hell, by the multitude of martyrs my long persecutions had made, and of which you cannot be ignorant, if you delight in useful reading. Since I have been in this empire of sorrow, where I found the *Pharaohs*, *Ahabs*, *Jezebels*, *Athaliahs*, *Nebuchadnezzars*, &c. and where I have seen arrive the *Neroes*, *Diocletians*, *Decii*, * *Philips of Austria*, † *Charles of Valois*, whose names would fill a volume; the recruits of *Loyola* arrive every day in search of their captain, but in some confusion, for fear of meeting *Clement* and *Ravillac*, who never cease cursing them. Your apartments, *Most Christian Hero*, has been some fifty years a rearing, but now they redouble their care, your coming being daily expected; I give you timely notice of it, that you may take your measures accordingly. Perhaps you will be offended at this familiarity, and tell me no man can deserve hell for fighting against hereticks, under the command of an infallible general; but if you know the present state of those miter'd leaders, it would not a little terrify you. *Lucifer* has turned them into several shapes, and peopl'd his back yard with them; the place 'tis true, is not so delightful as your *Menagerie* and *Trianon* at *Versailles*, but much excels it in variety and number of monsters. Your cell is in the same yard, that you may be near your good friends, who advis'd you to make the habitation of the shades a desart; for which the prince of darkness hates you mortally, and designs you something worse than a fistula, or the bull of *Phalaris*. Your ingenious emissaries, *Marillac*, *la Rapine*, and *la Chaise*, will meet in the squadrons of *Pluto*

* *Kings of* Spain. † *Author of St.* Bartholomew's.

with more invenom'd dragoons, than thoſe they let looſe againſt their poor countrymen in *France*: 'twill be their employment to keep this *Menagerie* clean, whoſe ſtench would otherwiſe poiſon the reſt of hell. That renegado *Peliſſon* too makes ſo odious a figure here, that he frights the boldeſt of our jaylors; and his eyes, red with crying for his ſins, which were ſo much the greater, becauſe they were voluntary, make him aſham'd to look any one in the face. Our learned think him profoundly ignorant; yet you muſt be the *Trajan* of that *Pliny*, for he is now writing your hiſtory in ſuch a terrible manner, that it will but little reſemble that which your penſionary wits are compoſing. The voyage having made him loſe ſome part of his memory, and forget the particulars of your virtues, he will therefore take me for his model, and draw my life under your name. Tho' your dear * *Dulcinea*, whoſe head he dreſſes like a girl's, at the age of threeſcore and ten, makes the court of *Proſerpine* rejoice before-hand; yet the deformed † author of the comical romance, cannot laugh, as facetious as he is; I will tell you no more, becauſe ſome may think I give this counſel out of my private intereſt; for having been always ambitious, it would doubtleſs grieve me to ſee a more wicked and cruel tyrant than myſelf; but on the faith and word of one that endures the ſharpeſt of torments, 'tis pure compaſſion.

I am Yours, &c.

LEWIS *the* XIV*th's Anſwer.*

I Juſt now receiv'd your's by a courier, who, had he not been too nimble for me, had been rewarded according to his deſerts for his impudent meſſage. But are you ſuch a coxcomb as to imagine that the moſt ambitious monarch upon earth, whoſe power puts all the princes and ſtates of *Europe* into convulſions, can be frighted at the threats of a wretch condemn'd to everlaſting puniſhments? The inſolence of your compariſon, I muſt confeſs, threw me into a rage; and not reflecting at firſt on the impoſſi-

* *Madam* Maintenon. † Scarron.

bility

bility of the thing, I sent immediately for *Boufflers* to dragoon you. But, villain! because your malice has been rampant for so many ages, must you now level it at the eldest son of the church, whom the godly *Jesuits* have already canoniz'd? I am not so ignorant of the history of *Asia*, tho' I never read any of the books of the *Maccabees*; but I know you were both judge and executioner, and that there is not in the universe one monument consecrated to your glory. Thanks to the careful *Jesuits*, *la place des victoris*, is a sufficient proof that my reputation is no *chimera*, and my name, which is to be seen in golden characters over several monasteries, assures me of a glorious immortality. 'Tis true, to keep in favour with the church, I have compell'd a handful of obstinate fools to leave their country and estates, by forcing them to renounce their God, and implicitly take up with mine. Therefore the world has no reason to make such a noise about it. Are you mad to call *Pelisson*, who has read more volumes than a *rabbi*, and cou'd give lessons of hypocrisy to the most exquisite sect of the *Pharisees*, a block-head? Your torments are so great, you know not on whom to spit your venom, and my poor * mistress, forsooth, must suffer from your malice: Is she the worse for being born in the reign of my grandfather? Pray ask *Boileau*, whose sincerity has cost him many a tear, what he thinks of her. All the world knows her virtues, and that she is grown grey in the school of dissimulation and lewdness, which have render'd her so charming in the feats of love, that she pleases me more than the youngest beauty; therefore are her wrinkles the objects of my wonder, and the provocatives of my enervated limbs, instead of being antidotes; and I would not give a saint a wax-candle to make her younger. Tho' I am seiz'd by a cancer on the shoulder, yet I am under no apprehensions, for I have given a fee to St. *Damian*, who will cure me of it, as well as of that nauseous malady of *Naples*: And I have plenipotentiaries now bribing heaven for its friendship, and a new term of years. Then 'tis in vain for *Lucifer*, or you, ever to expect me; and when I must leave this terrestial *paradice*, 'twill be with such a convoy of

* *Maintenon.*

Maſſes, as will hurry me by the very gate of *Purgatory*, without touching there. In the mean time correct your ſaucy liberty, and let a monarch who wou'd ſcorn to entertain ſuch a pitiful wretch as thou art for his pimp, ſtill huff the world, and ſleep quietly in his *ſeraglio*.

Verſailles, July 14.

LEWIS R.

CATHARINE de Medicis, *to the Ducheſs of* ORLEANS.

Madam,

I Have long bewailed your condition, and tho' I am in a place of horror, yet I ſhould think myſelf in ſome meaſure happy, if I knew how to deliver you from thoſe anxieties which torment you. We have ſome body or other arrives here daily from *Verſailles*, and as my curioſity inclines me to enquire after your highneſs, I have received ſo advantageous a character of your goodneſs from all hands, that I think every one ought to pity you. Your life, madam, has been very unhappy, for you were married very young to a jealous ill-natur'd prince, who had no love for you; tho' no perſon in the world was fitter either to inſpire or receive it than yourſelf: However, you have had better luck than his former wife, which I take to be owing to your prudence, and not his generoſity. The deſolations of the *Palatine*, and perſecution of a religion you once approved, muſt infallibly have given you many uneaſy moments, but your misfortunes did not ſtop here, for even your domeſtick pleaſures have been poiſon'd by the diſhonour and injuſtice of the court you live in. In ſhort, tho' I was very unfortunate, yet I think you much more worthy of compaſſion: When I married *Henry* II. I was both young and handſome, yet his doting on the haughty ducheſs of *Valentinois*, who was a grandmother before *Francis* II. was born, made me paſs many melancholy nights. Notwithſtanding the injuſtice as well as cruelty of keeping a ſaucy ſtrumpet under my noſe, yet with the veil of prudence and religion, I eaſily cover'd my inclinations, becauſe the pious cardinal

cardinal of *Lorrain*, who had an admirable talent to comfort an afflicted heart, commiserating my condition, gave me wonderful consolation. As the refreshing cordials of the church soon made me forget the king's ill usage of me; so, madam, it is not so much the infidelity of your husband, as the cruel constraint and jealousy, that makes me think your life to be miserable; for how great soever your occasions are, you dare not I know, accept of those assistances, I daily receive from a plump agreeable prelate, and I am heartily sorry for it. To divert this discourse, which may perhaps aggravate your uneasiness, by renewing your necessities, you'll tell me, I suppose, that I shou'd have had as much compassion, when *France* was dy'd with the blood of so many thousand victims, and that I might easily have moderated the fury of my son, and of the house of *Guise*; but besides, you must consider, I was a zealous Papist; and they, you know, think the cutting of poor hereticks throats is doing heaven good service; so that I beheld the dreadful massacre of St. *Bartholomew* with as much satisfaction as ever I did the most glorious and solemn festival. I am not for it at present, madam, and could I have been so sooner, it would have been much more for my ease. All my comfort is, that I am not by myself in a strange and unknown country: for the old duchess, who robbed me of my due benevolence in the other world, continually follows me to upbraid me; the *Guises* rave, brandishing bloody daggers in their hands; and every hour I meet with numbers of my former acquaintance and nearest relations, but I avoid their company as much as I can, for the love of my dear cardinal, who continues as great a gallant as ever. I ask no masses of you, for the dead are not a farthing the better for them. But, madam, since all the world has not so good an opinion of me at *Brantome*, let me conjure you not to let my memory be too much insulted. Some may say I was as cunning as *Livia*, that I was even with my husband, and govern'd my children; but their fate did not answer my care: For *Francis* liv'd but a little time, *Elizabeth* found her tomb in the arms of a jealous husband, the queen of *Navarre* was a wandering star, *Charles* a cautious coxcomb, that sacrificed all to his safety; and *Henry*, on whom I had founded all my hopes, a dis-

solute debauchee, whom the justice of heaven would not spare. You know his history, and if you shou'd see a tragedy, of the like nature acted on your stage, let your constancy, which makes you respected even in hell, support you. Let old * *Messalina* enjoy the famous honour of the royal bed; you need not blush at it, since all the world esteems you as much as they.

The Answer of the Duchess of ORLEANS *to* CATHARINE de Medicis.

'TWAS with much reason you pity me; and tho' I have said nothing all this while, yet I have not thought the less. If the practice of our court did not teach me to dissemble, I should give myself some ease, by imparting many things to you, which would fill you with horror; and then you would find that the cruelties of your sons were trifles in comparison of these. The most impartial censurers of barbarity maintain that the massacre of St. *Bartholomew* was milder than the present persecution of the Protestants: Ambition was the chiefest motive of the *Guises*; but now their cruelties are covered with the cloak of religion; for the virtuous favourite ‡ *Sultaness*, with the pitious || *Mufti* in waiting, are resolved to cause the christians to be more cruelly persecuted than they were at *Algiers*, and the *Roman church* is resolved, at any rate, to merit the name of the blood-thirsty beast. They value not exposing the reputation of princes; I blush for my race, and am often obliged to swallow my tears. I believe the efficacy of masses no more than you, therefore I will not offer you any. I am very glad to hear the cardinal of *Lorrain* proves so constant; for a prelate of his talent and constitution must certainly be a great consolation to a distressed princess. *Brantome* who has so much flatter'd you, may do it again; and tho' *Sancy* has been too sincere, yet he dares not contradict him in your presence. I hope to see the ruins of my country rais'd up again; for tho' our ambitious monarch huffs and hectors

* *Madam* Maintenon. ‡ *Madam* Maintenon. || *Father* la Chaise.

all

all Christendom, yet his game to me seems very desperate, and I believe he'll prove the dog in the fable; since he has so depopulated and impoverish'd his dominions by persecutions, that those pious drones the *Monks*, only can support the church's grandeur in their faces, with three story-chains; the rest of his people being reduc'd to wooden-shoes and garlick. 'Tho' our *Gazettes* are little better than romances, yet they will serve to divert you and your cardinal, when not better employ'd; and I wish I could send them to you weekly. 'Tis true, great numbers set out daily from hence, for your country; and among them, people of the best quality, but I carefully avoid all commerce with them; and tho' I have a wonderful esteem for you, take it not amiss, madam, if I endeavour never to see you.

Cardinal MAZARINE, *to the Marquis* de BARBASIEUX.

I Am surpriz'd to think you have profited so little by your father's example: as great a beast he was, he govern'd himself better than you; for contenting himself with pillaging all *France*, according to our maxims, he never attempted the life of any man, nor ever set any * *Ravillacs* to work. Is it not a horrible thing to see the † servant of a minister of state suffer upon the wheel, and publish the shame of him that set set him to work? You were mightily mistaken in the choice of your villain; for whenever you have a king to dispatch, you must employ a *Jesuit*, or some novice inspired by their *religious society*; and had you been so wise, the prince ‡ you had a plot against wou'd not be now in the way, to hinder the designs of a ‖ king, for whom I have the tenderness of a father, who was always under my subjection, and wou'd have married my niece, if I had pleas'd. I fell into a cold sweat even in the midst of my fire and brimstone, at the news of your

* *The murderer of* Henry IV. † Grandvil *hang'd in* Flanders, *for attempting to kill King* William. ‡ *King* William. ‖ Lewis XIV.

conſpiracy; becauſe it ſo ſeverely reflected on his reputation. Ought you to have expos'd his credit in ſo dubious and enterprize? Is it not ſufficient that poets ſet upon him † *Mont Pagnotte*, whilſt other princes gave glorious examples at the head of their troops? That they reproach him with inceſt, ſodomy, adultery, and an unbridled paſſion for the relict of a poor || poet, who is a turn-ſpit here below, and who had nothing to keep him from ſtarving when upon earth, but the penſion which the charity of *Anne of Auſtria* granted to his infirmities, rather than his works, tho' very diverting. What was your aim in this cowardly deſign? wou'd you have more ſervants, and more whores? Or, ought you to effect that, to revive thoſe ſcenes of cruelty and treachery which we baniſh'd after the death of the moſt eminent cardinal *Richlieu?* All the wealth you can raiſe, will never amount to the treaſures I was maſter of; and how much is there now left, ask the duke of *Mazarine*, and my nephew of *Nevers*; one has been the bubble of the prieſts, and the other of his pleaſures. So that the children of the firſt will hardly ſhare one year of my revenue. His wife for ſeveral years was no charge to him, ſhe for her beauty, being kept by ſtrangers; whilſt he fool'd away thoſe vaſt riches he had by her. In ſhort, you ſee the praying coxcomb I made choice of, which, I muſt confeſs, I did when I was in my cups, has thro' his zeal and bigotry ruin'd all, even my moſt beautiful ſtatues; and that there is a curſe entail'd upon ſuch eſtates as begin with a miracle, and end with a prodigy. I was born at *Mazare*, without any other advantage than that of my beauty; but as a young fellow can ſcarce deſire a better portion than that, in *Italy*, ſo it mov'd cardinal *Anthony* to lead me lovingly from his chamber to his cloſet, where on a ſoft eaſy couch, he preach'd to me morals after the *Italian* faſhion; by which, and ſome other virtuous actions of the ſame ſtamp, I became the richeſt favourite in the univerſe. You may as well as I, heap a mighty treaſure, and loſe it fooliſhly. Do not be guilty then of murder, for things ſo uncertain in the poſſeſſion. Poor *Louvois!* who left you all, who drank more than *Alexander*, and

† *A place out of the reach of cannon.* || Scarron.

thiev'd

thiev'd better than *Colbert*, or I, has not now water to quench his thirſt. You will undoubtedly meet the ſame deſtiny; for this is the reſidence of traitors, murtherers, thieves, and all other notorious villains. 'Tis not altogether ſo pleaſant a place as † *Meudon* and *Chaville*; for we drink nothing but *Aqua-fortis*, and eat burning *charcoal*; all happineſs is baniſh'd, miſery only triumphs; and notwithſtanding all thoſe lying ſtories the prieſts may tell you, yet you'll be ſtrangly ſurpriz'd, when you come to judge it by your own experience.

The Anſwer of Monſieur le Marquis de BARBASIEUX, *to Cardinal* MAZARINE.

YOUR eminence I find, is in a great paſſion, becauſe my father did not get an eſtate in your ſervice: Muſt you therefore abuſe him, and turn that as a crime upon me, which has been practis'd ever ſince there have been kings in the world? If your talent only lay in pillaging and plundering, muſt it therefore preſcribe to mine? And do you think the glory of taking away by dagger or poiſon the enemies of one's prince, deſerves leſs immortality, than of ruining of his ſubjects? You have, I confeſs, very meritoriouſly eterniz'd your name by that method, for which reaſon you ought in conſcience to allow me the liberty to find out another. You are much in the wrong on't, to complain of the duke of *Mazarine*, who did you the honour to think you were only in purgatory, and laviſh'd your treaſures upon bigots, in hopes to pray you out of it. If he in a holy fit of zeal, diſmember'd your fine ſtatues, which perhaps too often recall'd to your memory the pious ſermons of cardinal *Anthony*, he is ſeverely puniſh'd in a libel made againſt him, in vindication of your beauteous niece. If that ſatire reaches your regions below, you'll ſoon be convinced what a coxcomb you were when you choſe the worſt of men, to couple with the moſt charming of women. This, with ſeveral other paſſages of your life, makes me not much wonder at your condemning me by your cardinal's authority, to

† *Great houſes near* Paris.

drink *Aquafortis*, and eat burning charcoal; it may perhaps be a proper diet for *Epicurean* cardinals and *Italians*, who love hot liquors, and high-season'd ragoos; but the lords of *Chaville* and *Meudon* do not desire your entertainments. How do you know, I beseech you, but I may take the cell of the young Marquis *d'Ancré* at [a] *Mont Valerine*; there, by a long penitence, to purge me of those sins you say I have committed? Therefore if you reckon me in the number of those reprobates, doom'd to people the infernal shades, time will at last make it appear, that your eminence has reckoned without your host.

MARY I. *of* England *to the* Pope.

Most Holy Father,

THE malignant planet that govern'd at my birth, so influenc'd all the faculties of my soul, that I was the most outragious and barbarous princess till that time mounted the *English* throne; and as it is no extraordinary thing to continue in the same temper, in a country inhabited only with tyrants, and the butchers of their subjects, so you ought not to be surprised, if I am not now dispossessed of it. I had not long troubled the world before my mother [b] was divorced, and I myself declared incapable of succeeding *Henry* VIII. *Anne Boleyn* was then brought to the royal bed; and what was worse, with her was introduced a religion so conformable to the laws of God, that it never suited with my inclinations. The proud rival of *Catherine*, was afterwards sacrific'd to the inconstancy of her voluptuous husband; but that insipid religion, to my grief, was not confounded with her; for the young and simple *Edward* countenanced it during his reign. But then came my turn, and you know, sovereign pontiff, with what pride and malice I mounted the throne; the means I used to destroy that cursed heretical doctrine; the pleasure I took in shedding my subjects blood; what magnificence and splendor I gave to the mass; how barbarously I treated that innocent and beautiful princess *Jane Gray*; with what severity I used my sister *Elizabeth*, and also the

[a] Hermitage *near* Paris. [b] *Queen* Catharine *of* Spain.

immo-

immoderate joy that seized my precious soul, when I married a prince who had, as well as I, the good quality of being cruel to the highest degree, is not unknown to you. Notwithstanding what I said in the beginning of my letter, you may, perhaps, think my sentiments now altered; but I assure you the contrary, and that I cannot behold with patience your present insensibility and mildness. Is it possible you can suffer a religion, destitute of all ornaments, that has nothing but truth and simplicity to recommend it, to get the advantage of your *Rome*, which reigns in blood and purple, subsists by falshood and idolatry, and sets up and pulls down kings? how can you endure it? what a horrid shame and weakness is this? are there no more *Ravillacs?* is there neither powder nor daggers in the arsenal of the Jesuits? have they forgot how to build wheels, gibbets, and scaffolds? or is your malice, envy, hatred, and fury, seized with a lethargy?—'s death! holy father, I am distracted when I think that nothing succeeds in *England*, where I took so much pains, and practised so much cruelty to establish Popery, and root out the doctrine of the apostles; and where your pious emissaries following my zeal, had invented most admirable machines to sacrifice, with *James* I. all the enemies of your Antichristian Holiness. Do you sleep? and must *France* only brandish the glorious flambeau of persecution? Consider, I pray, that I employ the best of my time in imprecations against the deserters from your church; that I so inflamed my blood in those transports, that it threw me into a dropsy, which hurried me to the grave. My husband, who was too much of my temper to love me, was very little concerned: In short, that filthy disease filled me, a certain presage of the continual thirst I now suffer. But I once more beseech you, most holy father, to re-inforce your squadrons, to join them with the Most Christian King's, and, with your holy benediction, give them strict orders to grant no quarters to the disciples of St. *Paul*. You will infinitely oblige by it both me and *Lucifer*, who is now as zealous a *Romanist* as your *eldest son*, and who, like him, would not willingly suffer any but good Papists, the friends and pensioners of *Versailles*, those sworn enemies of liberty and property, in his dominions. I am so ill-natur'd, that my husband *Philip* is as cautious of em-

bracing me, as he was in the other world; but that's no misfortune either to Earth or Hell, for we could produce nothing but a monster between us, which would be the terror of mankind, and horror of devils.

The POPE's *Answer to Queen* MARY I.

You are too violent, dear madam, and men of my age and grandeur require more moderation. I am acquainted with your history, and know your zeal; by the same token, you need not waste your lungs to acquaint me with either the one or the other. To be free with you, I am not of the humour to espouse madly other peoples passions, tho' I should leave the triple crown destitute of all pomp and greatness. But I will make the hereticks blot out of their writings, if possible, the names of *Antichrist*, *devouring Dragon*, *Wolf disguis'd in sheeps-skin*, and several others as abusive. Do you not believe people are weary of paying a blind obedience to the see of *Rome?* Imperious *France* has made us sensible of it; and it is not the fault of the *eldest son of the Church*, if he does not dethrone his mother. Ecclesiastical censures are now out of fashion, and no more minded than pasquinades. We were scorn'd and ridicul'd in your father's time; and tho' you were as handsome as my *quondam* mistress, *Donna Maria di S. Germano*, you would not oblige me to put up fresh affronts for your sake. Your husband is to blame to treat you with such indifference, and I think it very ill for an infected worm-eaten carcase to despise so devout a queen. But I cannot imagine why the popes, who live all under the same zone with you, suffer such coldness. Suppose your husband should, like a heretick, despise their exhortations, one of their decrees has power enough to divorce you; which in time, I hope, may advance your grandeur; for we hear *Pluto* is in love with you for your zeal, and *Proserpine* is given over by the physicians. Therefore take my advice, and drink as little water as you can; for being dropsical, the water of *Styx* must needs be prejudicial to you, and the church would lose an admirable good friend. I offer you no indulgences, they are pure mountebank drugs, and were you got no farther yet than Purgatory, have not the virtue

to

to bring you out. But grant they had that power, as your amours ſtand now, I ſuppoſe you would not deſire it; ſo, till I have the happineſs of wiſhing your imperial majeſty much joy, *I am*, &c.

HARLEQUIN *to Father* la CHAISE.

SINCE we were of the ſame trade, with this difference only, that I compos'd farces to make the world laugh, and that you invent tragedies that gave them horror: I believe, reverend father, you will not condemn the liberty I take of writing to you.

In the firſt place, I beſeech your reverence, not to put your penitents out of conceit with thoſe harmleſs diverſions which make me and my brother-players live ſo plentifully; but be pleaſed to take our ſmall flock into your protection: that power lies in the breaſt of you and your pious ſociety: and who wou'd grudge it to ſuch holy men, who have no other aim than ſettling and ſatisfying mens conſciences, by clearing all the controverted difficulties of Chriſtianity, and rendring religion ſo plain and eaſy, that our enemies cannot find the leaſt doubt or difficulty in it. Nay, like a dextrous artiſt you can, with your admirable morals, remove the juſteſt ſcruples; for they give ſo pious an air, ſo devout a ſhade to the greateſt crimes, that they enchant the world, and hide their deformity, without oppoſing the licentiouſneſs of paſſions, or deſtroying their pleaſures or intention. Theſe admirable talents, moſt holy confeſſor, open to your ſociety the cloſets and hearts of princes, and bring all the lovers of voluptuouſneſs and barbarity to be your confeſſionaries. Truly, reverend father, your your fame is infinite, and the great St. *Loyola* may be proud of having ſo many righteous diſciples. But theſe miracles make the world believe him ſomething related to *Simon Magus*; for without inchantments 'tis impoſſible to do ſo many prodigies. The lameneſs in his feet, and megrim he's daily troubled with, by being too near a hot furnace of brimſtone, makes him ſo peeviſh and out of humour, that he cannot write to any of you; therefore look upon me as his ſecretary, and not a-jot the leſſer ſaint for having been upon the ſtage; all *Paris* can witneſs

witneſs for me, that as ſoon as I laid aſide my comical mask and habit, I could, upon occaſion, look as demure and devout as a freſh pardoned penitent; ſo that the employment is neither above my gravity, nor I hope above my ſincerity and capacity; for I have often had the honour of ſhewing my parts before his moſt chriſtian majeſty in his *ſeraglio*, to make him more prolifick, and more diſpoſed to the mighty work of propagation. But, reverend father, 'tis time now to tell you, as a good catholick and your friend, that we are ſo ſcandaliz'd here at his conduct, that we cannot believe he follows your holy advice; and were it not for this doubt, and our ſollicitations, *Lucifer* had laſt ſummer ſent *Loyola* under the command of Monſieur *Luxembourg*, to dragoon you. *Zounds!* ſays he, *is the order that daily ſent me ſo many ſubjects revolted?* 'Tis true, the rogues *Ravillac* and *Clement* have a little diſgrac'd you, but we don't value now what they ſay, for the wits have eſpouſed your quarrel, and blinded the eyes of detraction. Indeed it is no wonder to us, ſince they ſing to *Apollo*'s harp, which had the power to claim the tranſports of *Jupiter*. Is there any thing ſo charming as the diſcourſe of [a] *Ariſte* and *Eugene*, and that little *Je ne ſçai quoi*, they ſpeak ſo wittily of? Who can reſiſt the art of good invention in the work of wit, or an exquiſite choice of good verſes? And who would not be charm'd with all thoſe panegyricks upon the ladies? Is not once reading of them a thouſand times more diverting, than thoſe profound writings you ſo prudently forbid your penitents the peruſal of? I own indeed, that this conduct is not altogether ſo apoſtolical, but 'tis much eaſier than to be always puzzling and hammering out parables. 'Tis certain, moſt reverend father, ſhou'd you leave the ſacred writ open to all readers, it would fare with a thouſand good ſouls, as with king *Ahaſuerus*, who became favourable to the true religion, by reading a true chronicle, how many blind wretches think ye would ſee clear? How many favourites would be hang'd, and *Mordecai*'s raiſed to honour? And how many *Jeſuits* would be treated as the prieſts of *Baal*? But you, I'm ſure, will take care to hinder that; for tru-

[a] *Father* Pahours, *Father* le Mene, *Jeſuits*.

ly

ly 'twould be contrary to your eccleſiaſtical prudence; and it is much ſafer for you to darken the divine lights, and confound by ſophiſms the ſacred truths of holy writ: for what would become of your church, if the clouds were once diſperſed, ſince it flouriſhes by their favour, and the protection of ignorance? Nothing can keep up the credit of a repudiated cheat, whoſe ſhams are ſo notorious, and whoſe equipage ſo different from that of the legitimate ſpouſe of *Jeſus Chriſt*, that neither he, nor any of his faithful ſervants know or own her, but ignorance and falſhood. I ask your pardon, moſt reverend father, theſe expreſſions flow ſo naturally from my ſubject, that they have eſcaped my ſincerity; and I own this is not the ſtyle of a flatterer. But to atone for my fault, I will give you ſome wholſome advice, which is, *to make hay while the ſun ſhines*, for you muſt not expect much fair weather in theſe doleful quarters. Thoſe worthy gentlemen called *Confeſſors*, being looked upon here to be no better than ſo many *Ignes fatui*, that lead their followers into precipices; for which reaſon they are not allowed ice with their liquor. This I can aſſure you to be true, *in verbo hiſtrionis*: Therefore ſince you know what you muſt truſt to, I need not adviſe a perſon of your profound parts, what meaſures to take. *Amen.*

Father la CHAISE's *Anſwer to* HARLEQUIN.

THO' you convers'd with none but impudent louſy rhimers, yet you are not ignorant, you little jack-pudding of the ſtage, that all compariſons are odious; and that there can be none between the confeſſor of a monarch, and a buffoon. But to anſwer your letter with the moderation and prudence of a *Jeſuit*, I will ſuppoſe the firſt part of it not meant to me. And now to take into conſideration the eſſential points in it: have we not proſcribed hereſy by ſound of trumpet? And notwithſtanding all the pretty books we have publiſhed, and the cajoling tricks we have uſed, is not hereſy ſtill the ſame? But to be ſerious, *Harlequin*, good *Roman Catholicks* muſt follow no other lights than thoſe of tradition; and they, who are ſo incredulous and obſtinate as not to believe it, muſt have their eyes opened with the ſword.

'Twould

'Twould be a fine enterprize, wou'd it not, and very profitable to the church, to condemn images, candles, holy-water, beads, ſcapularies, relicks, with an hundred others, which are ſo many golden mines, and offer only to bigots the ſlovenly equipage of *Calvin*'s reformation? Devotion meerly ſpiritual, is too flat and inſipid; therefore we muſt ſet it off with jubilees, pilgrimages, proceſſions, drums, trumpets, croſſes, banners, and all the mountebank tricks, and noble nick-nacks of St. *Germain*'s fair. If I did not know that jeſting was an habitual ſin in you, I wou'd never pardon you; for the *Society of Jeſus* does not teach us to forgive injuries. Tell St. *Loyola*, the firſt of us that ſhall be ſent poſt to mighty *Lucifer*, to deſire his aſſiſtance in thoſe important affairs our great monarch has undertaken by his inſtigation, and which are too tedious now to relate, ſhall put into his portmantle ſome ice to refreſh him, plaiſters for his megrim, and ointment for his burns: tell him alſo, that the memory of the glorious prophet *Mahomet*, is not more reſpected than his; and that I am,

His moſt zealous,

and very humble Servant,

la CHAISE.

The Duke of ALVA *to the* CLERGY *of* FRANCE.

I Believe, worthy gentlemen, you are very well ſatisfy'd that I am damn'd; and—— indeed there was little likelihood that ſuch a monſter as myſelf ſhould enjoy happineſs, after having committed ſo much wickedneſs, and taken ſo much pleaſure in it. I took a fancy to acts of cruelty from my very cradle, and with great fidelity ſerv'd *Philip* II. The celebrated apoſtle of the *Gentiles* never made ſo many miſerable wretches when he was as violent a zealot of the law; I, like him, made uſe of chains, racks, fire, and all that an ingenious fury cou'd imagine moſt tormenting; but it was never any part of my deſtiny to be converted at laſt like him. Thus I went

went on in my iniquities, and became the ſtrongeſt brute that bigottry ever debauch'd; ſo that at my firſt arrival to Hell, there was never a Devil of the whole pack but fell a trembling, tho' he had been never ſo much accuſtomed to ſuch company before. But, gentlemen, why are you not become wiſe by my example? For you muſt not flatter yourſelves, that the difference of our profeſſions makes any in our crimes. You are warriors when you pleaſe; for the monaſtick ſoldiery follow'd the duke of *Mayeney*'s ſtandard during the league; crowned themſelves with immortal ſhame at the barbarous triumph of St. *Bartholomew*; and ſhoulder'd the musket after they had preached thoſe bloody ſermons, which made chriſtians treat their fellow-creatures like beaſts of prey. I confeſs, I never troubled my head about ſcruples of conſcience, and if I have not obeyed that article of the decalogue, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, I never roared out with a wide mouth, as the prieſts of the *Roman Church*, perſecute, impriſon, kill, deſtroy, force them to obey. My fury came only from your brethren, who had ſo thoroughly corrupted me, that I thought Heaven would be my reward, if I butcher'd all they were pleaſed to ſtigmatize with hereſy. So I gave a looſe to my paſſions, as you may read in hiſtory, where, I think, they have uſed me but too kindly. To ſeduce men of weak underſtandings is no extraordinary matter; but that princes, who ought to have a competent knowledge of every thing, ſhould be cheated by you, is a miracle to me. No age of the world ever ſaw a greater example of it, than in my maſter *Philip*, whoſe natural ſloth, and beſotted bigottry, gave ſo fair a field to theſe eccleſiaſtical impoſtors, ſo fair an opportunity to manage him as they pleaſed; and his father's [a] aſhes are a ſufficient proof of it. Inſtead of ſetting before his eyes the example of that invincible prince, theſe ſanctify'd villains only plunged him deeper in ſuperſtition and idolatry. And as a domineering lazy lord of a country village, will never go out of his own pariſh, ſo he never travelled farther than from *Madrid* to the *Eſcurial*. His wife, father, ſon, and brother, felt the effects of their barbarous doctrine. And, to leave

[a] Charles V.

behind

behind him a pious idea of his soul, when he was dying, he ordered his crown and coffin to be set before him. This was hypocrisy with a witness, but that is no crime in a zealot. You'll tell me perhaps, I direct my discourse to improper persons, who know not the history of *Philip* of *Austria*, ignorance being common enough in those of your fraternity, yet let me tell you, I am not mistaken; for the diabolical spirit that now possesses you, is the very same that influenced the priests of my time; and I may safely affirm, that *France* is the theatre of cruelty and iniquity. Your monarch, who is much such another saint as my master, spares the poor Protestants lives, for no other reason, but to make, by his inhuman torments, death more desirable to them. These, and a thousand more unjust actions does he commit, to satiate your hellish vanity, which would for ever domineer in the city built on seven mountains. To this you will answer, What doth it signify if we make him persecute the Protestants, murther their kings, and keep no faith or treaties with them, since it encreases our power, and propagates our religion? But, gentlemen, when you come to be where I am, you will, I'm certain, sing another tune.

The Answer of the CLERGY *of* FRANCE *to the Duke of* ALVA.

HAD you made as sincere a confession in the days of yore, as you do now, you might, for your zeal in persecuting heresy, have obtain'd an ample absolution of all your sins, tho' they had been never so numerous and black, and been a glorious saint in the *Roman* calendar; which induces us to believe, your zeal tended rather towards the propagation of your own power and interest, than that of the church. Thus in cheating us, you likewise cheated yourself; and we are not sorry at your calamities. But, does it become you, who once fill'd *Flanders* and *Spain* with horror, to reproach the apostolick legions with the noble effects of their fervency? And was it not absolutely necessary, after we had once preached the destruction of the Protestants, that *Lewis* the

Great

Great, to compleat his glory, and our satisfaction, should send his holy troops to burn, ravish, and pillage at discretion; that he might say with an emperor of *Rome*, whom he very much resembles, *Let them hate, so they fear me?* Where, Sir, do you find us commanded to keep faith with hereticks, or suffer their princes to live, when 'tis against our interest? Does not the *Roman* church dispense with these little *peccadillo's*? And are not those who wear her cloth, and eat her bread, oblig'd to obey her precepts? What pleases us most is to hear a whining recreant as thou art, sing *peccavi* at this time of day, and pretend to remorse of conscience. For your comfort, you may desire *Cerberus*, if you please, to join in the consort with you; but rest assured, that if you had three mouths like that triple-headed cur, your barking would be all in vain.

PHILIP *of* Austria *to the* DAUPHINE.

WHAT do you mean, worthy kinsman, by pretending to be a man of honour! Does it become a person of your birth? Do you find any precedent for it in your family? Did your father make himself formidable by it? Or do you find in history, that any merciful or generous prince made himself so great, or reigned so prosperously for almost fixty years, as your debauched and perjured father has done, who is now the terror and scourge of *Europe*, and will be its tyrant, if treachery and gold can prevail? But do you think those things to be crimes in sovereigns? If he has indulg'd his lust, does he not severely persecute heresy? And besides, does not his [a] mistress constantly pray and offer sacrifice? You know she's old enough to be prudent, and lives upon the gravity of her age, since she stretches her devotion, even to the stage, by the same token, she will suffer none of her husband's [b] diverting farces to be acted there any more. Thank Heaven therefore for sending you that bountiful patroness from the [c] new world, who is

[a] *Madam* Maintenon. [b] Scarron. [c] *Madam* Maintenon *was born in* Martineco.

the

the comfort and preſervation of your father and his kingdoms; and tho' your mother was my near relation, yet I am not aſhamed to ſee ſo pure and zealous a ſaint ſupply her place in the royal bed. I wonder ſhe has not yet prevailed with you to have more regard for the intereſt of the *Roman Church*; to promote the grandeur, whereof I deſtroy'd many thouſands of its enemies, by the miniſtry of the duke of *Alva*, and order'd my father's bones to be dug out of the ground and burnt, for having tolerated *Luther*'s hereſy. Otherwiſe I ſhould never have concern'd myſelf about it, ſuppoſing none but flegmatick coxcombs would eſpouſe a church which does not keep open houſe all the year round, and won't pardon the greateſt crimes for money. You know, I don't doubt, what my jealouſy coſt my [a] ſon and [b] wife, and how I treated the [c] conqueror at *Levanto*: to balance that account with Heaven, I gave largely to the prieſts, built monaſteries, went to proceſſions, was loaded like a mule with beads and relicks, and by this means paſſed for a ſaint. And this I think may properly enough be called a good religion. 'Tis true, I never ſaw any engagement but in my cloſet, or at a diſtance, like your prudent father: what then, does the world talk leſs of me, or him for that? The end of my life, I muſt confeſs, was ſomething ſingular, for the worms ſerv'd an execution upon my carcaſe before the time; and ſo we hear they do his. But what does that ſignify, ſo a man ſatisfies his own humour? Be not infatuated then with vain-glory; for if they, who are exempt from the flames of hell, boaſt of having angels, ſaints, and martyrs for their companions, we can brag of having popes, cardinals, emperors, kings, queens, jeſuits, monks, and prieſts in abundance. I muſt own, our walks have not the charming fountains and ſhades of [d] *Verſailles*, and the *Eſcurial*; and that it is always as hot weather with us here, as with the good folks under the *Torrid Zone*: but ſuch a trifle as this ought not to make you ſhun the company of ſo many choice friends, as have an entire affection for you.

[a] Don Carlos. [b] Elizabeth *of* France. [c] Don John *of* Auſtria. [d] *The two Royal Houſes of* France *and* Spain.

The

The DAUPHINE's Anſwer to PHILIP of Auſtria.

NEither the examples you have quoted, nor thoſe which are daily before my eyes, have power enough to pervert me, I have a veneration for virtue, which you, forſooth, call the quality of a coxcomb; and an abhorrence for all that bears the ſtamp of vice, tho' you have illuſtrated it with the proſperous and glorious reign of the French *monarch. But were the firſt unknown to me, I would not look for it in your life; ſince, according to your beſt friends, it is a thing you never practiſed. As ſons have no authority to condemn the conduct of their fathers, ſo I will not preſume to examine into that of* Lewis XIV. *But tell me, I beſeech you, what advantages you reaped from your bigottry and ſuperſtition? For my part, had I ſome of the aſhes of every ſaint, in the* Roman Calendar, *in my ſnuff-box, and carried beads as big as cannon-bullets about me, I ſhould not believe myſelf either a better chriſtian, or leſs expoſed to danger. But to what purpoſe did you, who never expoſed your royal perſon in battle, arm yourſelf with all thoſe imaginary preſervatives? Or can you ſay they defended you from being devoured alive by millions of vermine, that puniſhed you in this life, for the iniquities you daily committed, and were only the prelude to more terrible puniſhment. Let not my indifference for the church of* Rome *break your reſt; I have no power at preſent, and I can't tell what my ſentiments would be, had I a crown on my head: but it now cruelly troubles me, to ſee* France *ſo weakened by the diſperſion of ſo many thouſand innocent people: and did my opinion ſignify any more in our councils than wind, I would adviſe the recalling of them. But the nymph, you ſee, with ſo much ſatisfaction, ſupply the place of your grandchild, and who has more power now than ever, is there as abſolute as a* dictator. *The* French *monarchy, which has ſubſiſted for ſo many ages, might be ſtill ſupported without her; ſhe being good for nothing that I know of, but to inſtruct youth in the niceſt ways of debauchery; therefore I could wiſh the king would tranſport her to her native ſoil, and make her*

her governeſs of the American *monkies; a fitter employment for her than that ſhe uſurps over our princeſſes. To deal plainly with you, I have no ambition to ſee your majeſty, being ſatisfy'd with knowing you from publick report; ſo will carefully avoid coming near your* torrid zone, *if 'tis poſſible for a man to be any time a king of* France, *without it.*

JUVENAL *to* BOILEAU.

SINCE we don't diſpatch couriers every day from the kingdom of *Pluto*, you ought not to be ſurprized, that I have not had an opportunity till now, of telling you what ſticks in my ſtomach. I thought your firſt ſatires very admirable, your expreſſions juſt and laboriouſly turn'd, yet charming and natural. Were the diſtribution of rewards in my power, I ſhould certainly give you ſomething for your *Art of Poetry*: but for your *Lutrin*, that maſter-piece of your wit, that higheſt effort of your imagination, I ſee nothing in it worthy of you, but the verſification. Every one owns you can write, nay, your very enemies allow it; but you know a metamorphoſis requires an entire change; therefore, ſince you reſolve to imitate *Virgil*, you ſhould have made choice of noble heroes. He that traveſtied the *Æneis*, underſtood it better than you, and did not fatigue himſelf ſo much; and as he was a man of clear and good ſenſe, has judiciouſly remark'd, that his queen diſguiſed like a country-wench, is infinitely beyond your clock-maker's wife dreſs'd like an empreſs. But let us leave this ſubject, which now it is too late to amend, ſince what is done cannot be undone. What did you mean, you I ſay, who have been accuſed of ſtealing my lines, and who, to deal honeſtly with you, have often followed the ſame road I have traced? What did you mean, I ſay, by reflecting on particulars in your ſatire againſt women: Did I ever ſet you that example? Is not my ſixth ſatire againſt the ſex in general; and when I look back as far as the reigns of *Saturn* and *Rhea* for [a] modeſty, do I pretend the leaſt ſhadow of it is left upon the earth? Unthinking

[a] *Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam.*

fool!

fool! thoſe different characters you have drawn, will make you ſo many particular enemies; and I queſtion, if the patroneſs you have choſen can ſecure you from their claws.

If an affected zeal inſpires you with ſo much veneration for a ſaint of the *Italian* faſhion, in truth you ought to have burnt your incenſe ſo privately, that the ſmoke might not have offended others. How can the bard that boaſts of eating no fleſh in *Lent*, that would frankly diſcipline himſelf in the face of the godly, like one of the [a] militia of St. *Francis*, adore a golden cow, and adorn an idol each blaſt of wind can overthrow, with thoſe garlands which ſhould be preſerv'd for *the ſtatues of the greateſt heroes!* She is, it is true, very ſingular in her kind; but will you ſtain your name, of *illuſtrious poet*, by creeping before a walking mummy of her ſuperannuated gallantry? your ſordid intereſt has made you a traytor to *Satire*; and thereby you occaſion here continual diviſions, [b] *Chaquelian* and *St. Amant* have been at cuffs with [c] *Moliere* and *Corneille*, becauſe you have not treated them ſo civilly as your [d] *Urgande*. The two firſt ridicule your ſordid covetous humour, and ſay you learnt that baſeneſs while you belong'd to the *Regiſter's Office*. The other two, who were perhaps of your trade, defend the honour of your extraction. But *St. Amant* [e], who will never forget the unworthy character you have given him concerning his poverty, which he ſwears is falſe; and ſubmitting his verſes to the judgment of unprejudiced perſons, for which you ridicule him, ſaid in a haughty tone, (which ſet us all a laughing) that when he was a gentleman of the chamber in ordinary to the queen of *Poland*, and embaſſador extraordinary at the coronation of the queen of *Sweden*, he kept ſeveral footmen of better quality than yourſelf. *Chaquelian*, who cannot ſay ſo much for himſelf, is content with ſinging the terrible valour of the duke *de Nevers*'s lackeys, who kept time with their cudgels on your ſhoulders. We were forced to call for a bottle to appeaſe this war; and

[a] *Monks.* [b] *Two ancient poets.* [c] *Two modern poets.* [d] *Madam* Maintenon. [e] *A* French *poet, whom* Boileau *makes free with in his firſt ſatire, and elſewhere.*

St. Amant,

St. Amant, taking the glaſs in his hand, ſwore by his maker, he had rather you had call'd him drunkard than fool, tho' he drinks very moderately in this place, where it is no great ſcandal to be thirſty. Be not concerned at this paragraph, becauſe the reſt of my letter ſufficiently teſtifies the eſteem I have for you, and my concern for your welfare: therefore to preſerve both, renounce your ſordid way of praiſing vice, and employ your happy talent in teaching good manners, and correcting the bad, which will be an employment worthy of your great genius, and is the only way to recommend you to the good opinion of the learned ancients.

BOILEAU's *Anſwer to* JUVENAL.

Illuſtrious Ghoſt,

A Meſſenger from the Muſes never fill'd me with ſo much tranſport, as the firſt ſight of your letter; but I had not read ſix lines, before I wiſh'd you had never done me that honour. To praiſe my *Satires* and fall foul upon my *Lutrin* (which made me ſweat more drops of water, than your drunkard *St. Amant* (ſince I muſt call him ſo) ever drank of wine) is no favour. After many laborious and fruitleſs endeavours, finding, to my great grief and diſtraction, I could not match you in wit, I reſolv'd if poſſible to out-do you in malice, which made me take the liberty of romancing a little on *St Amant*, falling foul upon people's characters and manners, and treating ſeveral ſcurvy poets more roughly than you did the *Theſeis* of *Codrus*, when you ſang,

Semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam?
Vexatus toties rauci Theſeide Codri?

Thus ſuffering the gall of my heart to flow thro' the channel of my pen, I procur'd myſelf enemies in abundance, and ſince I muſt confeſs all to you, ſome ſtripes with a bull's-pizzle, which was a moſt terrible mortification to my ſhoulders; but I bore all this with the patience of a philoſopher, as will appear by the following lines.

Let

Let Codrus *that nauſeous pretender to wit,*
Condemn all my works before court'er and cit;
I bear all with patience, whatever he ſays,
And value as little his ſcandal as praiſe.
Vain-glory no longer my genius does fire,
'Tis intereſt alone tunes the ſtrings of my lyre.
Integrity's nought but a plauſible ſham,
For money I praiſe, and for money I damn.
Old politic bards, for fame have no itching,
The Apollo *I court, is the ſteam of a kitchin.*

The four firſt lines, I muſt own, are ſomething againſt the grain; and the natural inclination I have to rail, and be thought an excellent poet, gives my tongue the lie; but the four laſt, which ſhew more prudence than wit, reconcile that matter. 'Tis certainly, illuſtrious bard, more difficult to pleaſe the world now than it was in your time; for if I write ſatire, I am beaten for it; if I praiſe, I am call'd a mercenary flatterer, which ſo diſheartens me, that I addreſs myſelf now to my Gardener only; and do not doubt but ſome buſy nice critick will be cenſuring this poem alſo. Not being in the beſt humour when I writ it, perhaps it may appear ſomething dark and abſtruſe; but I can eaſily excuſe that, by maintaining that 'tis impoſſible for the beſt author in the world to keep up always to the ſame ſtrain. Have you ever heard of the tales of the *Peau d'Aſne, & Griſedilis?* if *Proſerpine* had any little children, 'twould be a moſt agreeable diverſion for them, and I wou'd ſend it 'em for a preſent. Tho' that author furniſhes you with ſufficient matter to laugh at me, yet I muſt confeſs he has found the art of making ſomething of a trifle. Every one here learns his verſes by heart; and in ſpight of my tranſlation of *Longinus*, which makes it ſo plainly appear, I underſtand *Greek*, and know ſomething of poetry, my book begins to be deſpis'd. Wou'd it not break a Man's heart to ſee ſuch impertinent ſtuff preferr'd before ſo many ſublime pieces? But, as for your glory that will eternally ſubſiſt, and nothing can deſtroy it, ſince time has not already done it.

DIANA *of* Poictiers, *Miſtreſs to* HEN. II. *of* France, *to Madam* MAINTENON.

SINCE the ſpirit of curioſity poſſeſſes us here in this world, no leſs than it did in your's, 'tis an infinite trouble for thoſe perſons, Madam, who were acquainted with every thing while they liv'd, not to know all that paſſes after their death; and of this you'll one day make an experiment. I am not deſirous to know, Madam, what you have done to ſucceed the greateſt beauties of the earth, in the affection of an old libidinous monarch, nor what charms you make uſe of to ſecure the poſſeſſion of his heart, at an age you cannot pleaſe without a miracle. My planet, dear Madam, has rendered me ſomewhat knowing in theſe affairs, for *Henry* II. was my gallant as long as he liv'd; and tho' I was little handſomer than you, I was not, I think, much younger. But I muſt tell you, I cannot comprehend what procures you thoſe loud commendations and applauſes which reach even to our ears, and are by their noiſe moſt horribly offenſive to us. The advantages of my birth were great; and it is well known my charms ſo captivated *Francis* I. that they redeem'd my father from the gallows. I marry'd a very conſiderable man, and the name of *Breze Reneſchal* of *Normandy*, ſounds ſomewhat better than that of *Scarron the queen's ballad-maker*. The houſe of *Poictiers* too, from which I was deſcended, may ſurely take place of thoſe monarchs from whom that mercenary fellow *Boileau* derives your extraction; and laſtly, if I had a few particular enemies, I did nothing to make myſelf generally odious. Yet for all this, I was neither canoniz'd nor prais'd, but openly laugh'd at, and by one of my own profeſſion, I mean the ducheſs of *Eſtampe*, who was miſtreſs to the father of my lover, and ſaid ſhe was born on my wedding-day. Blundering impudent *Bayard* was baniſh'd for ſpeaking too freely of me; and tho' it was ſaid, *That for me alone beauty had the privilege not to grow old*, the compliment was ſo forc'd, that I was little the better for it. Ragged *Marot* was the only poet that ever pretended to couple rhimes in my praiſe; and

and I will appeal to you if he did not deserve to go naked.

I dare not, (were't to save my ransom)
Affirm your ladyship is handsome;
Nor, without telling monstrous lyes,
Defend the lightning of your eyes;
For, Madam, to declare the truth,
You've neither face, nor shape, nor youth.

Howe'er, all flattery apart,
You've plaid your cards with wond'rous art.
When young, no lover saw your charms,
Or press'd you in his eager arms:
But triumphs your old age attend,
And you begin where others end.

What think you, Madam, of this, is it not rather satire than praise? Shou'd the bard, that sings your virtues from the top of *Parnassus* down to the market-place, be as sincere, how wou'd you reward him? Tho' I know he has more prudence, yet I cannot believe he compares you to *Helen* for beauty, to *Hebe* for youth, for chastity to *Lucretia*, for courage to *Clelia*, and for wisdom to *Minerva*, as common report says; because, were it true, it is not to be suppos'd you would have but a poor deform'd poet in possession of such mighty treasures. For were there not sceptres and crowns then enticing? Were not then the eyes of princes open? Did you chuse an author for your love, out of caprice or despair? Did you take his wicker-chair for a throne? Or did the love of philosophy draw you in? Had the latter wrought upon you, you would not have been the first, I must confess; for the famous *Hirparchia*, handsome, young, and rich, preferr'd poor crooked *Crates* before the wealthiest and most beautiful gentleman of *Greece*. I am unwilling to judge uncharitably, but I cannot be perswaded that such an alliance could be contracted without some pressing necessity. When I reflect on the beginning, increase, and circumstances of your fortune, I am astonish'd? for neither your hair, which was grey when you began to grow

in favour; nor the remembrance of [a] a veſtal once adorned; nor the idea of a [b] blooming beauty, whom cruel death ſuddenly ſnatch'd away by the help of a little poiſon; nor the preſence of a [c] rival, by ſo much the more dangerous, becauſe ſhe had triumph'd over ſeveral others, could prove any obſtacles to your proſperity. The beautiful lady that brought you out of your mean obſcurity; and in whoſe ſervice you thought yourſelf happy, is now content if you let her enjoy the leaſt ſhew of her former greatneſs. In this Chaos I loſe myſelf, Madam; but if you will bring me out of my confuſion, I faithfully promiſe to give you an exact account of all that concerns me, when I ſhall have the pleaſure of embracing you. I exceedingly commend your prudent conduct; for thoſe young plants you cultivate in a [d] terreſtial paradice, will one day produce flowers to crown you; and the zeal you profeſs for a religion which began to act furiouſly in my time, muſt ſtop the mouths of the niceſt bigots, and make the tribunal of confeſſion favourable to you; tho' perhaps, dear Madam, it may make that of *Minos* a little more ſevere.

Madam MAINTENON's *Anſwer to* DIANA *of* Poictiers.

CUrioſity, Madam, being the character of the great and buſy, I will anſwer you according to your merit and birth, tho' you have not treated me ſo, ſince you know what charms a lover when youth is gone; I will diſmiſs that point to come to the hiſtory of my life, and the virtuous actions I am prais'd for. I know you are of an antient family, that you marry'd a man of power and riches; and that you were *Francis* the Firſt's bed-fellow, before his ſon fell in love with you. As for me, I was born in the [e] new world, under a favourable conſtellation; and the offſpring of a Jaylor's daughter, with whom my father, tho' of royal blood, was oblig'd, ei-

[a] *Madam* la Valiere. [b] *Madam* de Fontagne. [c] *Madam* de Monteſpan. [d] *The nuns of St.* Cyril. [e] Weſt-Indies.

ther

ther thro' love, or rather neceſſity, to cohabit. Fortune, which never yet forſook me, firſt depriv'd me of my beggarly relations, without leaving me wherewithal to cover my nakedneſs, and then brought me into *Europe*, where I found a great many lovers, and few husbands. Poor deform'd *Scarron* at laſt offer'd me his hand; I had my reaſons for accepting him, and his infirmities did not hinder me from receiving that title which was convenient for one in my circumſtances. In ſhort, I loſt him without much concern; and liv'd ſo prudently during my widowhood, that Madam *Monteſpan* took me out of my cell, to bring me into the intrigues of the court. Every one knows I drove my generous patroneſs from the royal bed; and that ſince my being in favour, I have been profuſely liberal to all my idolaters. Our poets, who do not reſemble *Marot*, value not honour, provided they have good penſions, which I generouſly beſtow on them, and they repay me in panegyricks; by which means I am handſome, young, chaſte, virtuous, wiſe, and of as noble blood as *Alexander* the Great. Tho' I was a Proteſtant, the church is not ſo fooliſh as to enquire into my religion, thus out of a principle of gratitude, and to fix her in my intereſt, I have fill'd the heart of our monarch with the godly zeal of perſecution. I have alſo founded a ſtately [a] edifice, where I breed up a great many pretty young virgins, who, no doubt on't, will prove as modeſt and diſcreet as their founder; and I play ſo well the part of a queen, that the world thinks me ſo in reality. Theſe few hints may give you ſome light into my hiſtory, Madam, therefore to reward my ſincerity, if you find *Minos* diſpos'd to uſe me ſeverely, prepare him, I beſeech you, to be more favourable.

HUGH SPENCER *the younger, Minion of* EDWARD II. *to all the Favourites and Miniſters whom it may concern.*

LET all thoſe that are ambitious of the title of favourite learn by the hiſtory of my life, how dan-

[a] *The Nunnery of St.* Cyril.

gerous a folly it is to monopolize their prince's ſmiles. A man climbs to the top of this ſlippery aſcent thro' a thouſand difficulties; and if he is not moderate in his proſperity, (which few are) he often falls with a more precipitated ſhame into diſgrace. I acquir'd, or rather uſurp'd, the favour of *Edward* II. in whoſe breaſt the proud *Gaveſton* had before me licentiouſly revell'd. To effect this, my father lent me his helping hand; but without growing wiſer by the examples of others, the vanity of my ambition made me follow that wandring ſtar, call'd fortune. I no ſooner had poſſeſs'd myſelf of the king's ear, but I crept into the ſecrets of his heart, and infected it with the blackeſt venom of mine; acting the part of a ſelf-intereſted, not an honeſt miniſter. As I valued not the glory of his reign, or eaſe of his people, provided I govern'd him, and render'd myſelf maſter of his treaſures; ſo did I never move him to relieve the miſerable, or reward the faithful and deſerving, but endeavour'd to blacken the merit of their greateſt actions, and ſo ſettled the firſt motions of his liberality, with reaſons of ſordid intereſt. If any places of truſt were to be fill'd, covering my treachery ſtill with the veil of zeal and love for my country, I recommended only ſuch as were devoted to my ſervice; pretending ill management in every thing that went not thro' my hands; and that the nation was betray'd, whilſt I, like ſome of you now, was ſelling it, and was in reality the worſt enemy it had. After I had ſacrific'd the great duke of *Lancaſter* to my revenue, and a hundred perſons of quality beſides, I ſow'd diſcord in the royal family, The queen, with the prince of *Wales* her ſon, and the earl of *Kent*, the king's brother, retir'd into *France*; during which time I govern'd at my eaſe, wallow'd in luxury and riches, and had intereſt enough to hinder *Charles* the Fair from protecting his ſiſter. The Pope, who was of my religion, ſtorm'd like a true father, ſon of the church, and ſo frighted the king of *France*, that in ſpite of their nearneſs of blood, he hunted the queen of *England* out of his dominions. But at laſt the king being reconciled, the queen returns; I was taken priſoner, and by the laws of the kingdom, ſentenc'd to be drawn on a ſledge, at ſound of trumpet, thro' the ſtreets of *Hereford*. The circumſtances of my death

death were infamous; my head was expos'd at *London*, my bowels, heart, and some others parts of body burn'd, my carcass abandon'd to the crows, in four parts of the kingdom; the justest reward a villain, who had almost destroy'd both king and country cou'd expect. This is, gentlemen, favourites and ministers, a picture you ought all to have in your closets, to keep you from resembling it. When in favour, banish not justice, clemency and generosity, from the thrones of your master; and to avoid a just hatred, and make men of virtue your friends, study the publick interest. Turn over old histories and you'll find there is scarce one, or few of us, got peaceably to the grave, but either starv'd or rotted, or immortaliz'd a gibbet. Not one eye ever wept for our sufferings, pity itself rejoiced. Thus detested on earth, and curs'd by heaven, our last refuge is to become the prey of devils. Consider well, gentlemen, and arm yourselves against all those vicious passions, which will certainly undo you, if you listen to them as I did. Therefore in the slippery paths of a court, take prudence and justice for your supports.

The Answer of the Chief Ministers of the King of Iveter *to* HUGH SPENCER.

THE picture you have drawn of your life and death, shews you were notoriously wicked, and rewarded according to your deserts. But let me tell you, Sir, that 'tis a great mistake to believe a minister cannot manage or steer his prince, without abusing him and the publick. Because you were the horror of your age, is it an inevitable destiny for other favourites to be so too? I will not here make my own panegyrick, but leave that care to posterity: However, I will boldly maintain, that to suffer a master to divide his benevolence, when one can secure it all to ones self, is folly and stupidity. A prudent man knows how to make a right use of his master's weakness; and if he finds him inclin'd now and then to gratify eminent services, he will not seem much averse to it, provided still he loses nothing by the bargain: But if his prince is of a covetous temper, charity, which always be-

gins at home, then bids him shut up his *Exchequer*, and reserve to himself the sole privilege of opening it at leisure. 'Tis likewise no ill step in our politicks to cry down those actions, which might otherwise by their weight outvalue ours: Upon such occasions to testify the least zeal, fidelity and care, will be thought meritorious. Tho' the escutcheons we leave our children, have some blots in them, what signifies that, provided we leave them rich and noble titles, which will procure them honour, and all sorts of pleasures in this world, and a saint's place hereafter, in that uncertain volume of the *Roman Almanack*.

JULIA *to the Princess of* CONTI.

AS you may wonder, madam, that I who lived so many ages ago, and at present am so many thousand leagues from you, should esteem and love you; might I wonder too, in my turn, if you should have a good opinion of me, after so many historians have conspired to blacken my reputation. But there are, dear sister, such circumstances in our fortunes, as ought to make us love one another, and hold a friendly correspondence; since you are like me, the daughter of a beautiful, treacherous prince, who drags good fortune at his heels; and of a mother who renounced the world before it did her the injury of renouncing her. I was once the ornament of the court of *Augustus*, and you now shine like a star, in that of *Lewis* XIV. I was marry'd very young to *Marcellus*, the hopes of the *Romans*; and almost in your infancy, you were given to the most amiable man that ever was of the *Bourbons:* I lost the son of *Octavia* some months after our marriage, and your forehead was bound with the fatal sable, before *Hymen*'s garlands were in the least wither'd; you are handsome, I was not ugly; you occasion jealousy, and I suffer'd the sharpest darts of destruction: I had lovers beyond number; and who is able to reckon your's? They have not perhaps been so favourably received; and I believe the air, and want of opportunity, not our inclinations, to be the cause, for you never yet despis'd those pleasures I daily enjoy'd and sigh'd after; and tho' by the death of *Agrippa*, I came under the tyranny of *Tiberius*,

I pur-

I purſu'd my inclinations to the laſt. Widows of your age generally enter the liſt again: But, princeſs, the counſel I have to give you, is, to reſerve to yourſelf the liberty of your choice. There are ſo many *Tiberius's* where you are, that one may eaſily fall to your ſhare, and after that nothing but baniſhment will be wanting to finiſh the compariſon. A very malignant [a] planet at preſent commands your deſtiny; and 'tis in vain to expect juſtice from that jealous, ill-natur'd fury. Now I have given you advice, which, if I could return into the world, I would follow myſelf, permit me to juſtify my actions.

Hiſtorians tell you, I endeavoured to reign in every heart, whatever it coſt me, without any regard to the owner's birth and condition: But do you think that ſo very criminal? Does a little kindneſs deſerve ſo ſevere a cenſure? Muſt perſons of quality be always oblig'd to have an eye on their dignity? and did not he that made the prince, make the coachman? But what I cannot with patience ſuffer, is the impudent lie ſome have made concerning *Ovid*; that verſifyer had a nicer fancy in poetry than beauty; like your father, *My dear ſiſter*, he imagin'd wonderful charms in grey hairs; for *Marcellus* was but newly dead when he fell in love with *Livia*. 'Twas her he celebrated under the feigned name of *Corinna*; and when he pleas'd, diſciplin'd, ſhe, like a child not daring to reſiſt. Thus people being ignorant of cloſer privacies, invent malicious lies; for do you ſuppoſe I would have ſuffer'd ſuch inſolent uſage? And that if I had not been ſtrong enough to have caſh'd that rhiming puppy, I would not have found out ſome other way to have been even with him? You very well ſee my reaſons have ſome appearance of truth, and I am confident, that when we meet we ſhall agree very well. The emperor who had his private amours, never troubled thoſe of his wife; and *Merena*'s ſpouſe, proud of poſſeſſing the affections of ſo great a monarch, returned in ſoft embraces the favours beſtowed on her husband. I have inſenſibly made you an ingenuous confeſſion; do you the ſame, madam, for hell is ſo damnable tireſome, that I gape and ſtretch a thouſand times an hour. When your hand is in, pray ſend me word

[a] *Madam* Maintenon.

what they are doing in your part of the world; but above all, give me a true account of your amours and conquests: for those relations tickle us, even when we have lost the power of acting. Therefore to invite you to be very plain with me, as likewise to divert myself in my present melancholy moments, I will give you some of my thoughts in metre, such as it is.

A mighty monarch you begot,
Who's pious as the devil;
Your mother too, by all is thought,
To be extreamly civil.

Descending from so bright a pair,
You both their gifts inherit;
All your great father's virtue share,
And all your mother's merit.

When I was young and gay like you,
I lov'd my recreation;
Mamma's *dear steps I did pursue,*
And balk'd no inclination.

And, madam, when your charms are gone,
Your lovers will forsake you;
They'll cry your sporting days are done,
And bid old Pluto *take you.*

Thus I have given all trading o'er,
And wisely left off sporting;
Resolv'd to practise it no more,
After my reign of courting.

As reproaching and talking freely is not here discouraged; so had I done any lewd trick, your confessor wou'd have acquainted you with it; for he keeps a strict correspondence with the chiefest ministers of our monarch. You have been jealous where you ought not, and the saints of *St. Germains* and *Versailles*, when they come to discover the mystery of your curiosity, will never forgive you. The mealy mouth'd Goddess was always easy to be corrupted, and the old monster Envy prospers but too much; therefore

therefore take care of one, and prevent the other, that the sins of others may not be imputed to you. All that the world can say against your virtue, shall never diminish my good opinion of it; and if you do not believe the character I give of myself, consult [a] *Calprinede*, who has drawn me to the life, and was a great master in that way, as *Apelles* in his. Farewel, fair princess, and remember that *Julia* languishes with desire to see you.

The Princess of CONTI's *Answer to* JULIA.

I Did not expect to be honoured with a letter from so famous a princess as *Julia:* This makes my joy so much the greater. I do sincerely declare, that I take all you say to me so reasonable, that I can do no less than applaud it: And I further assure you, that I never search'd for your character in those disobliging authors who magnify the least false step, and make an elephant of a mouse. I am satisfy'd to know you, as I find you in *Calprinede*; and the complaisance he pretends you had for *Ovid*, does not hinder me from having a great affection for your amiable qualities; and believing as advantageously of your modesty as you can desire. I am not so severe as to imagine a little indulgence can be a greater crime; but think those who will, for a little natural civility, ruin the reputation of courteous ladies, to be malicious people, only envying those gallantries which are addressed to others. But, madam, you have strangely surprized me with what you tell me of *Livia*; for I always believed, that when old ambition was her only blind side; but am astonished to hear she was amorous. This discovery confirms the received opinion, that old age has a wanton inclination, as well as youth, tho' not so much ability; and since the wife of *Cæsar* lov'd the language of the muses, I am not astonished that our saints of St. *Cyril* have been charm'd with it. But, dear madam, is it certain that *Ovid* disciplin'd her like a child; I thought the *Roman* ladies had not wanted that exercise; and I believe my gallants will never be obliged to come to that extremity with me. I need

[a] *The voluminous author of* Cleopatra.

not uſe much precaution againſt the folly of a ſecond marriage; for tho' I was coupled to a very charming young man, yet I ſoon found my expectations bilk'd, becauſe the name of husband and wife, and thoughts of duty ſo leſſened the pleaſures of our ſofteſt embraces, that it made them odious. So that now I only love a ſpouſe for a night, from whom I may be divorced the next morning; and this perhaps, you'll find more plainly expreſſed in the following lines, as I doubt not, deareſt ſiſter, but you have made the experiment.

Your tender girls, when firſt their hands,
Are join'd in Hymen's *magick bands.*
Fondly believe they ſhall maintain
A long, uninterrupted reign:
But to their coſt, too ſoon they prove,
That marriage is the bane of love.
That phantom, duty, *damps its fire.*
And clips the wings of fierce deſire.

But lovers in a different ſtrain
Expreſs, as well as eaſe their pain:
Ever ſmiling, ever fair,
To pleaſe us is their only care,
And as their flame finds no decay,
They only covet we ſhould pay
In the ſame coin, and that you know,
Is always in our pow'r to do.

And will be always ſo, illuſtrious princeſs, to our great comfort and ſatisfaction. You have heard, I ſuppoſe, what the writing of a few letters has coſt me; ſo that I have laid aſide all commerce of that nature at preſent, and am often oblig'd to trifle my thoughts. Had I not fear'd *Mercury*'s being ſearched, I would have opened my heart a little more to you; but if the times ever change, or madam *Maintenon*, the governeſs of *Verſailles*, becomes leſs inquiſitive, you may certainly expect to receive an epiſtle, or rather a volume from me.

I put no confidence in the king my father, and he is ſo jealous of me, that ſhould he pack up his awls for the other world, I wou'd not truſt him. I pity you for being kept

kept so close, and having so bad company. That you may yawn and stretch less, and laugh a little more, entertain yourself with *la Fontain*'s tales, or the school of *Venus*, both excellent books in their kind, which I am confident will extreamly divert you; not so much upon the account of their novelty, as by recalling to your mind some past actions of your life.

For my part, I highly esteem them both, and you'll oblige by telling the author so.

DIONYSIUS *the Younger, to the Flatterers of what Degree or Country soever.*

THO' the torments I now suffer for my former tyrannies, are as great as they are just; yet you cursed villains, deserve much greater, for being the promoters of them. You, with your infernal praises, blind the eyes of princes, and hurry them on headlong to their ruin: therefore I charge you with all the ill actions of my reign. I was no sooner seated on my throne, but you so swell'd me with pride, by applauding all my perjuries, oppressions and cruelties, that I believ'd it lawful for our race to be tyrants, from father to son, with impunity. Every one knows my father was equally wicked and covetous, neither sparing, or fearing men or Gods; and of this *Jupiter* and *Æsculapius* are examples. In a fit of impiety, till then unpractised by the most desperate villains, he stripp'd the first of his golden mantle, excusing it with this jest, *That 'twas too hot for the summer, and too cold for the Winter.* To the second he turn'd barber and cut off his golden beard, which with great devotion had been presented to him, alledging, *It was improper for the son, since his father* Apollo *went without one.* When his conduct had thus render'd him odious to the world he thought it necessary to make himself secure; for which end, he ordered a large deep ditch to be dug about his palace; but that was no fortification against fear, which could creep in at every key-hole; and his distrust increased to that degree, that he suspected his neareſt relations. Not so much as a *Maintenon* came near him. At last his guards to oblige the world, cut his throat, and sent his soul as a har-

a harbinger to the Devil, to provide room for his body; and the people thinking me to be a much honeſter man, without difficulty plac'd me on his throne. But I ſoon took care to convince theſe credulous ſots, that a worſe was come in his room, far exceeding him in cruelty, I endeavoured to ſecure my throne by actions then unknown to the world. *Firſt*, I cauſed my brothers to be put to death, and when I had glutted myſelf with the blood of theſe victims, I made no ſcruple to violate the laws, and trample upon all the juſt rights and liberties of my people. By thoſe and a thouſand other barbarities, tiring the patience of the *Syracuſans*, they drove me into *Italy*, where the *Locrians* kindly received me: and I to requite them for their civility, raviſh'd their women, murder'd numbers of their citizens, and pillag'd their country. At laſt, by a new contrived treachery, I re-entred *Syracuſe*, with deſign to revenge myſelf by new deſolations; but *Dion* and *Timolion*, much honeſter men than either myſelf or you, prevented me by putting me a ſecond time to flight. 'Twas my deſtiny, and I wonder hiſtorians do not add the epithet of coward, to my juſt name of tyrant. I then retired to *Corinth*, where in a ſhort time my miſery became ſo preſſing, that I was forc'd to turn bum-bruſher in my own defence, a condition which beſt ſuited with a man that delighted in tyranny and blood; and as I had been one of *Pluto*'s diſciples, I taught a ſort of philoſophy which I had learned, but never practiſed. Thus was my throne turn'd into a desk; and my ſcepter into a ferula. Heavens! what a ſhameful metamorphoſis was this. But, gentlemen ſycophants, with a murrian to you, I may thank you for it. You, like the *Cameleon*, can put on any colour, can turn vice into virtue, and virtue into vice, to deceive your maſters; and under the ſpecious pretence of religion can commit the greateſt barbarities. But tho' under the ſhelter of that reverend name, you think all your iniquities undiſcovered, ſo you poſſeſs your prince with the abominable zeal of perſecution; yet heaven ſees and deteſts your hypocriſy, and even men at long-run, diſcover the cheat. Oh! ye unworthy enemies of virtue, whoſe only aim is to raiſe your own fortunes upon the ruin of others. How uſeful are you to the Devil? You matter it not, provided you compaſs your deſired

fired ends: if we lay waſte the univerſe, and afterwards become the hate and ſcorn of all mankind: As for example, 'tis long of you that I have been a pedant in *Greece*, and that [a] one of my rank, had he not been taken to reſt, would have been forced to cover his follies under a ſtinking cowl, in the louſy convent of *la Trape*. You will not fail, I know, to applaud all his actions, and ſay, if he loſt all, 'twas only for obliging his ſubjects to take the true road to heaven, and give the title of reſignation to meer neceſſity and compulſion. But is it a ſacrifice to renounce thro' deſpair, the grandeur we cannot maintain any longer? Is it not rather imitating the *animal in the fable*, that deſpiſes the grapes which are out of his reach? But I waſte my lungs in vain, and talk to the deaf: however, if I have been humbled, believe that you will not always be exalted. 'Tis my comfort that you will one day be condemn'd to turn a wheel like *Ixion*, to roll ſtones like *Syſiphus*, to be devoured like *Prometheus*, continually thirſty like *Tantalus*, and to heighten your evils, that you will never loſe the remembrance of thoſe villanies you committed.

The Anſwer of the News-Mongers *to Young* DIONYSIUS.

THE flatterers have done you too much honour, Mr. *Pedant*, and ſhou'd they believe you, and turn honeſt, (of which I think there is no great danger) and perſwade their maſters to be juſt to their oaths and treaties, wou'd not they govern in peace and unity? And wou'd not that very thing caſt the world into ſuch a drowſy tranquility, that it wou'd be melancholy living in it, and ſtarve millions of all degrees and profeſſions, who now, lord it very handſomely? We, I'm ſure, ſhou'd be firſt ſenſible of it, by having no variety of news to ſtuff our *London Gazettes*, *Mercuries* and *Slips* with; which wou'd make the bookſellers withdraw our ſtipends, and by conſequence oblige us to leave off tipping the generous juice of the grape, and content ourſelves with Geneva, or ſome more phlegmatick manufacture. Therefore keep your

[a] *He means the late King* James.

harangues

harangues for your ſchool-boys, and do not malicioufly take our daily bread from us, and ſeek to ruin thoſe complaiſant perſons, that can condeſcend to ſooth the vanities and inclinations of their princes. But to diſmiſs this point, and return to yourſelf; 'tis plain you have not a jot of honour about you, ſince you pay no regard to your father's reputation. We eaſily perceive you have been a *pedagogue* by your tattling; which indiſcretion makes you unworthy the title of great *Pluto*'s diſciple. But has your pedantick majeſty no better rewards to beſtow on gentlemen of courtly breeding than wheels, vultures, millſtones, and an eternal thirſt? Truly 'tis very liberal, and ſchool-maſter like in every reſpect; but you are deſired to keep thoſe mighty bleſſings for yourſelf, who deſerve them much better than any one elſe; and if you were cullied by thoſe about you, talk no more on't, but keep your weakneſs to yourſelf.

CHRISTIANA, *Queen of* SWEDEN, *to the Ladies.*

THAT I, who never teſtify'd much eſteem for the fair ſex, ſhould at this time addreſs myſelf to them, will without doubt be thought ſtrange; but if neceſſity breaks laws, it ought alſo to cancel averſion, and excuſe me for ſeeking protection amongſt a ſex I have ſo often deſpiſed, being compelled to it by a thouſand injuries done to my memory. Therefore I now ask pardon of the ladies; and am perſwaded I do them no little honour, ſince there has ſeldom been a more extraordinary woman than I was) in owning myſelf one of the female kind. *Firſt*, I may boaſt of all the advantage of a glorious birth, being daughter of the *Great Guſtavus Adolphus*, who, did not only fill the north, but all the univerſe with admiration; and of *Mary Eliaor* of *Brandenburgh*, the worthy wife of ſuch a husband. If I was not, as handſome as *Helen*, and thoſe other beauties, whom the poets have from age to age recorded in the book of fame, yet all the world own'd me a woman of incomparable parts. I was queen at five years of age, and even ſo early took upon me that important truſt, which but few men are capable to diſ-

charge,

charge, and which fewer would covet, if they knew the troubles that attend it; yet I supported the weight of all affairs with such a grace and prudence, that my crown did not seem too heavy for me. As soon as reason had made me sensible of my power, my only thoughts were how to make myself worthy of it. To this end, I invited to my court those I thought the most capable of improving it; which was no sooner known by the beggary *French*, but *Stockholm* swarm'd with masters of all sciences. Among the rest I had a pack of hungry poets; but he that took the most pains, was not the best rewarded, because he did not resemble *Boileau*, who can in half an hour make a saint of a devil. In my green years, I seem'd only addicted to grandeur and virtue; for I studied like a doctor, argued like a philosopher, and gave lessons of morality to the most learned; so that every body imagin'd I should eclipse the most famous *heroines*. But I had not yet heard the voice of a certain deity, whose language I no sooner understood, but it poison'd all my former good dispositions; for whereas till then I had been charm'd with with the conversation of the dead, I began now to have passionate inclinations for the living. But not to undeceive the world, which thought my conduct blameless, I was forc'd to put a curb to my desires, or at least to pursue them with more precaution, whether the trouble to find myself so inclin'd, or my grandeur, which wou'd not allow of those liberties I sigh'd for, oblig'd me to punish the flatterers of my passion, I know not; but I committed many barbarities. As my desires were insatiable, so 'twas not in my power to confine them; and this gave my subjects too many opportunities to discover several indecencies in my management; and because I wou'd not be tumbled headlong from my throne by them, I very prudently condescended, and put my cousin *Charles Adolphus* in my place. Then did I, under pretence of visiting the beauties of *France*, take large doses of those joys I durst no longer take at *Stockholm*. I was treated every where as a queen, had palaces at my command, and I made at *Fountainbleau*, which was before a bawdy-house, a slaughter-house also before I left it.

Fate

Fate justly reach'd the prattling fool,
For telling stories out of school.
Was't not enough I stoop'd so low,
On him m' affection to bestow?
To clasp him in my circling arms,
And feast him with love's choicest charms;
But must the babbling fool proclaim,
His queen's infirmity and shame?

Of all the sins on this side hell,
The blackest sure's to kiss and tell.
'Tis silence best becomes delight,
And hides the revels of the night.
If then my spark has met his due,
For bringing sacred mysteries to view.
E'en let him take it for his pains,
And curse his want of gratitude and brains.

But I know not whether the monarch of *France* had long ears like his brother *Midas*, or some little familiar whisper'd it in his ear; but what I thought could never be detected, was publickly discoursed at court. Perceiving this, I resolved on a voyage to *Rome*, and the rather, because I thought the *Romish* religion most commodious for a woman of inclinations, and that it would illustrate my history, to abjure the opinion of *Luther* at the feet of the pope; tho' I had as little believed and followed the doctrine of the *Reformed*, as I have since the absurdities of the *Roman* church. *Italy* seem'd to me a paradice, and I thought my past troubles fully recompensed, when I found myself in that famous city, which has been the mistress of this world, without subjects to controul me; saucy chattering *Frenchmen* to revile me, and amongst a mixture of strangers, which made all my actions pass unregarded. 'Twas enough for me to be esteemed a saint, that I was turn'd Papist in a place where debauchery is tolerated; and you'll find me, perhaps, one day canoniz'd by the *Roman* clergy. 'Tis true, I was not so rigorous to them as others for the pope, cardinals, legates, bishops, abbots, priests, and monks, composed my court, where licentiousness reign'd most agreeably. Not that I had renounced the company

of

of young virgins; for I was intimate enough with some of them, to have it said, I was of the humour of *Sappho*; and as I liv'd at *Rome*, so I thought myself obliged to practise their manners. But the chief reason of my writing, is to desire you to protect me against those ignorant coxcombs, who endeavour to put me among the number of the foolish virgins; for I began and finished my course, as I have told you, and will now leave you, to judge if there can be any probability in such a scandalous story. My good friend the pope, to whom I had been wonderfully civil, solemnly swore, that whenever I left this world, I should not languish in Purgatory, tho' he knew very well I should go to another place. But as it was the promise of a tricking *Jesuit*, so I did not much credit it, nor was much surpriz'd to see myself turn'd into a fly, among a company of boars and old lascivious goats, a sort of animals I had formerly been well acquainted with at my palace in *Rome*, and who came then grunting and leaping to embrace me. I cannot in this place hear of the poor gentleman whom I murthered; I asked one of my he-companions concerning him, who knows no more of him than I do; therefore I verily believe he is among the martyrs.

The Answer of a young Vestal *to the* Queen.

GOOD Heavens! Madam, how piously did your majesty begin your letter! and what pleasure did I take to see such hopeful dispositions to virtue! But what was that enchanting vice that put you out of the good road? Was it the Devil? If so, why did you not make use of holy-water? For we, poor creatures, oppose no other buckler against the darts of *Satan*, when he conjures up the frailty of the flesh to disturb us: but I beg your pardon, you were then a *Lutheran*, and holy-water has no efficacy, but only for true *Catholicks*. My confessor has so often preach'd charity to me, that I cannot but bewail the fate of the poor gentleman you lov'd so dearly, and treated so barbarously. Oh, my dear St. *Francis!* What sort of love was that! And how unfortunate are these precious souls that have parts of pleasing you!

One

One may very well perceive, by that piece of barbarity, you neither believ'd Purgatory, or fear'd Hell; and I would not have been guilty of such an action for all your excellent qualities and grandeur. I hear you talk'd of sometimes, and in such a manner, that it makes me often sigh, pant, and pull down my veil; and I feel a terrible fit coming upon me by reading your confession.

Madam, I much rejoice to hear,
You'll take a stone up in your ear;
For I'm a frail transgressor too,
And love the sport as well as you.
But then I chuse to do the work,
Within the pale of holy kirk:
For absolution cures the scars
Contracted in venereal wars,
And saves our sex a world of prayers.
Had you this ghostly counsel taken,
You might till now have sav'd your bacon.
'Tis safe intriguing with a flamen
Who sanctifies their work with Amen,
Then who would trust ungodly laymen?
Do, Madam, as you please, but I
None but with priesthood will employ,
With them I'll live, with them I'll die.
Who like the Pelion *spear are sure,*
With the same ease they wound to cure.

But 'tis easy to judge your conscience is as large as the sleeve of a [a] *Cordelier*, since you began in the spirit, and ended in the flesh. Notwithstanding what I have merrily own'd in rhime, more to entertain your majesty, than express my true sentiments, there are certain hours when I could willingly follow your example; and if you would obtain from the holy father a dispensation of my vows, which now grow burthensome to me, I would break a lance in your quarrel: this I am sure of, that the world will think it less strange to see a nun renounce her convent, than a queen her crown.

[a] *A* French *Proverb for* no conscience.

FRANCIS

FRANCIS RABLAIS, *to the* Phyſicians *of* Paris.

IT is in vain for your flatterers to cry you up for able doctors, for you will never arrive at my knowledge; and I am aſham'd every hour to hear ſuch aſſes are admitted into the college. Do not believe 'tis a ſenſible vanity that induces me to ſay this, but the perfect knowledge I have of my own worth; and tho' I was deſign'd for a more lazy profeſſion, yet that does not in the leaſt diminiſh my merit. You know I was born at *Chinon*, and that my parents, hoping I ſhould one day make a precious ſaint, put me, in my fooliſh infancy, into a convent of *Cordeliers:* but that greaſy habit, in a little time, ſeem'd to me as heavy and uneaſy as the armour of a giant; ſo that by interceſſion made to Pope *Clement* VII. I was permitted to change my grey frock for a black; ſo I quitted the equipage of St. *Francis* for that of St. *Benedict*, and that I was as weary of in a ſhort time as of the other. As I had learnt a great deal of craft, and but little religion, during my noviciate in thoſe good ſchools, ſo I found a way to get looſe from that cloyſter for ever, and took to the ſtudy of *Hippocrates*. Beſides that I had a ſubtle and clear genius; my comrades diſcover'd in me an acute natural raillery, which made me acceptable to the beſt companions, Cardinal *Bellay*, who made me his phyſician, took me to *Rome* with him in that quality, where the ſanctity of the triple crown, the ador'd ſlipper, and all-opening key, could not hinder me from jeſting in the preſence of his holineſs. 'Twas *Paul* III. before called *Alexander Ferneſe*, who then fill'd the apoſtolical chair, and was more remarkable for his lewdneſs than piety. I had the good fortune to pleaſe him with the inclination he found in me to lewdneſs; and he gave me a bull of abſolution for my apoſtacy, free from all fee and duties, which I think was a gracious reward for a foreign, atheiſtical buffoon. After I had compil'd a catalogue of his vices, to make uſe of as I ſhould find an opportunity, the cardinal, my patron, return'd to *Paris*, and I with him, where he immediately gratify'd

gratify'd me with a canonſhip of St. *Maur*, and the benefice of *Meudon*. Having all I could deſire, I liv'd luxurioufly; and the love of ſatire pleaſing me much more than the ſervice of God, after I had wrote ſeveral things without ſucceſs, for the learned, I compoſed the hiſtory of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*; for the ignorant, things which ſome call a cock and a bull, and others the product of a lively imagination. I know moſt men underſtand them as little as they do *Arabick*; and as it is not to our preſent purpoſe, ſo do not I intend to explain that ſtuff to them, but will now, ſince 'tis more *a propos*, give you ſome advice concerning the malady of your bluſtering monarch. The reſidence I made at the court of *France*, in the reign of *Francis* I. makes me more bold in judging of the nature of thoſe diſtempers. You conceal the virulency of *Lewis* XIVth's diſeaſe, becauſe you dare not examine into the bottom of the cauſe, and are more modeſt in propoſing remedies, than he has been in contracting the diſtemper. Yet every one talks according to his intereſt, and the news-mongers always keep a blank to ſet down the manner of his death. If he does not tremble, he muſt be thorow-pac'd in iniquity, for he has ſeveral reckonings to make up with Heaven, which are not ſo eaſily adjuſted; and as he has often affronted the majeſty of ſeveral popes, he will ſcarce obtain a paſſport to go ſcot-free into the other world. We are told here, by ſome of his good friends, he begins to putrify, and has ulcers a yard in length, where vermin, very ſoldier like, intrench themſelves. There is no other remedy for this, according to old *Æſculapius*, but to make him a new man, by a ſevere penitential pilgrimage into ſome of the provinces of *Mercury* and *Turpentine*. If he ſtill fears the danger of war, let him go in diſguiſe; and if at this age he cannot be without a ſhe-companion, let him take his old friend *Maintenon* along with him, ſhe is poiſon-proof, and may, to ſave charges, ſerve him in three capacities, *viz.* as a bedfellow, nurſe, and guide; keep him alſo to a ſtrict diet; ſcrape his bones, and purge him thoroughly, and all may be found again but his conſcience. You cannot imagine how merrily we gentlemen of the faculty live at *Pluto*'s court: I am ſecretary to the ſame *Paul* III. who pardon'd me *gratis* the violation

tion of my vows, my irreverence for the church, and my want of respect for him; *Scaramouch* is his gentleman-usher, *Harlequin* his page, and *Scarron* his poet laureat. Don't suppose I was such a blockhead as to kiss his sweaty toe, when I visited him in the *Vatican*; he had nothing from me, but such an hypocritical hug, as your monks give each other at the ridiculous ceremony of high-mass. This old goat still keeps his amorous inclinations; and I, who have so often made others blush, am often asham'd to hear his ribaldry. He would certainly make love to *Proserpine*, but our sultan would not be pleas'd with his courtship; and besides, his seraglio is as well guarded as the grand seignior's, otherwise we might have a litter of fine puppies betwixt them. Little hump-shoulder'd *Luxembourg*, lately mareschal of *France*, is the captain of her guards, and so damnably jealous, that he will not suffer any to come near her; at which *Pluto* is very well pleas'd, and does not mistrust him, thinking it impossible for any body to be in love with such a lump of deformity. But to return to our friend *Paul*, he scorns to copy after the Devil, who turn'd hermit when he was old; and I am now making another collection of his impieties and amours, which will be ready to come out with a *Gazette Nostradamus* he has been composing since the year 1600. That sly conjurer is so earnest upon the matter, that he lifts not up his head, tho' *Pluto*'s black-guard boys are continually burning brimstone under his nose. However, I do not know but this mountain may bring forth a mouse; for to speak freely, I put as little faith in those prophets, who, like sots, lose their reason in the abyss of futurity, as the honest whigs of *England* do in the oaths and treaties of your swaggering master. As for you, brother doctor, cut, scarify, blister, and glyster, since 'tis your profession; but take this along with you, that they who do the least mischief, pass with me for the ablest men. But I would advise you not to suffer any longer those barbarous names of assassins, poisoners, closestool-mongers, factors of death, *&c.* the world gives you. I have had high words with *Moliere* on your account, and I expect that fine rhiming fellow, *Boileau*, will give him a wipe over the nose in

one

one of his satires. For tho' I have made bold to talk freely with you, yet I do not mean all the world should take the same liberty.

The Answer of Mr. FAGON, *first Physician to* LEWIS XIV. *to* FRANCIS RABLAIS.

YOU are a very pretty gentleman, friend *Rablais*, to boast of yourself so much, and value the rest of your fraternity so little. Do not you know that I am of the tribe of *Judah*, and perhaps related to some of the kings of *Israel*? Had you heard me preach in a synagogue, you wou'd soon be convinc'd whether I am an illiterate fellow or no. Is it such an honour to be of your college? Or wou'd it be any advantage to be like you? You have been, by your own confession, a most horrid rake-hell; and I would not, for all the mammon of unrighteousness in my king's coffer, transgress one point of the law. You ought not to be astonish'd at my greatness, for I concern myself with more than one trade, and no man was ever in such favour, and grew so rich, by only applying warm injections to the backside. If you enjoy'd a prebend, and other benefices, you must, I know, have assisted cardinal *Bellay* in his amours. For my part, I boast of having been a broker, sollicitor, and, under the rose, *Billet-deux* carrier and door-keeper, because all employments at court are honourable, especially in that great concern of *S---y*. Do not you think you were the first that thought of the remedy you speak of; we had several learned consultations about it, but know not which way to mention it, for Madam *Scarron*, who is very tender of her reputation, and reigns sovereignly at court, will say we accuse her of bringing the *Neapolitan* distemper to *Versailles*, and have us sent to the gallies, or hang'd for our good advice. I have often reflected on the scandalous bantering stuff of those they call wits, have said, and do say of us; and wish with all my heart, the first brimstone they take for the itch, and mercury for the pox, may poison 'em; but for us to stir in't, would bring 'em all about our ears; and we know the consequence

quence of that from a neighbouring [a] country, where they have mumbled a poor phyſician [b], and one that can verſify alſo, almoſt as ſeverely as a troop of hungry wolves would a fat aſs. However, we thank you for your zeal; but at the ſame time adviſe you not to make a quarrel for ſo ſmall a buſineſs; and I, in a particular manner, kiſs your hand, and deſire you will give my ſervice to *Noſtradamus*. I cannot beat it out of my head, but that he has put me into his [c] centuries; and that an ingenious man might diſcover me there. I own 'tis looking for a needle in a bottle of hay; but you know I ſprung up like a muſhroom, and that he foretels nothing but prodigies.

The Ducheſs of Fontagne *to the* Cumean Sibyl.

I Deſir'd *Mercury* to call, *en paſſant*, at your cave; and as he has wings at his feet, and complaiſance in heart, ſo he will, I don't doubt, go a little out of his way to oblige me, by delivering you this letter: I have from my infancy had you in my mind, and heard my nurſe, when I lay ſquawling in ſhitten clouts in my cradle, tell frightful ſtories of you. As ſoon as I began to prattle, my maids taught me to call all old wrinkled women wither'd ſibyls; and the idea of the den you were confin'd in, fill'd me with fear. But ſince I have been inform'd of the truth of your hiſtory, that fear is chang'd into veneration, and I now look upon your cell as a ſacred place. To aſſure you of my reſpect, and the confidence I repoſe in you, I will conſult you about ſome future events, and tell you one part of my griefs. I am nobly born, handſome and young enough to inſpire and receive the ſofteſt love. The *French* king, who had ſpoil'd the ſhape, and wore out the charms of ſeveral miſtreſſes, long before I appear'd at his court, had a mind to do the ſame by me. Being naturally proud and wanton, and tempted by the fine compliments of a great and vigorous prince, and title of ducheſs, (a temptation none of us

[a] England. [b] *Dr.* B——re. [c] *Stanzas of* Noſtradamus.

women can resist) I soon yielded to his desires; which so mortify'd the haughty *Montespan*, that she, with a ragoo *a-la-mode d'Espagne*, dispatch'd me out of the world, before I could get a true taste of greatness, or the pleasures of a royal bed. Alas! What a mighty difference there is between you and me; your years are innumerable; you are still mentioned in history; your voice still remains, and you enjoy the divine faculty of prediction; but I was murther'd in my bloom, when ripe and juicy as the luscious grape; and that ungrateful perjur'd man, who rifled my virgin treasures, has not so much as thought or spoke of me since. He dotes on nothing but old age; and could you appear in something more solid than air, I do not doubt but he'd make his addresses to you: I believe his being born with teeth presag'd he would always be a tyrant to his people, and in his latter days the cully of such a tough piece of carrion as Mrs. *Maintenon*. *Morbleu!* Have I barbarously been sacrific'd; and must a miss of threescore and fifteen live unpunish'd, and be treated better than I was in the greatest heighth of that prince's passion, and warmth of my desires, when capable both of receiving and giving joy? It really distracts me! And I conjure you, in the name of *Apollo*, who never refus'd you any thing, to let me know by one of your oracles, if I shall never return to *France* again. You came hither, I know, with the brave *Æneas*, (but stay'd no longer than you lik'd the place) and I have heard some people say, that knight-errant diverted himself extremely upon the road, and made a great deal of hot love to you; but I take that to be a meer story, because *Virgil*, who would not have let slip so pleasant a passage, has said nothing of it. However, could I return but a short time to dislodge *Maintenon*, and take a frisk with my former lover, if he be not too old for that business; or were I but your shadow, provided I liv'd, I should be pretty well pleas'd; for 'tis a melancholy thing to think that the fates should spin such a long thread for an old lascivious ape [a], who never was to be compared with me; and that there should remain no more of poor *Fontagne*, than an unfortunate name, over

[a] *Madam* Maintenon.

which

which oblivion will in a little time triumph. At the writing of this, in came a courier from *Verſailles*, who brings us word, that *Lewis the Great* has undertook ſuch a piece of work, that the weight and conſequence makes him ſick of the world: that Mrs. *Maintenon* has wore out his teeth; that legions of vermin devour him, and that we may ſuddenly expect him in theſe dominions; which, if true, will be ſome ſatisfaction to me; and tho' he be toothleſs, worm-eaten and rotten: I will grant him the ſame liberty he often took with me on a couch at the *Trianon*, to get him again under my empire, that I may at leiſure revenge myſelf for his forgetfulneſs.

Oh! wou'd it not provoke a maid,
By ſofteſt vows and oaths betray'd,
Her virgin treaſures to reſign,
And give up honour's deareſt ſhrine?
Then when her charms have been enjoy'd,
To be next moment laid aſide.

But why do I lament in vain,
And of my deſtiny complain?
Had I been wiſe as thoſe before me,
I ſhould have made the world adore me;
Not to one lover's arms confin'd,
But ſearch'd and try'd all human kind.

But I believe this fooliſh conſtancy was only owing to my want of experience; and if I had liv'd a little longer, I ſhould have had the curioſity to try the variety of human performance, like the reſt of my neighbours. You have been, my dear *demi-goddeſs*, in love, and have been belov'd; therefore, I beſeech you, give me ſome healing advice, or conſolation, as my caſe requires.

The Cumean Sybil's *Anſwer to the Ducheſs of* Fontagne.

IS it poſſible that ſo charming a beauty ſhould think of ſuch an old decrepid creature as I am! I was deſirous to talk with *Mercury* about you, but he flew away like a

bird. It extremely troubles me, dear child, that I am oblig'd, in answer to your letter, to tell you there is no hopes of your returning to *Versailles*; for you must consider that when I conducted *Æneas*, I was then living, and that 'tis impossible for any under a *Hercules* to fetch you from whence you are; and where shall we find one now? The bravest *Boufflers* in *France* is but a link-boy in comparison to him. Your lover, *fair lady*, is so fast link'd to his old [a] *Duegna*'s tail, that he thinks no more of you and your complaints are insignificant. [b] She that hurried you out of the world in the flower of your youth, with a favourable dose of poison, is now neglected, and grown so monstrous fat and lecherous, by living lazily in a nunnery, that she's not a fit companion for any creature that has but two legs to support it. You know not what you do, when you envy my destiny, for I'm sometimes so teiz'd and tir'd with answering the *virtuosos* and *beaux*, that it turns my very brain. I own, 'tis a sad thing to dye at eighteen, in the heighth of one's greatness and pleasures, because nature always thinks she pays her tribute to death before-hand. I would willingly divert you a little, but I know not which way, unless this little history I send you, which a traveller gave me not long since, and which has novelty to recommend itself, will do it. Do not believe, good lady, the scandalous story some ignorant rhiming puppy has made of *Æneas* and me; he was not so brisk as that comes to; and I can assure you, never put the question to me. Ask *Dido*, she can tell you more of him than I can; and as modest as *Virgil* describes her, yet she was forc'd to take this *Trojan* prince by the throat to make him perform the duty of a gallant; by this you may judge of his constitution: besides, had he been never so amorously inclin'd, yet not knowing my inlinations, he might think his courtship would displease me, and so disoblige *Apollo*, for whose assistance he then had occasion. Therefore laugh at all those idle railleries of impertinent people, and turn your eyes and thoughts on the following dialogue.

[a] *Madam* Maintenon. [b] *Madam* Montespan.

The

The Mitred Hog and Ladys

Vol: II. p 101. *E Kirkall Sculp*

The MITRED HOG: A Dialogue between Abbot FURETIERE *and* SCARRON.

Furetiere. OH! Have I found you at laſt, old friend? Tho' I were certain you were here, and deſir'd earneſtly to ſee you; yet being gouty, and tir'd with walking, I began to have no more thoughts of ſearching after you. How many troubleſome journeys I have made, and leagues have I travell'd, and all to kiſs your hands, tho' I am a virtuoſo, I cannot tell; for in truth, I am quite out of my element, and confounded ever ſince I have loſt ſight of ſun and moon.

Scarron. Who are you, and pleaſe ye? What's your name? For the dead having neither beard nor bonnet, nor any thing elſe to diſtinguiſh them by, I know not exactly what, or who you are; but by your language and mien, ſuppoſe you ſome mungril of the *French* academy.

Furet. Well gueſs'd; I am call'd Monſieur *l'Abbé Furetiere*, [a] alias *Porc de bon Dieu*, who has long, but in vain, been gaping and ſcraping at *Verſailles* for a mitre, that I might wallow in peace and plenty like a hog. But alas! what a left-handed planet was I born under? A debauch with ſtummed wine, ſetting an old pox, which lay dormant in my bones, into a ferment, ſoon carry'd me off, almoſt in the heighth of my deſires, and when I had faireſt for the biſhoprick.

Scar. I am ſorry for your misfortune; but am at the ſame time heartily glad to ſee you, Monſieur *l'Abbé*. You will not, perhaps, meet with all theſe conveniencies here, you enjoy'd at *Paris*; but, in recompence, you will meet with much honeſter dealing. For my part, I muſt own myſelf infinitely happy; for now I am neither troubled with lawyers, phyſicians, apothecaries, collectors of taxes, prieſts, nor wife, the plague and torment of men's days when on earth. But how have you had your health ſince you have been in the country.

[a] *A proverb in* French *for a fat large monk or abbot.* Cochon *is* French *for a hog.*

Furet. Thanks to our maſter *Pluto*, I have not yet felt any cold. I was ſo very tender and chill for ſix months in the year at *Paris*, that tho' I was loaded with ermins, and always had a dram of the beſt *Nantz* in my pocket, I could ſcarce keep my blood from freezing in my veins.

Scar. That's an affliction you will not meet with here, take my word for't; for 'tis ſomething hotter than under the *torrid zone*, and the niceſt wits of your academy, need not fear ſpoiling their brains, by catching cold here. It is not long ſince I met with the illuſtrious *Balzac*, who does not complain now of the cold in his head, as he did when he liv'd on the pleaſant banks of the *Charante*. But, what news have you?

Furet. I don't doubt, by your inquiſitiveneſs, but you are very deſirous to hear ſome news of your wife.

Scar. May pox and itch devour the naſty jade! I know but too much of her by mareſchal *d'Albert* formerly, and lately, by my likeneſs Monſieur *Luxemburg*; yes, I know ſhe's a ducheſs; that ſhe's one of the privy-council; and ſhe ſerves *Lewis* the XIV. in the ſame capacity as *Livia* did *Auguſtus*. But why did not the proſtitute make her poor deform'd husband a duke? I ſhould not have been the firſt duke and peer of *France*, that had been a cuckold.

Furet. By your diſcourſe, Mr. *Scarron*, one would think you had loſt your ſenſes and memory: But you cannot ſurely have forgot how, inſtead of laurel, ſhe adorn'd your learned brow with horns, before ſhe was taken notice of at court; Indeed how could a pretty, witty, buxom, young woman, forbear making ſuch an infirm, deform'd *Æſop* as you a cuckold?

Scar. I ſhould not have much valued that, becauſe I had brethren enough to herd with, if the damn'd whore had but got my penſion augmented; but the confounded jade, inſtead of that, gave me the curſed'ſt garriſon to maintain, that ever poor husband was mortify'd with: To appeaſe which, I was forc'd to have recourſe to *Unguentum contra pediculos inguinales*, &c. But prithee let's diſcourſe of ſomething elſe, for the thoughts of the ducheſs of *Maintenon*, will diſturb my brain, and eaſily put me into a fever, which is dangerous in this warm climate.

Furet.

Furet. I'll tell you but three or four words more of this famous ducheſs, and conclude. *Firſt*, That ſhe has kick'd her patroneſs, Madam *Monteſpan* out of the royal bed: And *Secondly*, That ſhe is very great with the pious jeſuit, father *la Chaiſe*, the monarch's confeſſor.

Scar. Oh! oh! by my troth, I don't wonder at the laſcivious harlot, for cloſing with him! as there is no feaſt like the miſers, ſo there is no gallantry like thoſe monks. When thoſe hypocrites undertake that buſineſs, they do it all like heroes. But you have ſaid all, by ſaying he is a jeſuit, ſince thoſe gallants have been in reputation, they have engroſſed all good whoring to their ſociety, eſpecially in *France*, and more particularly at *Paris*, where they have ſo well behav'd themſelves, that they have chang'd an antient authentick proverb, *Jacobine en* [a] *choir*, *Cordelier en* [b] *chœur*, *Carme en* [c] *cuſine*, & *Auguſtine en* [d] *bordel*, for now they ſay, *Jeſuit en bordel*, &c. But ſo much for thoſe gentlemen, pray what are you a doing now in the *French* academy?

Furet. There are as many follies committed there, as in any ſociety in the univerſe; judge of the whole by this one example. That company was never ſo highly honour'd as it is as preſent, by the particular care that great monarch takes of it; for which he is repaid in flattering panegyricks. Nevertheleſs, theſe inſipid, florid, gentlemen, ſcold and ſcratch like ſo many fiſh-women in an alehouſe. The other day the great *Charpentier* fell into ſuch a paſſion about a trifle, that he reproach'd the learned *Taleman*, of being the ſon of a broken apothecary at *Rochel*; to which *Taleman* with as much heat reply'd, *Charpentier* was the ſon of poor hedge ale-draper at *Paris*. From this *Billingſgate* language they came to blows. *Charpentier* threw *Nicot*'s dictionary at his adverſary's head, and *Taleman* threw *Morery*'s at *Charpentier*'s. We all wiſh'd heartily we could have recall'd you from the dead, to write the various accidents of this battle, in your comical and ſatyric ſtyle.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha, had I been there, they ſhould have beat the academy dictionary and *Morery*'s too in pieces about each other's ears, before I would have parted them.

[a] *Pulpit.* [b] *The quire.* [c] *Kitchen.* [d] *Bawdy-houſe.*

But I hope these two sputtering coxcombs did each other justice; I declare, whoever hinder'd it, deserv'd to be severely fined. Pray how did you behave yourself during this combat?

Furet. I happen'd not to be there; for you must know, there has been such a difference between those gentlemen and me, concerning a dictionary I have publish'd, that it came at last to a contentious law-suit; but what was said on either side, only made the world laugh at both, and is not half so diverting as the epigram you made upon an old lady that went to law with you: I think I still remember it. ——

Thou nauseous everlasting sow,
With phiz of bear, and shape of cow,
With eyes that in their sockets twinkle,
And forehead plow'd with many a wrinkle,
With nose that runs like common-shore,
And breath that murders at twelvescore:
What! thou'rt resolv'd to give me war,
And trounce me at the noisy bar,
Though it reduces thee to eat,
Thy smock for want of cleanlier meat:
Agreed, old beldam! keep thy word,
'Twill soon reduce thee to eat a t——d.

Scar. May that be the fate of *Taleman*, *Charpentier*, and the rest of those reformers of the alphabet, and in a more especial manner of that thieving flattering rogue [a] *Despaux*, who has made a faithless poltron, a *Mars*, and a super-annuated lascivious adultress, a saint. So much for that —— But give me some little account now of your clergy, I mean the great plump rogues, the hogs with mitres on their heads, and crosiers on their shoulders, those janizaries of antichrist.

Furet. I know your meaning ——— Never was nick-name given with more justice to any society of men. In *Normandy*, and those parts they call all the minor clergy, as the fat monks, canons, abbots, *&c.* who are not mitred, *Jesus Christ*'s porkers; which distinction is not very fan-

[a] *More commonly call'd with us* Boileau.

tastical

taſtical, if we allow the other expreſſion. But no more of thoſe gentlemen, 'tis dangerous.

Scar. Prithee, dear abbot, be not ſo mealy-mouth'd; when I was in the world, the greateſt pleaſure I had, was in attacking thoſe gentleman's vices, and expoſing them to the hereticks, that ſtill-born generation of vipers, as they call them, and therefore let us be free now; 'tis the only enjoyment we can have. Pray what ſays your *Monthly Mercury* of thoſe gentleman, whom the earth is more oblig'd to for bodies, than heaven for ſouls?

Furet. Never fuller of who made ſuch a man a cuckold, and who pox'd ſuch a woman, as now; neither were ever the women half ſo impudent; no not in the reigns of *Caligula* and *Nero.* Never was debauchery ſo much in faſhion; nor never were the whores ſo often cover'd with purple.

Scar. Is there not in your herd, ſuch a thing as a tame gentle weather? or what *Virgil* calls *Dux Gregis?* you underſtand me.

Furet. A weather! oh, fy, fy! not ſuch a creature among them, I can aſſure you. The moſt chriſtian king would not ſuffer ſuch an impertinent ſcandalous animal, ſo much as at ſhew his head in his ſeraglio. 'Tis eaſy to find there a pretty woman-chaſte, or hair in the palm of your hand, as an emaſculated beaſt among the mitred hogs: for the *Dux Gregis*, *Virgil* ſpeaks of, we have one at the head of our prelates, who has all the qualities requiſite for ſo great an honour, tho' he has neither beard nor horns: and ſhould I name him, you'd be of my opinion.

Scar. Wou'd I recollect my memory, and their virtues, I cou'd gueſs within two or three; but pray ſave me that labour.

Furet. Do you not remember a famous ſong you made in praiſe of a ſick wanton goat. *Creque fait & defend l'archeveque de Roüen.*

Scar. Oh, dear! oh, dear! the right reverend *Francis Harley*, archbiſhop of *Paris!* my moſt renowned friend! a worthy chief!

Furet. The very ſame, and 'tis a precious jewel, both for body and ſoul. A hedgehog has not more briſtles than

this prelate has miſtreſſes, and there's not a ſtallion in *France* that leaps oftner.

Scar. You rejoice my heart Monſ. *Furetiere.* He was, I remember, always at *Paris*, when archbiſhop of *Rouen:* no man fitter for that employment. To be free, if *Paris* be the hell of hackney horſes, 'tis the paradice of whore-maſters and hackney-whores. I can gueſs at what he does now, by what he did formerly. Several ladies alſo of our neighbouring countries are witneſſes of his proweſs; but more eſpeciolly ſome of the fair *Engliſh* ladies; the luſcious morſels of a luſtful monarch. But on to the reſt.

Furet. I am willing to ſatisfy your curioſity, Mr. *Scarron*, but to run thro' the whole herd, would be too tedious at preſent, tho' they all deſerve to be chronicled: ſo I will only, *en paſſant*, give you the hiſtory of thoſe you have heard preach, both at *Paris* and the court, with wonderful applauſe; and who, for their modeſty and regular lives, had the reputation of ſaints, whilſt they were only fathers of oratory.

Scar. Take your own method, Monſ. *l'Abbé*; but let me tell you one thing, by the way, this place is call'd the *wits corner*, but by ſome late gueſts, becauſe of the ſmoak and liquor, the *wits Coffee-Houſe*. Now you know the wits of all countries laugh at the clergy in their poems and plays; and that the clergy, to be reveng'd of them, and keep up their own reputation with the ignorant, call them atheiſts; therefore you may freely give a true deſcription of them. All here are their enemies; and a prieſt would as ſoon venture his carcaſs in *Sweden* as in this place; he dreads a poet, as much as dogs do a ſow-gelder.

Furet. Still a merry man, Mr. *Scarron.* But to return to your mitred hogs; do you remember father *le Bone*, and father *Maſcron*. The firſt is now biſhop of *Perigueux*, and the other biſhop of *Agen*.

Scar. How! are theſe two famous preachers, thoſe ſcourgers of pride and immorality, got into the herd of the mitred hogs? by my troth, I always took them for credulous humble weathers, believers of what they preached; tho' I know moſt prieſts ſeldom believe what they profeſs.

Furet. Well, Mr. *Scarron*, tho' you can ſee as far thro' a mill-ſtone as any man, yet I find you are not infallible.

Scar.

Scar. Faith, a man ſees as far thro' a mill-ſtone, as a prieſt's ſurplice, tho' 'tis reckon'd the emblem of purity. But, Monſ. *l'Abbé*, what *Montaigne* ſaid formerly of the women, I now ſay of the prieſts: *Ils envoyen leur conſcience au bordel, & tiennent leur countenance en regle:* they ſend their conſcience to the ſtews, and keep their countenance within rule.

Furet. 'Tis even as true of one, as of the other, Mr. *Scarron*, and my following diſcourſe will verify it. What virtue there is in a mitre, I know not, for I could never obtain one; I was thought too good a chriſtian in the bottom; but before I had bad adieu to *Paris*, your innocent believing apoſtles were become too as rampant and fine coated hogs as any of the herd. The reverend father *le Bone*, biſhop of *Perigueux*, has ſo bravely plaid the county boar, that there's not a pretty nun in his dioceſe but has been with pig by him; as I have been credibly informed by perſons of honour.

Scar. Oh! the excellent apoſtle: I remember a ſtory of him when he was biſhop of *Agde*, which will not be unpleaſant to you, if you can bear with a pun, and a poet's making merry with ſeveral languages, a thing he can no more avoid than flattery. This worthy prelate not meeting with that plenty at *Agde* his voluptuouſneſs required, made his monarch this compliment: Sir, *Je ſuis né gueux, j'ay vecu gueux, benais s'il plait a votre majeſte, je veux Perigueux.* —perir gueux—

Furet. Faith, a very comfortable reward for a very filthy pun; I have ſaid forty pleaſanter things to the king, and never could get beyond Monſ. *l'Abbé*, which makes me believe there is a critical minute for a wit, as well as love: an excellent *Roman* poet was ſenſible of it, when he ſaid,

Hora libellorum decima eſt, Eupheme, meorum,
Temporat ambroſias cum tua cura dapes,
Eſt bonus æthereo laxatur nectare Cæſare.

There's a *Latin* quotation for you, to ſhew you I underſtand it; and that I have been an author as well as you.

Scar. Believe me, Monſ. *l'Abbé*, you'll fare much the better for it here; and tho' thoſe gentlemen made us poor

poets pass for scoundrels and impious ridiculers of piety in the other world, yet we have much the whip-hand of them in these quarters, therefore take comfort. Tell me pray how the pious *Julius Mascaron* behaves himself at *Agen*, where he meets with greater plenty than he did at *Thute*.

Furet. Oh! the acorns and chesnuts of *Agen* have made him so plump and wanton, 'twould rejoice your heart to see him. All the females of the town cares him, and strive which shall yield him most delight; and he out of zeal and gratitude, and to preserve peace and charity among them, like a holy prelate, has given to each her hour of rendezvous, which they keep as regularly as the clock strikes.

Scar. Very well! there's nothing so commendable as good method in whoring.

Furet. But his favourite is a pretty gentle *nun*, with whom he often goes to *Beauregard*, there *tete a tete*, or rather *ne a ne*, under the shady limes, do they both act that which will one day procure a third. There are forty other better stories of these two prelates; for they value not what common report says. They are above it: But if you will listen to the exploits of the bishop of *Laon*, now cardinal *d'Estrée*, I will shew you what a mitred hog is capable of.

Scar. As I am acquainted with the strength of his genius, so I do not doubt of the greatness of his performances. You have now named a man that would make a parish bull jealous.

Furet. The history I shall give you, will justify your opinion of him. Know then that the cardinal *d'Estrée* being passionately in love with the marchioness *de Cœuvres*, who was supposed to have granted the duke *de Seaux* the liberty of rifling her placket, was resolv'd to put in for his snack. To compass this, he acquainted his nephew, the marquis *de Cœuvres*, with the scandalous familiarity that was between the duke and his wife. Upon which their parents met at the mareschal *d' Estrée*'s, where it was concluded to send the young adultress into a convent; but the old mareschal, made wiser by long experience, was against it. In good faith, said he, you are more nice than wise; had not our mothers plaid the same wanton trick, not one

of

of us had been here. I know very well what I say; there's not a handsome nose nor leg in the company, but has been stole; and not a farthing matter from whom, whether prince or coachman, it has mended our breed: therefore we have more reason to praise those, who discreetly follow the examples of their grandmothers and mothers, than banish 'em, and so render them fruitless. Do not suppose, when I married my grandson *de Cœuvres*, to young mademoiselle *de Lionne*, that I consider'd her riches, or that her father was a minister of state; such thoughts are beneath a man of my age and experience. My great hopes were, that she being young and handsome, will still support the grandeur of our family, which as you all very well know, has been made more considerable by the intrigues of the women, than by the valour of the men. I'm sure I never discourag'd what I now maintain; and why my grandson should be more squeamish than I, or his forefathers have been, I take it to be unreasonable: therefore, since the marchioness *de Cœuvres* is only blam'd for having tasted those pleasures which nature allows, and which are customary in our family, I declare my self her protector. Yet I would not have this be the talk of the court; I would not have it pass my threshold; because the world might say of one of us, as of a fine curious piece of clock-work, that a great many excellent workmen had a hand in it.

Scar. In this generous and considerate speech, do I plainly discover the inclinations of the famous *Gabriele d'Estrée*, *Harry* the fourth's mistress. But I am in trouble for the poor marchioness; I know a convent must be insupportable to a woman that has tasted the pleasures of a licentious court.

Furet. The cardinal was against publishing his niece's wantonness, as well as the mareschal, and took upon him the care of reprimanding her, and bringing her into the path of virtue: to which the marquis *de Cœuvres* readily consented, not imagining he deliver'd the pretty lamb to the ravenous wolf. This being agreed on, the lustful prelate went immediately to his niece; I come, Madam, said he, from doing you a very considerable piece of service: all our family has been in consultation against you, and could think of no milder punishment for you than a convent,

convent, with all its mortifications, *viz. Praying, faſting, whipping, and abſtaining from the maſculine kind*, &c. I know, dear niece, this was as unjuſt as ſevere; but, in ſhort, it had been your doom, had I not been your friend. Such a piece of ſervice as this, beautiful niece, deſerves a ſuitable return, and I believe you too generous to be ungrateful: but I ſhall think this, and all the other ſervices I can render you, highly recompenc'd, if you'll but permit me to ſee you often, and embrace you.

Scar. A very pious ſpeech! I hope that which is to follow will anſwer this excellent beginning. Now do I imagine a place formally beſieged; the next news will be of the opening the trenches.

Furet. We proceed very regularly, Mr. *Scarron*; the place makes a noble defence, and does not ſurrender till a breach is made. To be thus unjuſtly accuſed, ſaid the marchioneſs, is a very great misfortune; and tho' I will not diſown my obligation to you, yet you muſt permit me to ſay, that your proceeding deſtroys that very obligation: if you will not have any regard to my virtue, and the fidelity I owe to my husband, you ought, nevertheleſs, to remember your character, and how nearly we are related. But I know the meaning of this; you believe the ſcandalous and malicious ſtory that has been raiſed of me, and deſign to make your advantage of it. What can be more injurious than this attempt! Tho' you thought me a whore, had you but thought me ſtill virtuous enough to abhor your beaſtly, inceſtuous propoſition, I ſhould have had ſome reaſon to eſteem you—

Scar. Poor prelate! Egad, I pity thee; thou haſt receiv'd ſuch a bruiſe in this repulſe, that I cannot think thou wilt have the courage to return to the attack.

Furet. Have patience; you are not acquainted with the craft and courage of a *mitred hog*. The prelate, who by this reſiſtance, was become more amorous, reſolv'd to watch ſo narrowly his niece's conduct, that he would oblige her to do that out of fear, which all his rhetorick and proteſtations of love could not tempt her to. To be ſhort, he manag'd ſo well this important affair, that he ſurpris'd the duke *de Seaux* in bed, between Madam *de Lionne* and the marchioneſs *de Cœuvres* her daughter!

and

and to magnify charity, as well as other virtues in this matter, he took Monsieur *de Lionne* along with him. I will leave you to imagine the confusion of these two ladies; the first to see her husband, and the other the man she had so vigorously repuls'd. The marchioness thinking wisely, her compliance would yet conceal her intrigue; taking the cardinal by the hand, and gently squeezing it, said, If you'll promise to appease my father, and by your ghostly authority, make my mother and him good friends again, and keep this frolick from my husband, you shall, whenever you please, find me grateful, and sensible of your affection.

Scar. What said Monsieur *de Lionne?* The surprise of a poor cuckold, who finds a handsome, brawny young fellow in bed with his wife and daughter, surpasses my imagination.

Furet. If, like *Actæon*, he had been immediately metamorphosed into a stag, he could not have been more surprized.

Scar. How did the prelate behave himself after this charitable brave exploit? The breach is now made, there has been a parley; the preliminaries are agreed on; nothing now is wanting, but taking possession of the place.

Furet. You move very soldier like, Mr. *Scarron.* The prelate being resolv'd to perform all the articles of the treaty, like a man of honour, first preach'd on charity, and then forgiveness of crimes; then on human prudence, policy, the reputation of their family, and quoted some of the old mareschal's remarks; which altogether so prevail'd on the poor cuckold, that he consented to put his horns in his pocket, and forgive his daughter. Then did the prelate, under the pious pretence of correcting his faulty niece, lead her with a seeming austere gravity into his chamber, where he summon'd her to the performance of articles on her part; which, on a couch, were reciprocally exchanged; she not daring to refuse it, for fear he should acquaint her husband with her intrigue with the duke *de Seaux.*

Scar. Oh brave hog! worthy prelate! pious cardinal. What a fine way of mortification is this! Well, for sincerity, humility, charity, sobriety, *&c.* commend me to a prelate.

Furet.

Furet. The cardinal, tho' he had obtained his desires, yet could not but be sensible that fear, not love, made her consent; therefore doubting she would return to her first amours, or that he should have but little share of her, so contriv'd it, that her husband sent her to a house he had in the cardinal's diocese, and not far from his palace. This had a very good effect; because the cardinal, for the love of her, resided always in his diocese. Thus did the cardinal and his niece live very lovingly for two or three years; but the intrigues of the court calling the prelate out of the kingdom, ambition stepp'd into the place of love, and put an end to an incestuous commerce, to which the marchioness had first consented, purely in her own defence.

Scar. I find there are hogs with cardinal caps, as well as mitres But I believe they are not so numerous; that dignity, perhaps, is a kind of curb to their licentiousness.

Furet. You mistake the matter, Mr. *Scarron*, inclination never changes; the only reason is, there are more bishops than cardinals, and most of them reside at *Rome*, at glorious *Rome*, which is but one entire stew; *Sodom* was not what *Rome* is now. Have you forgot the famous cardinal *Bonzi?* He is as absolute in *Montpelier*, as the grand signior in his seraglio; he needs but beckon to the dame he has a mind to enjoy. The brave cardinal *de Bouillon*, notwithstanding his court intrigues is as well known in all the bawdy-houses of *Paris*, as a young debauch'd musqetteer, or *garde de corps*. The cardinal *de Furstenburg* too was as wicked as his purse would allow him before I left the town.

Scar. I verily believe it, Monsieur *l'Abbé:* But pray give me leave to reckon your dignities upon my fingers, that I may not forget them. First, There is your porkers of *Jesus Christ*; then your *mitred hogs*; and lastly, your *purple hogs*. 'Tis wondrous pretty! pray how must we distinguish the Pope, who is chief of this herd? Must we call him the swine-herd? Some of them, 'tis true, were swine-herds before they took the order of priesthood, as *Sixtus Quintus*, who was swine-herd to the village of *Montalte*: But there is another thing that puzzles me worse than all this: you know *Lewis* XIV. calls himself

himself the eldest son of St. *Peter*, *Lewis the Great* then, for all his ambition is the son of a swine-herd. Well, I know not how to settle this point; therefore pray continue your history.

Furet. I'll make an end of my history, if you are not already glutted with the infamy of the afore-mentioned prelates; with that of the archbishop of *Rheims*.

Scar. How! Monsieur *l'Abbé*, how! Is he a hog too? I have heard him call'd by some of our new guests a horse.

Furet. You are in the right of that: the mareschal *de la Feuillade* was his god-father, and one day honour'd him with the title of coach-horse.

Scar. A horse is a degree of honour above a hog—— Has *la Feuillade* the privilege of distributing titles at the court of *France?* Has he more wit than in cardinal *Mazarine*'s days, who always greeted him in these words, Monsieur *de la Feuillade, All your brains would lie in a nutshell.*

Furet. 'Tis true, there is no more substance in his brains, than in whipt cream; and as that fills up the desart, and serves to cool and refresh the stomach after a plentiful dinner; so does he serve to unbend and divert the mind, after solid conversation and business. To prove this, I will tell you how he made the king to laugh very heartily, concerning the archbishop of *Rheims*.

Scar. As a wise politick lady, when she has not the fool her husband to divert her, will have her monkey; so must the great statesman have his buffoon. He is the same to the politician as a clyster is to the man that's costive. But go on with your story.

Furet. He being one day with the king, looking out at a window of *Versailles*, that faces the great road to *Paris*, and observing the passengers, the king at last discover'd a coach with more, as he thought, than six horses; and turning to *la Feuillade*, praising the equipage, ask'd him if it was not the archbishop of *Rheims*'s livery: yes, Sir, said *la Feuillade*. I can discover but seven horses, reply'd the king: Oh! Sir, said *la Feuillade*, the eighth is in the coach But I pretend to degrade this archbishop, and prove that he's but a *mitred hog* as well as the rest of his brethren.

Scar.

Scar. Ah dear Monsieur *l'Abbé*, for the love of Monsieur *le Tellier*, who has render'd his king and country such great service, take not from him the honour *la Feuillade* conferr'd on him, and with the king's approbation.

Furet. Plead not so earnestly for him, but hear me with patience. I do not say but the archbishop of *Rheims* is a brute, a very animal, a coach-horse, *per omnes casus*; but yet he pursues the affairs of love with as much zeal, and as little conscience, as any prelate in *Europe*, therefore must not be distinguish'd from his brethren. Besides, if you take him from his lawful title of *mitred hog*, you will hinder his preferment.

Scar. Oh! by no means. I have read that *Caligula* honour'd one of his horses with the title of senator; why then may not the Pope, who is the successor of that emperor, call into his senate your coach-horse?

Furet. With all my heart. Nevertheless, I'll call him if you please, *mitred hog*, as I did the bishop of *Loan* before he was cardinal *d'Estrée*. Now to matter of fact. The duchess *d'Aumont* having surpris'd one of her chamber-maids in a very indecent posture with the marquis *de Villequier*, her son-in-law, turn'd her out of her service. The poor wench, distracted to find herself separated from her lover, told him, out of pure revenge, that the archbishop of *Rheims* lay with the duchess every time the duke went to *Versailles*. How! my uncle! Ah! I cannot believe it; thou say'st this out of malice.

Scar. Oh fie! oh fie! The archbishop of *Rheims* debauch the duchess *d'Aumont*, his brother-in-law's wife! Do not you plainly perceive this jade's malice? If the duchess had but suffer'd her intrigue with the marquis, she would not have open'd her mouth. Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible!

Furet. As much as you seem to wonder now, and abhor the thoughts of such doings, you were not formerly so nice, nor incredulous.

Scar. Be not angry, good Monsieur *l'Abbé*; I do believe as bad of a priest, as you can desire to have me; therefore pray continue.

Furet. By what follows you'll find that the spirit of revenge discover'd a most luscious intrigue. Since you will

will not believe what I say, reply'd the wench to her gallant, I will, the next time the duke goes to *Versailles*, make your eyes convince you. The duchess, you must know, had imprudently given her leave to stay three or four days in her house. As it happen'd, the duke went that afternoon to court, who was no sooner gone, and the marquis plac'd in a dark room leading to the duchess's bed-chamber, but by comes the archbishop, muffled up with a dark-lanthorn in his hand. This convinced the young marquis, and was enough to convince a more incredulous man than your worship.

Scar. It was perhaps some phantome, or some amorous Devil, who to do himself honour, had taken the archbishop's goodly form and sanctify'd mien.

Furet. Still excusing the priests! You were not such an advocate of theirs in the other world, witness your answer to your parish-priest, some few hours before you pack'd up for this place

Scar. I have since drank a swinging draught of *Lethe*'s forgetful stream; I remember nothing of it: You would, perhaps, scandalize me.

Furet. It was thus, Sir, the grave hypocrite administring the last idolatrous ceremonies, asked if you knew what you received; to which you made this short answer: *The body of your God carried by an ass.*

Scar. 'Tis true, 'tis true, Monsieur *l'Abbé*; pray who can endure to be disturb'd by an impertinent coxcomb, when he's going to take a long voyage? But go on, I will not speak one word more in their behalf.

Furet. The marquis, convinc'd by what he had seen, went the next morning to *Versailles*, and told all the young nobility of his acquaintance what had pass'd; which by being buzz'd about, in four and twenty hours became the talk of all the court.

Scar. Oh brave archbishop of *Rheims!* Was no body worthy of being made a cuckold by you, but your brother in-law?

Furet. Again mistaken, Mr. *Scarron*, for the charitable archbishop has assisted his nephew too, as well as his brother-in-law, and intends to go round the family.

Scar. The Devil! This is the most insatiable hog I ever heard of! He devours both the hen and her chickens.

Pray

Pray excuſe me, Monſieur *l'Abbé:* I cannot but think you wrong him now.

Furet. You may judge of that by the following relation. The archbiſhop being paſſionately in love with Madam *d'Aumont* his niece, and the marquis *de Crequi*'s wife, was reſolv'd, the better to inſinuate himſelf with her, to make her jealous of her husband, which he found no difficult matter to do. This done, he went to viſit her, and finding her melancholy, ſaid, Madam, I know no reaſon you have to be ſo much concern'd at your huſband's infidelity, ſince it lies in your power to be reveng'd. If he has a miſtreſs, why don't you get a gallant? I know no injuſtice in it; and it is the only recompenſing counſel I can give you.

Scar. Ah! *Marchioneſs*, have at you; I find the hog grows rampant—— Go on, good Sir, this is like a brave metropolitan.

Furet. The young marchioneſs did not liſten to this propoſition; but on the contrary, was ſurpris'd to find her uncle, an archbiſhop, make a motion, which had ſhe been inclin'd to follow, he ought to have given her more virtuous advice. Perceiving her averſion to his propoſition, he ſuſpected ſhe might ſuppoſe he only ſaid it to try her inclinations, therefore he was reſolved to declare his mind in more intelligible terms; which he did in ſo amorous a ſtyle, that the marchioneſs plainly perceiv'd the archbiſhop intended to have a ſhare in the revenge. But the young lady, tho' ſhe would not have made any ſcruple of it, had it not been for his character, was infinitely concerned at it.

Scar. Notwithſtanding all this, do I ſee the purple victorious, and the poor victim proſtrate.

Furet. As the archbiſhop made her frequent preſents, and ſhe expected great advantages at his death, ſo ſhe did not think it prudence to mortify him too much; this filled him with hopes, and made him more amorous: therefore, to blind the husband, and have a better opportunity of lying with his wife, he propoſed taking them into his palace, and defraying all their charges.

Scar. Money is the ſinew of love as well as war. The poor marquis, I don't doubt, was blinded with this fine propoſal. More men are made cuckolds by their own follies than by their wives.

Furet.

Furet. So it prov'd by our cuckold, who was so transported at the bounteous offer of the archbishop, supposing it an uncle's kindness, not a lover's, that he every where boasted of it, that is to say, he thought himself oblig'd to his uncle for lying with his wife at that price. The mareschal *de Crequi*, his father, had quite another opinion of that matter, and was affronted at the excessive liberalities of the archbishop, knowing that the most devout and zealous of their tribe were adulterers, incestuous, and sodomites. He complain'd of it to the marquis *Louvois*, who told him, covetousness was the reason of his complaint. The mareschal not satisfied with this answer, went to the king, who immediately commanded the archbishop to retire into his diocese. The disconsolate archbishop, whilst all were preparing for his journey, went to visit his niece, and with tears desired her ever to remember, that it was for the love of her he was banish'd.

Scar. Could the afflictions of the living affect me, I shou'd be mightily concern'd for the grief this poor prelate, who was oblig'd to leave so dear, so pretty a niece; a niece that afforded him so much pleasure and delight. Have not you left behind you other *mitred hogs*, whose lives and conversations are worthy your remembrance? Those you have already been so kind to relate, have been a banquet to me; and I heartily wish I may always meet with such entertainment.

Furet. Your servant, Mr. *Scarron*, I am extremely pleas'd they have diverted you; and that you may promise yourself such another entertainment, nay, twenty such; be assur'd, that there is not a bishop, archbishop, or cardinal, that is not as very a hog, as either the archbishop of *Rheims*, or cardinal *d'Estrée*, except the bishop of *Escar*, who lives in a barren soil, and can scarce afford himself a bellyfull of chesnuts above once in fifteen days. Poverty is a kind of leprosy, not a fair sleek female will come near him. The reason why I entertain you with the histories of these two prelates, rather than of the archbishop of *Paris*, the bishop of *Meaux*, the bishop of *Beauvais*, the bishop of *Valence*, and all the other bishops, is, because having heard the famous actions of those worthy metropolitans, faithfully related some few days before my departure,

parture, those ideas are the most present and lively. But in time, and with a little rubbing up my memory, I may be able to give you the lives of all the *mitred hogs*. Besides, as we have now settled three couriers weekly from this place to *Versailles*, because of the importance of affairs now on foot, I expect now and then a packquet; so I don't doubt of keeping my word, and often diverting you with stories of the like nature, and of fresher date.

Scar. 'Tis very obliging, Monsieur *l'Abbé:* But your last paragraph has put an odd whim into my noddle. This place, as I told you before, is now call'd the wits coffee-house; none but authors are sent hither. What think you if we should join our heads together, and digest all your stories and intelligence into form; if we should compile a book of them, we could make it very diverting, having able men both for verse and prose, whose very names would give it the reputation of a faithful history, because the dead neither hoping nor fearing any thing from the living, cannot be suspected of flattery and partiality, as they justly were when in the world.

Furet. I protest, a noble thought! The lives of the *Roman* prelates will make a most curious history. We have a famous history of the *Roman* emperors; and why should we not then have another of the *Roman* prelates, since they as justly deserve to be transmitted to posterity?

Beau NORTON, *to his Brothers at* Hippollito's *in* Covent-Garden. *By Captain* AYLOFF.

Dearly beloved Brothers of the Orange-Butter-Box.

YOU will soon be satisfy'd what mighty changes we suffer by death; and that there is no two things at more distance from one another, than to be and not to be. You know how, *Roman* like, I took pett, and dar'd to die! for time had bejaded me a little, and to renounce the tyranny of the fickle goddess, I was oblig'd to renounce your light. Since my arrival at the grim *Tartarian* territories, I have receiv'd the usual compliments of the place; and tho' the most accurate courtiers that ever

was

was bred at *Verſailles*, and all the wits of the moſt gallant courts in the univerſe, are here in whole ſhoals; yet to my great wonder and amazement, not one of them ſaid a genteel thing to me. But with a ſtrange familiar air, that ſavour'd much of our bear-garden friendſhip, ſome a hundred or two, hall'd me by the ears, and puffing out thick clouds of flaming ſulphur, cry'd all with a hoarſe and diſmal voice, well, *Doily*, this was kindly done of thee, to take *pas avance* of deſtiny, and ſhew the world, that no man need be miſerable, but who is afraid to die.

I was (amongſt friends) as much out of countenance at this ſaucy proceeding, as when our old friends, *Shore* and *la Rocha*, refus'd to lend me five paultry guineas, after I had equipp'd them with more than one thouſand apiece. I wonder'd at the roughneſs of their *accueil*, and they burſt out a laughing at the impertinency of my aſtoniſhment. Well, gentlemen, give me leave to tell you, that if I had but ſuſpected a quarter part of this inhuman and ungentleman-like reception, I would have ſuſpended the honours of my ſelf-ſacrifice, and have choſen rather to wait the fatal period of life in a more contracted orb, than thus ſuddenly have plung'd myſelf into ſuch a diſappointment. After having allotted me my portion for my vanity and foppery, and I had been put into poſſeſſion of my ſhop, you cannot conceive how heavy it lay upon my ſpirits; but ſuffer it I muſt; and if it had not been the odiouſeſt and moſt abominable, moſt nauſeous, and moſt execrable function I could have laboured under, they would not have been ſo merciful as to have enjoin'd it me. 'Twas long before I could obtain leave to inſinuate thus much to you; for they are no ways here below inclin'd to grant any the minuteſt thing imaginable, that may contribute to the benefit of mankind. *Jo. Haines* came to me, (and his breath had as much augmented its ſtench, as light is different from darkneſs: In a word, there was as great diſproportion for the worſe, as between us and you) and with a diſplayed pair of chaps, told me, I muſt not have any correſpondency with the upper regions, for it might tend to the diſpeopling the *Acherontic* territories; and that I was a bubble to think they had not as much of ſelf-intereſt here below, as any merchant, ſtateſman, lawyer, or nobleman in all the dominions above. But ſeeing

my

my and your old acquaintance, (gentlemen) I took heart a little, and held my nose; and after some usual ceremonies, (to which he made but a scurvy return) I told him, look you Mr *Haines*, you know, as well as I, that those powder'd members of the vain fraternity are all of them incorrigible; present smart and future fear affects them not; they are out of the reach of good advice; reason was never their talent; for if they were ever in election to have a thought, as it would be the first, so would it be the fatalest too. Could any glass but shew them to themselves as really they are, they would all despair like me, and die like me. A sly young whelp of the second class of *Pluto*'s footmen, said, well, Mr. *Haines*, there may be much in what he says, he came last from thence, therefore let him make an end of his epistle, it may turn to better account than we are aware of. I thank'd the gentleman for his civility, and would have administred a half-crown; but you know (my worthy brothers) that the last twelve shillings I had was laid out in three glasses of *Ratifia*, and a bottle of *Essence*; with which, I first comb'd out my wig, then clean'd my shoes, and then oil'd the locks of my pistols, and so set out for this tedious and lugubrous journey: and that you may see, that *Pluto*'s skip-kennels are not so insolent as yours are, the fellow told me, with a malicious smile, that if the powder'd gentry of the other world were so very despicable animals, as I represented them, he would take a small tour with me, and then I might have something material to communicate to them.

We had not walk'd so far as from the chocolate-house to the *Rose*, but in a narrow, obscure, obscene alley, there hung out a piece of a broken chamber-pot, upon which was written in sulphurous characters, *Fleshly relief for the sons of* Adam. I had hardly made an end of reading this merry motto, but the door open'd, and what should my eyes behold, but a reverend lady, of illustrious charms, that gave us too visible proofs of the depredations of time: I recollected her phiz, as engineers tell by the very ruins, whether the fabric were *Doric* or *Ionic*, &c. and who should this be but the celebrated fair *Rosamond*; her present occupation was to be runner to this bawdy coffee-house. Queen *Eleanor*, her mortal enemy, sells sprats, and has

her

Mark Antony *teaching ye Dogs to Dance*
Oliver Cromwel *turn'd Rat Catcher*

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her ſtall in *Pluto*'s ſtable-yard. In my peregrination, I met ſeveral things unexpected, and therefore ſurpriſing; I ſhall not give you the trouble of every particular dark paſſage we went thro', but in general terms relate the moſt memorable things that occurr'd during a very conſiderable walk that we had together. Taking a ſolitary walk on the gloomy banks of *Acheron*, I met a finical fellow, powder'd from top to toe, his hands in his pocket, *a-la-mode de Paris*, humming a new minuet; and who ſhould it be, but *Gondamour*, that famous *Spaniard*. *Helen* of *Greece* cry'd kitchin-ſtuff, and *Roxano* had a little basket of tripe and trotters; *Agamemnon* ſold bak'd ox-cheek, hot, hot; *Hannibal* ſells *Spaniſh*-nuts, come crack it away; the ſo famous *Hector* of *Troy* is a head-dreſſer; the *Decii* keep a coblers-ſtall, in the corner of the *Forum*, and the *Horatii* a chandler's-ſhop; *Sardanapalus* cries lilly-white-vinegar, and *Heliogabalus* bakes fritters, in the *via appia* of this metropolis; *Lucius Æmilius Paulus* is a bayliff's follower, and the famous queen *Thomyris* proportions out the offals for *Cerberus*; *Tarquin* ſweeps his den, and *Romulus* is a turnſpit in *Pluto*'s kitchen; *Artaxerxes* is an under ſcullion, and *Pompey* the magnificent, a rag-man; *Mark Anthony*, that diſputed his miſtreſs at the price of the whole univerſe, goes now about with dancing-dogs, a monkey and a rope; *Cleopatra*, that could ſwallow a province at one draught, when it was to drink her lover's health, ſubmits now to the humble employment of feeding *Proſerpine*'s pigs: that luxurious *Roman*, who was once ſo diſſolv'd in eaſe, as that a very roſe-leaf doubled under him, prevented his reſt, is now labouring at the anvil with a half hundred hammer; *Oliver Cromwell* is a rat-catcher, and my lord *Bellew* a chimney-ſweeper.

There was beſides theſe, a liſt of people nearer hand; but you may eaſily gueſs upon what ſcore they are left out of the liſt. We needed not have gone ſo far back in the records of perſons and things, to have met inſtances of barbarity, luxury, avarice, luſt of dominion, as well as of ſenſuality. Malverſations of government in ſovereigns and ſubjects; publick juſtice avoided, private feuds fomented, every thing ſacrificed to a *Colbert*, *Maintenon*, or a *Loüis*.

There is somebody hollows most damnably on the other side of *Styx*, and lest I lose this opportunity, I shall only relate some memorable things to you: Therefore pray pardon me that I cannot dilate upon every particular. In short then, *Alexander* the Great is bully to a guinea-dropper; and cardinal *Mazarine* keeps a nine-holes; *Mary* of *Medicis* foots stockings, and *Katherine*, queen of *Sweedland* cries two bunches a penny card-matches, two bunch-is a penny; *Henry* the fourth of *France* carries a rary-show; and *Mahomet*, muscles; *Seneca* keeps a fencing-school, and *Julius Cæsar* a two-penny ordinary; *Xenophon*, that great philosopher, cries cucumbers to pickle; and *Cato* is the perfectest Sir *Courtly* of the whole *Plutonian* kingdom; *Richelieu* cries topping bunno; and the late pope, any thing to day; *Lewis* the thirteenth is a corn-cutter; *Gustavus Adolphus* cries sparrowgrass, with a thousand more particulars of this nature. You must allow the scenes to be mightily alter'd from their former stations; but alas! Sir, this change we suffer, and as pleasure is the reward of virtue, so disgrace and infamy is of cruelty, pride, and hypocrisy. What can be more surprising than to see the renowned *Penthesilea*, queen of the *Amazons*, crying new almanacks, and *Darius* gingerbread, *van Trump* cries ballads, and admiral *de Ruyter* long and strong thread-laces.

This disproportion is their punishment; for it must be anxious to the last degree, to fall so low even beyond a possibility of rising again. That is the advantage of moving in an humble sphere; they are not capable of those enormities that the great ones can hardly avoid; for temptation will generally have the better of mankind.

I rest,

Yours in haste.

PERKIN WARBECK *to the pretended Prince of* Wales. *By Capt.* AYLOFF.

Dear Couſin Sham,

WE had a fierce debate here on the 13th *paſſato*, between my lord *Fitz-Walter*, Sir *Simon Mountford*, Sir *William Stanley*, and myſelf; whether by a parity of reaſon, *England* might not once more have the ſame card trumpt up upon them? In a word, we were conſulting your affairs, and they were moſt of 'em of opinion, that there could not be any good ſucceſs expected from your perſonal endowments, and princely qualifications. For you muſt give me leave to tell you, *Cuz*, that I was a ſmart child, and a ſmock-fac'd youth; I had not the good luck to kill a wild boar at your years, but I could ſit the great horſe before I could go alone, I had all the advantages of friends that you have, and the intereſt of my good aunt the ducheſs of *Burgundy*, let me tell you, was as capable of ſeconding me, as the houſe of *Modena* is you: Nay, I had the *Scotch* on my ſide, aſſiſtance from *Ireland*, and not without a party, you ſee, even in *England* too. But the *Engliſh* mob is the moſt giddy, wretched, ſenſeleſs mob of all the mobs in the world. How they crowded into me at *Whitſand-Bay*, and in their firſt fury fought well enough before *Exeter*: But when they heard of an army coming againſt 'em, the ſcoundrels ran away and left me; all my blooming hopes and fancied kingdoms dwindled away in a ſanctuary, that I exchanged for a priſon, and brought my *Habeas Corpus*, and ſo turn'd myſelf over to *Tyburn*, and am now in the rules of *Acheron*. Our kinſman *Lambert Simnel* and I, drank your health t'other morning in a curious cup of *Styx*, and the arch ſawcy rogue, ſaid, how he ſhould laugh to ſee his brother of *Wales* ſucceed him in this great employment at court; continually turning a ſpit would harden and inure you, and ſo prepare you for theſe ſmoaky and warmer climates: not but that there is matter of ſpeculation in it too. The turning a ſpit is an emblem of the viciſſitude of human affairs. But before I take my leave, good

cousin, I must offer a little of my advice to you, if it be possible any ways to meliorate your destiny; and that is, that you would make a campaign or two in *Italy*: Marshal *Villeroy* will shew you what it is to be well beaten; and till then you'll never be a great general. But *Charon* is just landing a multitude of *French* from those parts; I must go see what news, and inform myself further of your welfare and prosperity.

Adieu.

Mr. DRYDEN, *to the Lord* -------- *By Capt.* AYLOFF.

My Lord,

ON the 25th *passato*, there happen'd a very considerable dispute in the *Delphick* vale; the *literati* had hard words, and it was fear'd by *Pluto* himself, that the angry shades would come to somewhat worse. It may be you in those grosser regions, do not believe that we here below lose nothing of ourselves by death, but the terrene part: nay, the very soul itself retains some of those unhappy impressions it receiv'd from flesh and bloo. Here *Cæsar* bites his thumbs when *Alexander* walks by; frowns upon *Brutus*, and blushes when he talks of king *William:* The great *Gustavus Adolphus* only wishes himself upon earth again, to serve a captain under him: *Turenne* wants to be in *Italy*, and *Wallesteen* assures him that prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* would have had the same glorious success against him, as *Catinat* and *Villeroy*. *Hannibal* own'd that his march over, or rather thro' the *Alpes*, was not so honourable an action as the prince's; and tho' arts and experience may make a general, yet nature can only inform an *Eugene*. Surly *Charon* had been so plagu'd with the *French* from those parts, that he has been forc'd to leave whole shoals of them behind. Once they crowded in so fast, as they almost overset the boat, and still as they press'd forward, cry'd *Vauban, Vauban:* But the old gentleman, unwilling to hazzard himself, push'd a multitude of them back with his sculls, and so put off —— However, this is not the business I design'd to mention; something more particular, and of more weighty consequence is

is the occasion of this letter. The real wits refus'd to take notice of prince *Arthur*, and king *Arthur*, who were walking hand in hand; some shallow-pated versificators would resent the indignity put upon 'em. This was very disgusting to the *literati*, and it is inconceivable what a horrid stench they made with uttering those verses. The more robust spirits were almost choak'd; you may then judge what condition the delicate and nice stomachs of the men of wit were in; but while every one was wishing for their cloaths of humanity again to be less sensible of this execrable smell, a worthy *literati* came in from *London*, who being inform'd of the occasion of that terrible inconveniency, repeated a few commendatory verses, and immediately the air grew tolerable, and the brimstone burnt serene. *Job* himself did confess, that had he been in the flesh again, he was terribly afraid he should have murder'd the doctor: When a merry spirit standing at his elbow, said, it was no such wonderful thing to have a firreverence of a man be mine arse of a poet. But *Charon* waits, I must conclude; and as conveniency serves, shall inform you of what passes in these gloomy regions.

A Letter from Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY, *to the* Covent-Garden *Society. By Capt.* AYLOFF.

THE shatter'd lawrels of the *Acherontic*-walks, owe not so much of their misfortune to the shallowness of *Aganippe*, as to the ungenerous procedure of the sons of *Helicon*. Either the hill of *Parnassus* is fortify'd, and what with antient and modern wit, even you, gentlemen of real parts, have none of you that applause, which in a thousand occasions you have so justly merited. These melancholy reflections, gentlemen, add a new thickness to the gloomy sulphur; and we cannot enjoy a perfect quiet here, seeing there is so great and so dangerous a misunderstanding between you on the other side of *Phlegethon*. Why should there be so many pointed satires

againſt one another? Why ſhould you ſhew the very blockheads themſelves where you men of ſenſe are not quite ſuch as you would paſs upon the world for? Your invidious criticiſms only ſhew others where you are vulnerable, and give an argument under your own hand againſt your own ſelves. There is a charity in concealing faults; but to make them more obvious, has a double ill-nature in it. Can't *Arthur* be a worthleſs poem, but a ſquadron of poets muſt tell all the world ſo? Is there honour in rummaging a dunghil, or telling the neighbours where there is one? The bee gathers honey from every flower, 'tis the beetles that delight in horſe-dung. Is it not much more preferable to make ſomething ones ſelf uſeful to mankind, than only to ſhew wherein another is a coxcomb? Partiſans in wit never do well; they only lay the country waſte; they gratify their own private ſpleen, it may be, but they do not help the publick. Unite your forces, gentlemen, againſt ignorance, that growing and powerful enemy to you and us. Erect triumphal arches, to one another, and do not enviouſly pull down what others are endeavouring to ſet up. Your mutual quarrels have ſhaken the very foundation of wit and good humour. 'Tis the faction a man is of, determines what he is, not his learning and parts; we cannot hear, gentlemen, of thoſe inteſtine diſſenſions, without a great concern and diſpleaſure; and muſt take the liberty to tell you, we apprehend the muſes may ſhortly be reduced to the neceſſity of ſhutting up the *Delphic* library, and write upon the doors, *Ruit ipſa ſuis Roma viribus.*

CHARON *to the moſt Illuſtrious and High-born* JACK CATCH, *Eſq*; *By Capt.* AYLOFF.

Moſt worthy Kinſman and Benefactor,

I Cannot but with the laſt degree of ſorrow and anguiſh, inform you of our preſent wretched condition; we have even tired our palms, and our ribs at ſlappaty-pouch; and if it had not been for ſome gentlemen that came from the coaſts of *Italy*, I had almoſt forgot to handle my ſculls.

There

There came a sneaking ghost here, some a day or two or three ago, and he surpriz'd me with an account, (I may call it indeed a terrible one) that you have had a maiden-sessions in your metropolis. Was it then possible that *Newgate* should be without a rogue, or our patron, the most worshipful Sir *Senseless Lovel* without any execution in his mouth? You talk of having hang'd *Tyburn* in mourning: Why cousin *Catch*, upon my sincerity, and for fear you should question my veracity, by the thickest mud in *Aheron*, I swear, it is almost high time that my boat was in mourning. What, he upon the bench and no man hang'd! Well, as assuredly as the blood of the horses will rise up in judgment against our friend *Whitney:* this maiden-sessions shall rise up in judgment against him. Such shoals as I have had from time to time, meer sacrifices to his avarice or his malice, that unless his conscience begins to fly in his face, I cannot comprehend what should occasion this calm at the *Old-Baily:* For give me leave, dear cousin, to tell you, that formerly he never sav'd any man for his money, but hang'd another in his room; trading was then pretty good, cousin, and there was a penny to be got; but indeed, on your side it is very dull: nay, in *Flanders* too, that fertile soil of blood and wounds, there has not one leg nor one arm been brought us all this summer. Prithee be you *Charon*, and let me be recorder, I'll warrant you somewhat more to do.

From Sir BARTHOLOMEW ------- *to the Worshipful Serjeant* S-----. *By the same Hand.*

THE friendship that was between us formerly, equally obliges me to give you a relation of my travels, and assures me of its welcome. Since my peregrination from your factious regions, I have passed over various and stupendious lakes; the roads are somewhat dark indeed, but the continued exhalations of those amazing streams, make the travellers able to pass, without running foul of one another. But 'tis equally remarkable, considering the length and darkness of the passage, that no person was

ever caſt away on this river *Styx*, as I am credibly inform'd by the ferryman, who has ply'd here time out of mind. The dogs are pretty rife in this country, and full as inſufferable as ever they were among you: I unfortunately forgot my lozenge-box, and have much impair'd my lungs; but they aſſure me, that theſe defluxions of rheums never kill. 'Tis prodigious, I proteſt, brother, to ſee how ſoon we learn the language, or rather jargon of the place! how faſt they come in from all parts of the habitable world! And yet there is but one boat neither, and that no bigger than above-bridge-wherry. At my coming aſhoar, I was very familiarly entertain'd, and directed to an apartment in *Cocytus*: But there was not one corner in all my paſſage, but I met ſome or other of the wrangling fraternity of *Weſtminſter*. I immediately ſuggeſted to myſelf, that there might be (peradventure) a call of ſerjeants by his majeſty *Pluto*, who is ſovereign of theſe gloomy regions; and who beſides his general reſidence here, has a moſt magnificent palace about twenty miles off, at *Erebus*, on the ſide of the river *Phlegethon*. He is one of a ſomewhat ſtern aſpect, not eaſy of acceſs; haughty in his deportment, and barbarous to the laſt degree in his nature. There is no ſort of people he ſets ſo much by, as thoſe of our profeſſion, tho' I have not heard of any lawyer that had the honour to be in his cellar as yet. Our old friend and fellow-toper judge *D*------ has very good buſineſs here, upon my word, as likely to be preferr'd, as vacancies happen; for 'tis always term-time in this kingdom throughout; and beſides, when he had his *quietus* ſent him by the hands of Sir *Thin-chops Mors*, you and I remember very well, that he had not the beſt reputation for a man of parts. In the crowd of our pains-taking brethren in the litigious ſchool, I remark'd an innumerable quantity that I was not quite an utter ſtranger to their faces, more particularly, Mr. *Fil*----, who, you know, did not want for ſenſe, wit, law, and good manners; and yet had ſo profound a genious, that he could diſpatch more buſineſs, and more wine in one night's time, than *Bob. Weeden* would have wiſh'd for a patrimony: He very humanly accoſted me, and after a million of mutual civilities, he forc'd me to accept of my mornings draught with him.

At

At night you know, I never refuse my bottle; but for morning tippling, it was always my aversion, my abomination, my hatred, my *noli me tangere:* Besides, the dismal prospect of the place, gave me many shrewd suspicions, that those taverns were not furnish'd with the best accommodations, neither for man's meat, or horse meat either; not that I had the vanity to take my coach with me neither, but 'tis to use an old proverb, that as yet I have not blotted out of my memory. I had hardly disengag'd myself from his civilities, but Mr. *Nicholas Hard*—mighty gravely admonish'd me of his former familiarity, and with an air that was no ways contumelious, desir'd to know how *F*—— preach'd, and *Burg*—— pray'd; whether the grave Dr. *W*—— continu'd his pious endeavours to convert the martyr'd men of his parish from the crying and heinous sin of *ebriety*; and yet at the same instant almost, to contrive plausible ways and means of perverting the modest and chaste propensities of their respective wives; and while they would not quietly let their husbands be (by accident of good company, or good wine) beasts, for but a few transitory nocturnal hours, could yet strive to make them so beyond a possibility of redress; for amongst friend, (brother) what collateral security can an honest, prudent, wary, wise, good, upright, understanding, cautious, indulgent, loving husband take, when that same godly man in black twirls his primitive band-strings, and with his other hand has your dear spouse, your help-mate, the wife of your bosom, the partner of your bed, by the conscience, and somewhat else that begins with the same letter? 'Twas not want of leisure, (for alas! and alack) we have supernumerary hours here; but pretended curiosity, (the last thing that dies with us but hypocrisy) made me cut short the harangue, that this precise attorney seem'd by his demureness to expect from me: So, in short, I told him, that his fellow-companions at six o' clock prayers had not forgot him; and by what I could understand from those that were last with me, the pew-keeper lamented his loss extreamly: nay, was inconsolable, for now he was forced to use a pailful of water extraordinary once a week more in the church than formerly; because he had gotten to such a perfection in hy-

pocrisy, that what his knees did not rub clean, his eyes always wash'd clean: but for his father's comfort, since he was got clear of his *super-tartarian* concern, money was fallen, and his dearest darling sin of all, extortion, was not a little under the hatches: but that he might not be quite cast down, there was some seeds of it left still, that would always keep old *Charon* well employ'd. I had hardly bless'd myself for having got rid of him, but a merry fellow (not to say impertinent and sawcy to one of my capacity, volubility, and eloquence; character, conduct, and reputation) pull'd me by the coif; but as in strange places 'tis prudence to pass by small affronts and indignities, because want of acquaintance is worse than want of knowledge; and the law, you know brother, is not so expensive, as it is captious in the main; not but that our industry does help it mightily to the one, if we find it to be the other. Now who should this *Caitiff* be, but *Harry C——ff* the attorney; and all his mighty business was to know how his laundress did; and if the maid got the better of her in the legacy he gave her for her last consolations. Before I could recollect the secret history of his amours, I was very courteously address'd by Mr. Common Serjeant *C———p*, who likewise in a florid stile, requested me to inform him, if any of his modern bawds, that so punctually attended him, had suffer'd any prejudice by his absence: He was mightily in doubt of their success, because experience had taught him, that *paupers* in matters of law proceed but heavily; however, he could but wish them well, because that tho' they were bad clients, he had always found them good procurators ——— My lady *Tysiphone* made a sumptuous entertainment, and the countess of *Clotho* danc'd smartly; the king of *Spain* resented mightily that so many *English* were there, and had almost bred a quarrel; but *Don Sebastian* king of *Portugal*, made up the matter, by declining the *Spanish* faction, and said, it was highly unjust that the *English* should be male-treated in their universal interest, because he was a fool, and the cardinal that made his will a knave, and the king of *France* a tyrant. But the catastrophe of this fit of the spleen of the supercilious *Spaniard* was comical enough; for in the crowd that was come together upon the

the notice of his heart-burning, who ſhould ſtumble upon one another but *Godfrey Wood*—— the attorney, who you may remember (brother) was committed for ſaying to a certain lord chancellor, that he was his firſt maker; tho' the truth of the matter was, their intimacy at play made him preſume to beg the ſmall favour of his lordſhip, to paſs an unjuſt decree in favour of his client. Well, Sir, ſaid the attorney to his lordſhip, now you are without your mace, I muſt tell you, that had not you invited me to ſupper the ſame day you ſent me to the *Fleet*, I ſhould have taken the freedom to have let you known, that in this king's dominions we are all equal. I left 'em hard at all-fours for a quart of *Acheron*, where they bite their nails like mad, and divert others with their paſſion and concern ——— But the poſtillion is mounting, and I muſt defer the reſt of my adventurers to the next opportunity.

The End of the firſt Part.

LETTERS

FROM THE

DEAD *to the* LIVING.

PART II.

A Letter from Seignior GIUSIPPE HANESIO, *High-German Doctor and Aſtrologer in* Brandinopolis, *to his Friends at* WILL's *Coffee-Houſe in* Covent-Garden. *By Mr.* THO. BROWN.

Gentlemen,

UNLESS my memory fails me ſince my coming into theſe ſubterranean dominions, 'twas much about this time laſt year, that I did myſelf the honour to write to you: perhaps you expected a frequenter commerce from me; and indeed, I ſhould have been very proud to have maintain'd it on my ſide, ſince nothing ſo much relieves me in theſe gloomy regions, as to reflect on the many pleaſant moments I have formerly paſs'd in *Covent-Garden*; but, alas! gentlemen, not to mention the great difficulty of keeping ſuch a correſpondence, our lower world is nothing near ſo fruitful in news as yours; one ſingle ſheet of paper will almoſt contain the occurrences of a whole year; and were it not for the numerous crowds of *Spaniards*, *French*, *Poles*, *Germans*, &c. that daily arrive here, and entertain us with the tranſactions of *Europe*, hell would be as melancholy a place as *Weſtminſter-Hall* in the long vacation; and the generality of people among us would have as little to employ

employ their idle hours, as a lord-treasurer in *Scotland*, or a barber in *Muscovy*. Besides, to speak more particularly, as to myself, that everlasting hurry and tide of business, wherein I have been overwhelm'd ever since I honour'd myself with the title of *High-German* doctor and astrologer, does so entirely challenge all my time, that if you will take my word, (and I hope you don't suspect a person of my veracity) I am forc'd, at this present writing, to deny myself to all my patients, tho' there are at least some half a score coaches with coronets waiting now at my door, that I might receive no interruption from any visitants, while I was dispatching this epistle to you.

My last, gentlemen, as you may easily remember, if you have not buried such a trifle in oblivion, concluded with my taking a large house here in *Brandinopolis*, and setting up for a physician and fortune-teller: I shall now proceed to acquaint you, by what laudable artifices and stratagems I advanced myself into that mighty reputation; in which, to the admiration of this populous town, I at present flourish; what notable cures I have performed, what sort of customers chiefly resort to me; and lastly, To give you a short account of the most memorable occurrences that have lately happen'd in these parts.

By the direction of my worthy friend, Mr. *Nokes*, who liberally supply'd me with money to carry on this affair, I took a spacious house in the great *Piazza* here, then empty by the death of one of the most eminent physicians of this famous city. This you must own to me, gentlemen, was as favourable a step at my first setting out, as a man could possibly wish; for you cannot be ignorant how many sorry brothers of the faculty in *London* keep their coaches, and wriggle themselves into business, with no other merit to recommend them, than that of dwelling in the same house where a celebrated doctor lived before them. For this reason, I suppose, it was, (if you can pardon so short a digression) that the popes came to monopolize the ecclesiastical practice of the western world to themselves, by succeeding so great a bishop as St. *Peter*. So much is the world govern'd by appearances, and so apt to be cheated, as if knowledge and learning were bequeath'd to one house or place; and

like

like a piece of common furniture, went to the next inhabiter.

But to dismiss this speculation, which perhaps may seem somewhat odd, from a man of my merry character; having provided my house with every thing convenient, adorn'd my hall with the pictures of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Albumazar*, and *Paracelsus*; cramm'd my library with a vast collection of books, in all arts and languages, (tho' under the rose be it spoken, my worthy friends, your humble servant does not understand a syllable of them) furnish'd it with a pair of globes curiously painted, with the *exuviæ* of two or three *East-India* animals, a rattle-snake and a crocodile; and set up a fine elaboratory in my court-yard. In short, after having taken care to set off my hall, parlour and study, with all those noble decorations that serve to amuse the multitude, and create strange ideas in them, I order'd a spacious stage to be erected before my own habitation, got my bills ready printed, together with a long catalogue of the cures perform'd by me, during the time of my practising physick in your upper world; and then I broke out with a greater expectation and *eclat* than any doctor before me was ever known to do.

Three or four weeks before I made my appearance in publick, which, as I told you before, I intended to make with all the magnificence imaginable, Mr. *Nokes* and I, in conjunction with my brother comedian, *Tony Lee*, laid our heads together, how to sham me upon the town for a *virtuoso*, a miracle-monger, and what not. To favour this design, we sent for three or four topping apothecaries to the tavern, gave them a noble collation, and when half a dozen bumpers of wine had got us a free admission into their hearts, we fairly let them into the secret; which was, That they were to trumpet me up in all coffee-houses and places of publick resort in town, for the ablest physician that ever came into these parts; and as one kindness justly challenges another, I for my part was to write bills as tall as the monument, and charge them with the most costly medicines, tho' they signify'd nothing at all to the patient's recovery. In short, the bargain was immediately struck up between us; and those worthy gentlemen, I'll say that for them, have not been wanting

wanting to proclaim my extraordinary merits to all their acquaintance.

This was not all; but Mr. *Nokes*, who was resolv'd at any rate to introduce me into business, coming into one of the best frequented chocolate-houses near the court, (for *Brandinopolis*, you must know, is a perfect transcript of your wicked city) on a sudden pretends to be troubled with intolerable gripings of the guts; and acted his part so dextrously, that all the company pitied him, and thought he would expire upon the spot. Immediately two or three doctors were sent for; who, after a tedious consultation, at last pitch'd upon a never-failing remedy, as they were pleas'd to call it; which accordingly they apply'd, but without the desired effect. As his pains still continued upon him, *What*, says he, *must I die here for want of help? And is there never another physician to be had for love nor money?* With that a certain gentleman, that was posted there for that purpose, Sir, says he, there's a *German* doctor lately come here, but for my part, I dare not recommend him to you, for he's a perfect stranger to us, and no body knows him. *Oh, send for him, send for him,* cries Mr. *Nokes, these* German *doctors are the finest fellows in the world; who can tell but he may give me present ease?* Upon this, a messenger was hurried to me with all expedition: I told him I would come so soon as I had dispatch'd a patient or two; and in a quarter of an hour came thundering to the door in my chariot, and all the way pored upon a little book I carried in my hands; tho' I must frankly own to you, that a coach is as uncomfortable a place to read, as to consummate in; but, gentlemen, 'tis with us here, as in your world, nothing is to be done without policy and trick: marching into the room with that gravity and solemn countenance, which we physicians know so well to put on upon these occasions, and brushing thro' a numerous crowd of spectators, who stood there, expecting to see what would be the result of this affair, I found Mr. *Nokes* in such terrible agonies, that any man would have swore he could not out-live another minute. I felt his pulse, and told him, that by the irregularities of his systole, and unequal vibration of his diastole, I knew as well what ail'd him,

as if I had seen him taken to pieces like a watch; and plucking a small chrystal bottle out of my pocket, Sir, says I to him, take some half a score drops of this *Anodyne Elixir*, and I'll engage all I am worth in the world, it will immediately relieve you. But, under favour, Sir, to give you some short account of it before you take it, you must understand, Sir, 'tis composed of two costly and sovereign ingredients, which no man, besides myself, dares pretend to. The first, Sir, is the celebrated balsam of *Chili*, (tho' by the by, the devil a jot of balsam comes from that *Pagan* place) and the second, Sir, that most excellent cephalick, which the mongrelian physicians call, the *electrum* of *Samogitia*, gather'd at certain seasons, Sir, upon the shore of the *Deucalidonian* ocean, by the *Ciracassian* fishermen. Mr. *Nokes* listned to this edifying discourse with wonderful attention, then followed my direction; and before you could count twenty, got upon his legs, took a few turns about the room, cut a caper a yard high, and kindly embracing me, doctor, says he, I am more obliged to you, than words are able to express; you have delivered me from the most intolerable pains that ever poor wretch groan'd under: and then presenting me with a purse of guineas, I hope you'll be pleas'd to accept of this small trifle, till I am in a capacity of making you a better acknowledgment: However, to express in some measure my gratitude to yourself, as likewise to shew my regard for the publick welfare, I will take care to get the extraordinary cure advertised in the *Gazette*, and other publick papers. I told him he had more than paid me for so inconsiderable a a matter, adding, That I was at his service whenever he or any of his friends would do me the honour to send for me; and so took my leave of him.

This miraculous operation (for so they were pleased to christen it) occasion'd a great deal of talk in the town, very much to my advantage; but what happen'd three days after, perfectly confirm'd all sorts of people, that I was a *Non-pareil* in my profession, and out-went all that ever pretended to physick before me.

Tony Lee, who, as I told you in my last, keeps a conventicle in this infernal world, and was engag'd as well as my brother *Nokes* in the confederacy to serve me, took occasion

occasion to be surpris'd with apoplectick fits in the beginning of his sermon; he had hardly split and divided his text, according to the usual forms, but his eyes rowl'd in his head, every muscle in his face was distorted; he foam'd at mouth, fumbled with the cushion, over-set the hour-glass, dropp'd his notes and bible upon the clerk's head, and at last down he sunk as flat as a flounder to the bottom of the pulpit. 'Tis impossible to describe to you what a strange consternation the auditory were in at this calamitous disaster that had befallen their minister: the men stared at one another, as they had been all bewitch'd; and the women set up such a hideous screaming and roaring, that I question whether they would have done so much if a regiment of dragoons had broke into the room to ravish them. The duchess of *Mazarine* chafed his temples; Mother *Stratford* (of pious memory) lugg'd a brandy-bottle out of her pocket, and rubb'd his nostrils; but still poor *Tony* continu'd senseless, and without the least motion. When they found all these means ineffectual, at last the whole congregation unanimously resolv'd to send for me; who, according as it had been agreed before-hand between us, soon brought my holy *Levite* to his senses again, by applying a few drops of my aforesaid *Elixir* to his temples. Honest *Tony* was no sooner recover'd, but I had the thanks of the whole assembly; and a reverend elder in a venerable band, that reach'd from shoulder to shoulder, offer'd me a handsome gratuity for my pains; but I refus'd it, telling him, I look'd upon myself sufficiently rewarded, since I had been the happy (tho' unworthy) instrument in the hand of providence (and then I turn'd up the whites of my eyes most religiously towards Heaven) to save the life of so precious and powerful a divine.

This pair of miraculous cures flew thro' every street, alley, and corner of the town, like a train of gun-powder, with more expedition and improvements, than scandal used, in my time, to walk about *Whitehall*; and as it usually happens, in these cases, lost nothing in the relation. The godly party much magnify'd me for refusing the unrighteous *mammon* when it was offer'd me; my two trusty apothecaries talk'd of nothing but the prodi-

gies

gies of seignior *Hanesio*; but my surest cards, the midwives and nurses, when the sack-posset and brandy began to operate in their noddles, thought they could never say enough in my commendation.

Thus, gentlemen, I had abundantly secur'd to myself the reputation of a great physician; and nothing now remain'd, but to make the world believe I was personally acquainted with every star in the firmament, could extort what confessions I pleas'd out of the planets; and was no less skill'd in astrology than in medicine. My never failing friend *Tony*, was once more pleas'd to give me a lift upon this occasion. As the dissenting ministers (you know) have the privilege to go into the bed-chambers and closets of the ladies that resort to their meetings, without the least offence or scandal, *Tony* spy'd his opportunity, when the room was clear, rubb'd off with a gold watch, and some lockets of the duchess of *Mazarine*'s. The things were immediately missing, but who durst suspect a person of the pious Mr. *Lee*'s character and function? In short, every servant in the family was threatened with the rack; and the whole house, trunks, coffers, boxes, and all examin'd, from the garret down to the cellar. The poor duchess took the loss of her watch and lockets mightily to heart, kept her bed upon it for a fortnight; but at last was perswaded to make her application to my worship. I told her, *sur le champ*, that her things were safe, that the party who made bold with them, being troubled with compunctions of conscience, had not sold but hid them under such a tree, which I described to her in queen *Proserpine*'s park; and that if she went thither next morning by break of day, she would find my words true. Accordingly as I predicted, it happened to a tittle (for I had taken care to lodge them there the night before). And now who was the universal subject of people's discourse, but the famous seignior *Giusippe*.

So that when the long expected day came, on which I was to make my publick appearance, the streets, windows and balconies, were so cramm'd with spectators of all sorts, that as often as I think on't, I pity my poor lord-mayor and aldermen with all my heart, that their *Cheapside*-show shou'd fall so infinitely short of mine. *Tom Shadwell*, who

still

ſtill keeps up his muſical talent in theſe gloomy territories, began the entertainment with thrumming upon an old broken theorbo, and merry Sir *John Falſtaff* ſung to him, and afterwards both of them walk'd upon the ſlack rope, in a pair of jack-boots, to the admiration of all the beholders. After the mob had been diverted for ſome time with entertainments of this nature, and, particularly, by ſome legerdemain tricks of *Appollonius Tyanæus*, my conjurer, being attended by Dr. *Connor*, my toad-eater in ordinary, Mr. *Lobb*, the late presbyterian parſon, my corn-cutter; Sir *Patient Ward*, my merry-andrew, and the famous *Mithridates* king of *Pontus*, my orator, I mounted the ſtage, and bowing on each ſide me, paid my reſpects to the noble company, in a moſt ceremonious manner. I was apparell'd in a black velvet coat, trimm'd with large gold loops of the neweſt faſhion, and buttons as big as oſtrich's eggs; my muff was at leaſt an ell long. I travers'd my ſtage ſome half a ſcore times, then cocking my beaver, and holding up my cane cloſe to my noſe after the manner of us ſons of *Galen*, I harangu'd them as follows: In the firſt place I told them, That it was not without the utmoſt regret, that I ſaw ſo many quacks and nauſeous pretenders to the faculty, daily impoſe upon the publick. That neither ambition, ſelf-intereſt, or the like ſordid motive, had tempted me to expoſe myſelf thus upon the theatre of the world; and that nothing but a generous zeal to reſcue medicine out of the hands of a pack of raſcals, that were a diſhonour to it, and the particular reſpect I bore to the inhabitants of the moſt renown'd city of *Brandinopolis*; who for their good breeding and civility to ſtrangers, were not to be equall'd in any of *Pluto*'s dominions, had prevail'd over my natural modeſty, and drawn me out of my beloved obſcurity; that laſtly, I requeſted a favourable conſtruction upon this publick way of practice, which ſome impudent emperics (whom I ſcorn to mention) had render'd ſcandalous; and as I was a graduate in ſeveral univerſities, would have certainly declin'd, but that my regard for the *ſalus populi* ſuperſeded all thoſe ſcruples; and made me rather hazard the loſs of my reputation with ſome cenſorious perſons, than loſe any opportunity of exerting my utmoſt abilities for the benefit of mankind.

When

When this harangue was over, I withdrew, and left the reſt of the ceremony to be perform'd by my orator *Mithridates*, who deſcanted a long while upon my great experience and skill, my travels, and great adventures in foreign countries; the teſtimonials, certificates, medals, and the like favours, I had receiv'd from moſt of the crown'd heads and princes in the univerſe. And when this was over, order'd *Matt. Gilliflower* and *Dick Bently*, two of my footmen to diſperſe printed copies of my bill among the people, together with the catalogue of the cures by me formerly perform'd in your upper hemiſphere; both which papers, becauſe they contain ſomething ſingular in them, and are written above the common ſtrain, I have given my ſelf the trouble to tranſcribe.

Theſaurum & talentum ne abſcondas in agro.

Signior GUISIPPE HANESIO, High German *Aſtrologer and Chymiſt; ſeventh ſon of a ſon, unborn doctor of above ſixty years experience, educated at twelve univerſities, having travelled thro' fifty two kingdoms, and been counſellor to counſellors of ſeveral monarchs.*

Hoc juris publici in communem utilitatem publicum fecit.

WHO by the bleſſing of *Æſculapius* on his great pains, travels, and nocturnal lucubrations, has attain'd to a greater ſhare of knowledge than any perſon before him was ever known to do.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I preſent you with my univerſal ſolutive, or *Cathartic Elixir*, which corrects all the cacochymic and cachexical diſeaſes of the inteſtines; cures all internal and external diſeaſes, all vertiginous vapours, hydrocephalus, giddineſs, or ſwimming of the head, epileptic fits, flowing of the gall, ſtoppage of urine, ulcers in the womb and bladder; with many other diſtempers, not hitherto diſtinguiſh'd by name.

Secondly, My friendly pill, call'd, *the never failing Heliogenes*, being the tincture of the ſun, and deriving vigour, influence and dominion, from the ſame light; it cauſes all complexions to laugh or ſmile, even in the very time of taking it; which it effects, by dilating and expanding the gelaſtic muſcles, firſt of all diſcover'd by my ſelf. It dulcifies the whole maſs of the blood, maintains its circulation

Joe Hayness Mountebanks Speech

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culation, reforms the digestion of the chylon, fortifies the opthalmic nerves, clears the officina intelligentiæ, corrects the exorbitancy of the spleen, mundifies the hypogastrium, comforts the sphincter, and is an excellent remedy against the prosopochlorosis, or green-sickness, sterility, and all obstructions whatever. They operate seven several ways in, order, as nature herself requires; for they scorn to be confin'd to any particular way of operation, *viz.* hypnotically; by throwing the party into a gentle slumber; hydrotically by their operitive faculty, inopening the interstitia pororum; carthartically, by cleansing the bowels of all crudities and tartarous mucilage, with which they abound; proppysmatically, by forcing the wind downward; hydragogically, by exciting urine; pneumatically, by exhilerating the spirits; and lastly, synecdochically, by corroborating the whole *oeconomia animalis*. They are twenty or more in every tin-box, sealed with my coat of arms, which are, *Three clyster pipes erect* gules, *in a field* argent; my crest, *a bloody hand out of a mortar, emergent*; and my supporters, *a Chymist and an Apothecary*. This *Tinctura Solaris*, or most noble off-spring of *Hyperion*'s golden influence, wipes off absterfively all those tenacious, conglomerated, sedimental sordes, that adhere to the œsophagus and viscera, extinguishes all supernatural ferments and ebullitions; and, in fine, annihilates all the nosotrophical or morbific ideas of the whole corporeal *compages*.

Thirdly, My *Panagion Outacousticon*, or auricular restorative: where it possible to show me a man so deaf, that if a demiculverin were to be let off under his ear, he could not hear the report, yet these infallible drops (first invented by the two famous physician-brothers, St. *Cosmus*, and St. *Damian*, call'd the *Anargyri* in the ancient *Greek* menologies; and some forty years ago, communicated to me by *Anastasio Logotheti*, a *Greek* collier at *Adrianople*, when I was invited into those parts to cure sultan *Mahomet* IV. of an elephantiasis in his diaphragm) would recover his auditive faculty, and make him hear as smartly as an old fumbling priest, when a young wench gives him account of her lost maiden-head at the confessional.

Fourthly, My *Anodyne Spirit*, excellent to ease pain, when taken inwardly, and applied outwardly, excellent for any lameness, shrinking or contraction of the nerves; for eyes, deafness,

deafneſs, pain and noiſe in the ears; and all odontalgic, as well as podagrical inflammations.

Fifthly, My *Antidotus Antivenerealis*; which effectually cures all gonorrheas, carnoſities in the delinquent part, tumours, phymoſis, paraphymoſis, chriſtalline priapiſms, hemorrhoids, cantillamata, ragades, bubos, impoſthumations, carbuncles, genicular nodes, and the like, without either baths or ſtoves; as alſo without mercury ſo often deſtructive to the poor patient, with that privacy, that the neareſt relation ſhall not perceive it.

Sixthly, My *Pectoral Lozenges*, or *Balſam* of *Balſams*, which effectually carries off all windy and tedious coughs, ſpitting of blood, wheezing in the larynx and ptyaliſmus, let it be never ſo inveterate.

Seventhly, and *laſtly*, My *Pulvis Vermifugus*, or *Antivermatic Powder* brings up the rear, ſo famous for killing and bringing away all ſorts of worms incident to human bodies breaking their complicated knots in the *duodenum*, and diſſolving the phlegmatick erudities that produce thoſe anthropophagous vermin. It has brought away, by urine, worms as long as the may-pole in the *Strand*, when it flouriſh'd in its primitive prolixity, tho', I confeſs, not altogether ſo thick. In ſhort, 'tis a ſpecifick catholicon for the cholick, expels winds by eructation, or otherwiſe; accelerates digeſtion, and creates an appetite to a miracle.

I dexterouſly couch the cataract or ſuffuſion, extirpate wens of the greateſt magnitude, cloſe up hair-lips, whether treble or quadruple; cure the polipus upon the noſe, and all ſcrophulous tumours, cancers in the breaſt, *Noli me tangeri*'s, St. *Anthony*'s fire, by my new invented *unguentum Antipyreticum*, excreſcences, or ſuperfluous fleſh in the mouth of the bladder or womb; likewiſe I take the ſtone from women or maids without cutting.

I have ſteel truſſes, and inſtruments of a new invention, together with never-failing medicines and methods to cure ruptures, and knit the peritonæum. And here I cannot forbear to communicate an uſeful piece of knowledge to the world, which is, that with the learned *Villipandus*, in his excellent treatiſe, *de congrubilitate materiæ primæ cum confeſſione Auguſtana*, I take a rupture to be a relaxation of the natural cavities, at the bottom of the cremaſter muſcles. But this, *en paſſant*, I forge all

my

my self; nay my very machines for safe and easy drawing teeth and obscure stumps. Mrs. *Littlehand*, midwife to the princess of *Phlegethon*, can sufficiently inform the women of my helps, and what I do for the disruption of the fundament and uterus, and other strange infirmities of the matrix, occasioned by the bearing of children, violent coughing, heavy work, *&c.* which I challenge any person in the *Acherontic* dominions to perform, but my self.

If any woman be unwilling to speak to me, they may have the convêniency of speaking to my wife, who is expert in all feminine distempers. She has an excellent cosmetick water to carry off freckles, sun-burn, or pimples; and a curious red pomatum to plump and colour the lips. she can make red hair as white as a lilly; she shapes the eyebrows to a miracle; makes low foreheads as high as you please, has a never failing remedy for offensive breaths, a famous essence to correct the ill scent of the arm-pits, a rich water that makes the hair curl, a most delicate paste to smooth and whiten the hands; also,

A rare secret that takes away all warts,
From the face, hands, fingers, and privy-parts.

Those who are not able to come to me, let them send their urine, especially that made after midnight, and on sight of it, I will tell them what their distemper is, and whether curable or no. Nay, let a man be in never so perfect health of body, his constitution never so vigorous and athletical, if he shews me his water, I can as infallibly predict what distemper will first attack him, though perhaps it will be thirty or forty years hence, as an astronomer, by the rules of his science, can foretel solar or lunar eclipses the year before they happen. I have predicted miraculous things by the pulse, far above any philosopher: by it, I not only discover the circumstances of the body; but if the party be a woman, I can foretel how many husbands and children she shall have; if a tradesman whether his wife will fortify his forehead with horns; and so of the rest. This is not all, but I will engage to tell any serious persons what their business is on every radical figure, before they speak one word; what has already happen'd

pen'd to them from their very infancy down to the individual hour of their consulting me, what their present circumstances are, what will happen to them hereafter; in what part of the body they have moles; what colour and magnitude they are of; and lastly, how profited, that is, whether they calminate equinoctially or horizontally upon the *Mesogastrium*; from which place alone, and no other, as the profound *Trismegistus* has observ'd before me, in his elaborate treatise *de erroribus Styli Gregoriani*, all solid conjectures are to be formed.

I have likewise attained to the green, golden and black dragon, known to none but magicians and hermatic philosophers; I tell the meaning of all magical panticles sigils, charms and lameness, and have a glass, and help to further marriage; and what is more, by my learning and great travels, I have obtained the true and perfect seed and blossom of the famale fern; and infinitely improv'd that great traveller major *John Coke*'s famous necklaces for breeding of teeth. The spring being already advanc'd, which is the propereſt seaſon for preventing new, and renewing old distempers, neglect not this opportunity——

My hours are from nine till twelve in the morning, and from two in the afternoon till nine at night, every day in the week, except on the real christian sabbath, called Saturday.

It may be of use to keep this advertisement.

This, gentlemen, is an exact copy of my bill, which has been carefully distributed all over this populous city, pasted upon the chief gates and churches; and since dispersed by two running messengers, *Theophrastus Paracelsus* and *Cornelius Agrippa*, all over king *Pluto*'s dominions. I forgot to tell you, that finding it absolutely necessary to take me a wife, (the women in certain cases that shall be nameless, being unwilling to consult any but those of their own sex) I was advised by some friends to make my applications to the famous *Cleopatra* queen of *Egypt*, who being a person of great experience, and notably well skill'd in the *Arcana's* of nature, would in all probability make me an admirable spouse. In short, after half a dozen meetings, rather for form sake than any thing

thing elſe, the bargain was ſtruck, and a match concluded between her *Alexandrian* majeſty and myſelf; cardinal *Wolſey*, who is now curate of a ſmall village, to the tune of four marks *per annum*, and the magnificent perquiſites of a bear and fiddle, perform'd the holy ceremony: *Amphion* of *Thebes* diverted us at dinner with his crowd, and all the while *Molinos*, the quietiſt, danced a *Lancaſhire* jigg. Sir *Thomas Pilkington*, who, as I told you in my laſt, is become a moſt furious rhime-tagger or verſificator, compoſed the *epithilamium*; and *Sardanapalus*, *Caligula*, *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, and pope *Alexander* VII. were pleas'd to throw the ſtocking. Her majeſty, to do her a piece of common juſtice, proves a moſt dutiful and laborious wife, ſpreads all my plaiſters, makes all my unguents, diſtills all my waters, and pleaſes my cuſtomers beyond expreſſion.

Thus, gentlemen, you ſee my bill, by which you may gueſs whether I don't infinitely ſurpaſs thoſe empty pretending quacks of your world, who confine their narrow talent to one diſtemper, which they cure but by one remedy; whereas all diſeaſes are alike to me, and I have a hundred ſeveral ways to extirpate them. I ſhall now treſpaſs ſo far upon your patience, as to preſent you with the catalogue of my cures, which being ſomewhat ſingular, and out of the way, I have the vanity to believe will not be unwelcome to you——

A true and faithful Catalogue of ſome remarkable Cures *perform'd in the other* World, *by the famous Signior* GIUSIPPE HANESIO, *High-German* Doctor *and* Aſtrologer.

By PLUTO's Authority.

Hic eſt quam legis, ille quam requiris,
Totis notus in inferis JOSEPHUS.

BEcauſe I am ſo much a perſon of honour and integrity, that even in this lower world I would not forfeit my reputation, I deſire my incredulous adverſaries (of which number, being a ſtranger to this place, I preſume I have but too many) to get if they can to the upper re-

gions, and satisfy themselves of the truth of my admirable performances. To begin then with those of quality.

Pope *Innocent* the eleventh was so strangely over run with a complication of *Jansenism*, *Quietism*, and *Lutheranism*, that not only his nephew, Don *Livio Odeschalchi*, but the whole sacred consistory despaired of his recovery; I so mundify'd his intellectuals with my catholick essence of *Hellebore*, that he continued *rectus in cerebro* many years after; and if the *French* ambassador, by making such a hubbub about his quarters, occasion'd old infallibility to relapse, *Loüis le Grand* must answer for it, and not signior *Giusippe*.

I cured the late *Sophy* of *Persia*, *Shaw Solyman* by name, of a *Febris Tumulenta*, so that he could digest the exactions and blood of a whole province, hold his hand as steady as *Harry Killegrew* after a quart of surfeit water in a morning; and if he dy'd presently after, let his eunuchs and whores look to that, if one with their politicks, and the other with their tails, spoil'd the operation of my *Elixir magnum stomachicum*.

I cured *Aureng-Zebe*, the old mogul, of an *epilepsia fanatica*, with which he was afflicted to that degree, that patents were dispatch'd, and persons named to go ambassadors extraordinary to *William Pen*, *George Whitehead*, *William Mede*; the *Philadelphians*, *Cameronians*, *Jesuits*, and *Jacobian Whiskerites*, for a communication of diseases and remedies; but by my cephalick snuff and tincture, I made him as clear headed a rake as ever got drunk with classics at the university, or expounded *Horace* in *Will*'s coffee-house; and messengers were sent thro' all his empire to get him *Dutry*, *Bung*, *Satyrion*, *Cantharides*, *Whores*, and *Schyraz wine*; and if he has since fallen down to his *Alcoran* and the flat effects of ninety seven years of age, blame his damn'd courtiers and and not me, that instead of nicking the nice operation of the medicine, let in books and priests, to debauch his understanding.

I cured the *Mahometan* predestinarian *Sultan* of the great *East India* island *Borneo*, of want of blood, by counselling him to follow his inclinations and bathe in it, that he might restore himself by spight and percolation; but vexations from his *Divan*, the neighbour emperor of *China*,

China, a saucy young jackanapes, and a sorrel hair'd female gave him such jolts, that quite spoil'd the continuance of the noblest cure in the world.

Peter Alexowitz, present czar of *Muscovy*, fell ill of a *Calenture* in *London*, occasion'd by putting too great a quantity of gun-powder into his usquebaugh, and pepper into his brandy; all the topping doctors of the town were sent for, and apply'd their *Cortex* and *Opium* to no purpose. What should I do in this pinch, but order'd a hole to be made in the *Thames* for him, as they do for the ducks in St. *James*'s-*Park*, it being then an excessive frost, sous'd him over head and ears morning and night, and by this noble experiment not only recovered him, but likewise gave a hint to the setting up of a cold-bath near Sir *John Oldcastle*'s, which has done such miracles since.

I cured a noble peer, aged sixty seven, of a perpetual priapism, so that now his pimping valets, and footmen, his bawds, spirit of *Clary*, and a maidenhead of fourteen can hardly raise him, who before was scarce to be trusted with his own family; nay, his own wife: and now he's as continent and virtuous a statesman as ever lin'd his inward letchery with outward gravity.

A noble peeress, that lives not full a hundred miles from St. *James*'s square, in the sixty sixth year of her age, was seiz'd with a *furor uterinus*; by plying her ladyship with a few drops of my *Antepyretical Essence*, extracted from a certain vegetable gathered under the artic pole, and known to no body but myself, I perfectly allay'd this preternatural ferment; and now she lies at quiet, tho' both her hands are unty'd as a new swaddled babe, and handles no rascals but *Pam*, and his gay fellows of the cards,

Honoraria Frail, eldest daughter to my old lady *Frail* of *Red-Lyon-Square*, by too prodigally distributing *les dernieres feveurs* to her mother's sandy pated coachman and pages, had so strangely dilated the gates *du citadel d'amour*, that one might have marched a regiment of dragoons thro' them. Her mother, who was in the greatest perplexities imaginable upon the score of this disaster, sent to consult me: With half a dozen drops of my *Aqua Styptica Hymenealis*, I so contracted all the avenues of the aforesaid citadel, that the *Yorkshire* knight that marry'd her, spent above a hundred small-shot against the walls, and

bombarded the fortreſs a full fortnight before he cou'd enter it; and now they are the happieſt couple within the bills of mortality.

I renewed the youth from the girdle downwards of madam *de Maintenon*, ſo that ſhe afforded all the delights imaginable, to her old grand lover in imagination, and to the younger bigots and herſelf in reality: while her face ſtill remain'd as great an object of mortification as her beads, death's-head, and diſcipline; and this noble cure ſtill remains to be view'd by all the world.

Harry Higden of the *Temple*, counſellor, was ſo miſerably troubled with the long vacation diſeaſe, or the *defectus crumenæ*, that the ſage benchers of the houſe threatned to padlock his chamber door for non-payment of rent. He asked my advice in this exigence: I, who knew the full ſtrength of his furniture, which conſiſted of a rug, two blankets, a joint-ſtool, and a tin-candleſtick, that ſerved him for a piſs-pot when revers'd, counſelled him to take his door off the hinges, and lock it up in his ſtudy. He followed my advice, and by that means eſcaped the abovemention'd oſtraciſm of the padlock.

Margaret Cheatly, bawd, match-maker, and mid-wife of *Bloomsbury*, by immoderate drinking of ſtrong-waters, had got a noſe ſo termagantly rubicund, that ſhe out-blazed the comet: my coſmetic *Florentine-unguent*, abſolutely reform'd this inflammation, and now ſhe looks as ſoberly as a diſſenting miniſter's goggle-ey'd convenience.

Jerry Scandal, whale and ghoſt printer in *White-Friers*, had plagued the town above ten years with apparitions, murders, catechiſms, and the like ſtuff; by ſhowing him the phiz of terrible *Robin* in my green magic-glaſs, I ſo effectually frighted him, that he has ſince demoliſh'd all his letters, diſmiſſed his hawkers, flung up his buſineſs, and inſtead of news, cries flounders and red-herrings about the ſtreets.

Joachim Hazard, of *Cripplegate* pariſh in *White-croſs-ſtreet*, almoſt at the farther end near *Old-ſtreet*, turning in at the ſign of the *White Crow* in *Goat-alley*, ſtrait forward, down three-ſteps at the ſign of the *Globe*, was ſo be-devil'd with the ſpirit of lying, that he out-did two hard mouth'd evidences in their own profeſſion, and could not open his mouth without romancing; I made him

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snuff up some half a score drops of my *Elixir Alethinum*, and now he has left off fortune-telling and astrology, and is return'd to his primitive trade of weaving.

Farmer Frizzle-pate, of *Bullington*, near *Andover*, had been blind thirty five years and upwards; my *Ophthalmick* drops restor'd him to his sight in a minute, and now he can read a *Geneva* bible without spectacles. A certificate of this miraculous cure, I have under the hand of the parson of the parish, and his amen-curler.

I cured a *Kentish* parson of an *Infirmitas Memoriæ*, which he got by a jumble of his *Glandula Pinealis*, after a bowl of punch and a boxing-bout. He was reduc'd to that deplorable condition, as to turn over play-books instead of his concordance, quote *Quæ Genus* instead of St. *Austin*; nay, he forgot tythe-eggs, demanded *Easter* dues at *Martinmas*, bid *Bartholomew-Fair* instead of *Ash-Wednesday*; and frequently mistook the service of matrimony, for that of the dead: what is yet more surprising, he forgot even to drink over his left thumb; but now he has as staunch a memory, as a pawn-broker for the day of the month; a country attorney for mischief; or a popish clergyman for revenge.

I cured serjeant *Dolthead*, of a prodigious itch in the palms of his hands: A most wonderful cure! for now he refuses fees, as heartily as a young wench does an ugly fellow, when she has a handsome one in view; his attorney is run mad, his wife is turn'd bawd to take double fees; and his daughters mantua-makers and whores, to get by two trades.

An eminent coach-keeping physician was troubled with a *Farrago Medicinarum*, or a *Tumor Prescriptionalis* to that monstrous degree, that he writ bills by the ell, and prescribed medicines by the hogshhead and wheelbarrow-full. To the amazement of all that knew him: I have effectually cured him on't; for he now writes but three words, prescribes but two scruples, leaves people to a wholesome kitchen-diet, and nature has undone the sexton and funeral undertaker; and the overstock'd parish has petitioned the privy-council to send out a new coloney to the *West-Indies*.

I cured a certain head of a college, of a *Hebetudo Cerebri*; so that he now jokes with the bachelors and junior

fry, goes to the dancing-school with the fellow-commoners; and next act will be able to make a whole *terræ filius*'s speech himself.

An apothecary in *Cheapside*, was so strangely over-run with an *Inundatio Veneni*, that the grass grew in the parish round him; but now, thanks to the cure I wrought upon him, he has reduc'd his shop to the compass of a raree-show, gets but ten pence in the shilling, let the neighbouring infants grow up to men; and is going to build an hospital for decay'd prize-fighters and dragoons.

I cured a vintner behind the *Exchange*, of a *Mixtura Diabolica*, so that now he hates apples as much as our forefather after his kick on the arse out of paradice; shuns a drugster's shop, as much as a broken cit does a serjeant; swears he'll clear but ten thousand pounds in five years, and then set up for psalm-singing, and sleeping under the pulpit.

I cured a *Norfolk* attorney of the *Scabies Caufidico Rabularies*, another prodigious cure never perform'd before; so that now he's as quiet as a cramb'd capon among barn door hens, he won't so much as scratch for his food; his uncle the counseller has disinherited him; and since he has listed himself for a foot soldier.

I cured an *Amsterdam* burgomaster's wife of barrenness, so that now she has two children at a birth; besides a brace of sooterkins every year, and even now in these low-countries (so effectual are my remedies) I am teaz'd with daily messages, for astringents and flood gates, to help the poor pains-taking mortal in his aquatic situation.

Pierre Babillard, *French* valet and pimp in ordinary to my lord *Demure*, was troubled with the *Glosso-mania*, or that epidemical disease of *Normandy*, the talking sickness. He not only prattled all night in his sleep, but his clack went incessantly all day long; the cook-maid and nurse were talk'd quite deaf by him; whereas his master labour'd under the contrary extreme, and by his good will wou'd not strike once in twenty four hours; by the most stupendous operation that ever was known, (for the transfusion of one animal's blood into another, so much boasted of by the royal society, is not to be compared to it) I transfused some of the *French* valet's loquacity into the noble peer,

and

and some of the noble peer's taciturnity into the *French* valet; so that now, to the great consolation of the family, my lord sometimes talks, and Monsieur *Babillard* sometimes holds his tongue.

Sir *Blunder Dullman*, professor of rhetorick, and orator to the ancient city of *Augusta Trinobantum*, had been troubled ever from his infancy with that epidemical magistrate's distemper, the *Bos* in *Lingua*; so that whenever he made any speeches, the gentlemen were ready to split their sides, and the ladies to bepiss themselves with laughing at the singularities of his discourse. By my *Pulvis Cephalicus*, I so far recover'd him, that he cou'd draw up his tropes and metaphors in good order, and harangue you twenty lines upon the stretch, without making above the same number of blunders. If he has since relapsed, 'tis no fault of mine, but he may e'en thank his city conversation for it.

Dinah Fribble, eldest daughter to *Jonathan Fribble* of *Thames-street*, tallow-chandler, was so enormously given to the language of old *Babylon*, that she would talk bawdy before her mother, her grandmother, and godmother; nay, name the two beastly monosyllables before the doctor and lecturer of the parish. Her father, one of the worshipful elders of *Salters-hall*, wondered how a child so religiously educated, fed from her cradle with the crumbs of comfort, and lull'd daily asleep with *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, should labour under so obscene a dispensation. In short, I was sent for, pour'd some twenty drops of my *Anti-Asmodean* essence into her nostrils, and the next morning a huge thundering *Priapus* eleven inches long, came out of her left ear; she's now perfectly recover'd, talks as piously, and behaves herself as gravely as the demurest female in the neighbourhood.

Daniel Guzzle, Inn-keeper in *Southwark*, by perpetual tippling with his customers, was so inordinately swell'd with a dropsy, that Sir *John Falstaff*, in *Harry* the fourth, was a meer skeleton to him. I tapp'd his *Heidelburg-Abdomen*, and so vast an inundation issued from him, that if the stream had continued a quarter of an hour longer, it would have overflowed the whole borough, and made a second cataclysm. He is now perfectly cured, is as slender as a beau that has been twice sa-

livated for a ſhape; runs up the monument ſome half a ſcore times every morning for his diverſion, jumps thro' a hoop, makes nothing of leaping over a five-barr'd gate; and the famous Mr. *Barnes* of *Rotherhith* has enter'd him into his company.

Obadiah Hemming, Taylor, at the ſign of the *Red-Waſtcoat* and *Blazing-Star*, near *Tower-Hill*, was troubled with ſo unmerciful a *Ptiſick*, that no body in the family could ſleep for him: I ply'd him with my *Antituſſient Pillula Pulmonaris*, but without effect. I wondered how the devil my never-failing remedy diſappointed me! cries I to him, honeſt friend, what may your name be? *Obadiah Hemming*, ſays he. Very well; and what pariſh do you live in; *All-hallows-Barking*. Oh, ho! I have now found out the ſecret how my pills came to miſcarry; why, friend, thou haſt a damn'd ptiſical name, and liveſt in a confounded ptiſical pariſh: come call thyſelf *Obadiah Bowman*, and get thee to *Hampſtead*, *Highgate*, or any place but *All-hallows-Barking*, and I'll inſure thy recovery. He did ſo; and is ſo ſtrangely improv'd upon it, that he is ſince choſen into St. *Paul*'s choir, and begins to rival Mr. *Goſtin* and Mr. *Elford*.

Rebbecca Twiſt, Ribbon-Weaver, in *Drum-Alley*, *Spittle Fields*, aged 75. by drinking anniſeed-robin, geneva, and other ungodly liquors, and ſmoaking mundungus, had ſo utterly decayed her natural heat, that ſhe had lain bed-rid thirty years, and on my conſcience a calenture would no more have warm'd her, than a farthing candle would roaſt a ſirloin of beef. I made ſo entire a renovation of her with my *Arcanum Helmontio-Glaubero-Paracelſianum*, that ſhe's become another creature, out-talks the parſon and midwife at every goſſiping, dances to a miracle, never fails to give her attendance at all merry meetings; and no ſooner hears the noiſe of a fiddle, but ſhe friſks and capers it about, like a young hoyden of fifteen.

Nehemiah Conniver, one of the city reformers, was ſo totally deform'd with the *Lepra Hypocritica*, that never a barber, victualler, or taylor in the neighbourhood could live in quiet for him. To the admiration of all that knew him, I have ſo effectually cured him of this acid humour, that he will out-ſwear ten dragoons, go to a bawdy-houſe

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in the face of the ſun; and out talk a ſcore of midwives in natural philoſophy.

Thus, gentlemen, you have my bill, and catalogue of cures, by which you'll eaſily perceive that our internal world is only a counter-part of your's, where hard words, impudence, and nonſenſe, delivered with a magiſterial air, carry every thing before them. I ſhould now according to the method propoſed to myſelf, proceed to give you a ſhort account of what memorable occurrences have lately happened in theſe *Acherontic* realms, but the vaſt crowds of viſitants at my door are ſo obſtreporous and troubleſome, that I can conceal myſelf from them no longer. Be pleas'd, therefore, to accept of this imperfect relation in part of payment, and next month, when I ſhall have a better convenience of writing my thoughts at large, I will endeavour to give you full ſatisfaction. In the mean time, give me leave to aſſure you, that my higheſt ambition is to honour myſelf with the title of,

Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient and

moſt humble Servant,

GIUSIPPE HANESIO.

Sir FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD *to Mr.* PRIOR.

IT is ſome time ſince (you know) that I took my leave of you, and the ſun, and I fear'd of all good company too. My curioſity to obſerve the nature of an affair, whereof every body talks, tho' not one of them can underſtand, made me ſo long ſilent; that if it were poſſible I might give my friends ſome account or other that ſhould be of moment to them, either for diverſion or improvement. Your weighty affairs prevent the one, and your capacity the other; but that you may ſee friendſhip as well as virtue ſurvives the grave, I addreſs this to you, to aſſure you, we are not annihilated, as ſome philoſophers opened, and that our felicity does not conſiſt in an unactive indolence as others as vainly pretended. Virtue is its own reward,

and vice its own punishment. We are so refined here, that nothing can veil evil from the piercing eyes of every body, and the malice and envy of the most inveterate devils cannot over-cast the glories of the good. We impute a great many faults to the frailty of the flesh very unjustly. The soul hath its warpings as well as the clay, and some vices are so natural that we cannot extinguish them, tho' we may in some measure prevent their flaming out and boiling over. These remain still, and employ all the utmost efforts of our prudence to triumph over; and if we accomplish that, we are perfect; but if the malignity of our tempers prevail, we sink to the lowest abyss of infamy, shame, and disgrace. This laid the foundation of that doctrine of *Rome*, called Purgatory; and their ignorance, joined to their insatiable avarice, improved it to what at present you find it. Here is one duke of *Buckingham*, perpetually conferring with the *Spanish* ministers; the other as busy in finding out the mighty secrets of impertinent curiosities; here's *Mazarine* supplanting the liberty of *Europe*, and *Cromwell* that of *England*. *Shaftsbury* is pushing on *Monmouth*, and he is stiled king by one of his own footmen only; *Dryden* is every minute at *Homer*'s heels, or pulling *Virgil* by the sleeve, importuning *Horace*, or making friends to *Ovid*: but *Cowley*, with a serenity of mind that constitutes his felicity, quietly passes along the *Elysian* plains, disturbing no body, and undisturb'd of all, *Milton* his companion, and himself his happiness. The less considerable fry of wits are just as contentious here, as at *Covent Garden*; as noisy, and as ill-natur'd; every man in particular arrogating all to himself, and allowing nothing to others. The dispute rose so high, and the uproar continued so long, that *Pluto* commanded a squadron of his life-guard, with *Juvenal* at their head, to force them out of the laurel-grove, and lock it up till matters should be adjusted by *Apollo*, to whom he detach'd *Lucan* and *Lee* (as being the best skill'd in flying) with his complaints; they are returned with a proclamation, which for its novelty I will trouble you with; not but that I think it might not improperly have been made on the other side of *Parnassus*, unless matters are strangely mended since I left you.

We

We *Apollo*, by the Grace of *Jupiter*, Emperor of *Parnassus*, King of Poetry, Sovereign Prince of Letters, Duke of the *Muses*, Marquis of Light, and Earl of the Four Seasons, *&c.* to all our Trusty and well Beloved Explorers of Nature, and Cherishers of Learning, Greeting.

WHEREAS *we are inform'd to our ineffable displeasure, grief, sorrow and concern, that many fewds, jars, quarrels, animosities, and heart-burns are ever and anon kindled, stirr'd up, and fomented among the elder brothers of* Helicon, *as well as the multitude of vain pretenders to bayes and immortality, in so much, that your bickerings, clamours, noise and disturbances, are of intolerable inconveniency to the good and just; and an unhappy suspension of the serenity of their minds, as well as so many perturbations and infractions of the peace of our uncle king* Pluto's *dominions: wherefore it is our royal will and pleasure, that these notorious misdemeanours be forthwith remedied; promising upon our royal word, that justice shall be duly executed to every body; and all men of real merit and worth, lovers of wisdom and learning, of what nation or sort soever, shall in their respective classes of virtue and excellence, be registred in the glorious volumes of fame, to be kept eternally in the* Delphic *library: In pursuance whereof, we do hereby earnestly require and injoin our beloved sisters the Muses, to hold a court of claims in the principality of* Delos, *where we shall give our royal attendance so often as the fatigues of our laborious course will permit us, to examine all capacities, claims, titles, and pentensions whatever: and to avoid all lets, troubles, hinderances, molestations, and interruptions that possibly we can: we do furthermore hereby strictly prohibit and forbid, upon pain of our highest displeasure, and a hundred years interdiction from the laurel-grove, all sonneteers songsters, satyrists, panegyrists, madrigallers, and such like impediments of* Parnassus, *to make any pretensions whatever to reputation and immortality; till such time as the more laborious and industrious investigators of nature are regulated and dispatch'd.*

Given at our High Court of *Helicon*, this 47th Century, from our Conquest of *Python*.

At preſent the verſifyers are much humbled, for the laurel-grove is their cheifeſt delight; 'tis their park, their playhouſe, their aſſembly. I find all the vices of the mind are common here, as in your ſuperiour regions: ſeparating from the clay has only taken from us the means of whoring and drinking, but the mind retains ſtill the wicked propenſity. I conſidered not the preſſing number of your affairs, and that I hazard your ill-will by detaining you ſo long from the publick: give me leave only to deſire the favour of you, when your ſervant goes through *Chancery-lane*, to put up a cargo of the *ſpread-eagle* pudding for our very good friend counſellor *Wallop*, for he is inconſolable: twenty of the beſt cooks, nay, Mr. *Lamb* himſelf can't make one to pleaſe him. Live in health, I know you cannot learn.

Mr. PRIOR's *Anſwer.*

Worthy Sir,

I WAS not wanting in my wiſhes to preſerve that eſteem you honoured me with, or to give you freſher inſtances of it; but ſince your ſtars ſummoned you on the other ſide of the black water, and I did not know whither to addreſs myſelf exactly to you, I was obliged to ſuſpend my writing till ſuch time as I received your's. I am heartily glad the two crowns are agreed to permit a pacquet to go between them; and as for our friend the counſellor, I never ſhall be dilatory in ſerving him to the utmoſt of my abilities, and never ſhall call to mind but with veneration and wonder, his moſt heroick conduct and magnanimity in pudding-fighting. He ſequeſter'd himſelf from fleſh and blood very opportunely, and with a prudence that always accompanied him in the minuteſt of his actions; for ſugars and fruits are riſen already, and, in all probability, will continue to bear a good price, ſince *Portugal* has deſerted us; ſo I dare not pretend to be poſitive that the cargo I ſend will be as delicious as formerly, tho' its novelty may make amends for ſome time, for ſmall cheats in that profeſſion. Honeſt *John* the faithful companion of your wanton hours, was very much rejoiced to hear from you, and would needs take a leap after you, maugre

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all I could say to him: with this trusty servant I have sent you what you desired, and that I might be certain of its not miscarrying any where upon the road, I tuck'd friend *John* up with it, and so dispatch'd him presently. I was in hopes to have heard from more of our merry companions, or of them at least: how does *Rochester* behave himself with his old gang? is Sir *George* as facetious as ever? is my lady still that formal creature as when in our hemisphere? has she the benefit of cards and a tea-table? how did my lord *Jefferies* receive his son? and with what constancy did her grace hear Sir *John Germain* was married? I was in hopes you might have met with some of these in your peregrination, not that I suppose you can see those vast dominions of *Pluto*'s but in a proportionable time to the variety of subjects, as well as the mightiness of their extent.

We have nothing new here, because we are under the sun. Wise men keep company with one another; fools write and fools read; the booksellers have the advantage, provided they don't trust; some pragmatical fellows set up for politicians; others think they have merit because they have money. Cheats prosper, drunkenness is a little rebuked in the pulpit, but as rife as ever in all other places; people marry that don't love one the other, and your old mistress *Melisinda* goes to church constantly, prays devoutly, sings psalms gravely, hears sermons attentively, receives the sacrament monthly, lies with her footman nightly, and rails against lewdness and hypocrisy from morning till night.

The rest of particulars I leave for honest *John* to recount to you; my other affairs oblige me to take my leave of you; expecting some particulars about what I mentioned myself.

Yours, &c.

POMIGNY *of* Auvergne, *to Mr.* ABEL *of* London, *Singing-Master.*

SIR,

THE sons and daughters of harmony that crowd in daily upon these coasts surprise us equally with your capacities and misfortunes. We are generally of the opi-

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nion here, that the muſes are as well receiv'd in *England*, as in any other climate whatever. Men are charm'd there at ſo ſmall an expence of wit or performance, that one of your endowments might well have hop'd to outrival my felicity, and be ſomething more exalted than to the embraces of a queen. My parentage was as little remarkable in *France*, as yours in *England*; and though I had better luck, durſt not pretend I had a better voice. From a ſinging-boy, I puſh'd my fortune ſo as to ſucceed my own ſovereign. From the choir I roſe to the chamber; from the chamber I was preferr'd to the cloſet; and from thence was advanc'd to be vice-roy over all the territories of love: I was lord high-chamberlain to *Cupid*, and comptroller of the houſhold to *Venus*. Every delectation ſuperſeded my very wiſhes; nor cou'd I have ask'd for the thouſandth part of the blandiſhments I enjoy'd. I was as abſolute in my love as the grand ſeignior: 'twas for my dear ſake the fond princeſs rais'd her maids of honour's beds, that ſhe might not hurt her back (as ſhe had frequently done) in creeping under to fetch me out. 'Twas for my dear ſake, that if they but nam'd my name when abſent, in the raptures of her impatience, ſhe run againſt the doors, threw down the ſcreens; hurt her face againſt the mantle-trees and cabinets. She broke at times as much in looking-glaſſes, ſtands, and china, in the eager tranſports of her joy to meet me coming into the room, as by computation, wou'd have fitted out a fleet of fifty ſail of capital ſhips. Theſe were princely rewards for a man's poor endeavours to pleaſe: who would not bring up their children in a choir? or who would not learn to ſing? you have met, I muſt confeſs, Sir, with but ſmall encouragement in the main, and made but a ſlender fortune in compariſon of what might have been reaſonably expected from your talents: the moſt civiliz'd quarter of the world has been your audience and admirer; and you have left every where a name, that cannot die but with muſick, and that will ſurvive even nature; for in the numerous cracklings of the laſt conflagration, there will be, as it were, a noble ſymphony, that ſhe may ceaſe to be in proportion, and what is her apotheſis, will draw the curtain to a new creation. But that enlargement of our knowledge, which is the neceſſity of our ſpiritualization, ſhows me there is a malevolency

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in the influences of your ſtars, that will ever daſh your riſing hopes, and oppoſe your fortune. You cannot but have heard how *Alexander the Great* very generouſly diſtributed all the ſpoils to his ſoldiers, and contented himſelf with glory for his dividend. Thus your conſolation muſt be, whenever the fickle goddeſs frowns upon you; that noble reſolution of being above contempt, ſhows a magnanimity of mind equal to the greateſt philoſopher. But virtue is very often unfortunate, nay, ſometimes oppreſs'd.

Here are ſome deviliſh, ignorant, cenſorious, lying people, that will maintain, you were ſo impertinent as to give a gentleman, the trouble of cudgelling you, and there are many here whoſe wicked tempers are improv'd by the converſation of the place, as rogues by being in *Newgate*, and thoſe give credit to the aſperſions; but the tribe of *Helicon* endeavour your juſtification, for he that cou'd charm the king of *Poland*'s bears with the warbling accents of his mellifluous tongue, might with the ſame harmony have mov'd the ſturdy oak, and that is as heavy as a hundred canes 'Twas the glory of *Arion*, that the ſtones danced after his lyre; and as long as there are poets it will be ſaid, that *Orpheus* drew the tigers and the trees, to liſten to this trembling lays. May you not juſtly expect a place in the volumes of immortality, ſince it may be all ſaid literally true of you, that was but a fable of theſe darlings of our forefathers? no matter if ſome people put an ill conſtruction on it, the beſt actions of our lives are ſubject to be traduc'd.——Here was a dear joy of quality ſuffer'd the diſcipline of the place for ſtealing the diamond ring from you, thar the king of *France* gave you at *Fountainbleau*: to mitigate the blackneſs of the fact, he alledg'd the neceſſitouſneſs of his condition, and that it was pity ſo many gallant men ſhould want for their loyalty, while a jackanapes cou'd get an eſtate for a ſong. At this, *Rhadamanthus* order'd him a hundred ſtripes more for his pride in affecting a character his own confeſſion had ſo far derogated from. There are ſome conſiderable ſtars that riſe in *Bavaria*, whoſe influences are inauſpicious to you; for, among friends, 'twas no better than robbing him to run away with his money, and eſpecially before you had done any thing for it. However, this may be your conſolation, that the duke can't ſay you cheated him to ſome

tune,

tune. Here is a consort of musick composing against the king of *France* makes his entrance: out of gratitude to his generosity, you ought to make one of 'em; I can get you a lodging near *Cerberus*'s apartment; 'twill be convenient for you to confer notes together for he is much the deepest base of any here.

If your leisure will permit, I should be glad of some news from the favourites of *Parnassus:* I am continually at the chocolate house in the *Sulphur-street*. I shall look upon the obligation in *Ala-mi-re* in *Alt*.

Mr. ABEL's *Answer.*

SIR,

IF the advice be seasonable, 'tis no great matter from whence it comes; though 'tis not what one wou'd readily expect from a person of your climate; but that too renders the obligation so much the more binding. I was not so well acquainted with the ancient intrigues of the *French* court as to call your name to remembrance, but by the delicious expression of your wanton delights, I presum'd you might have been a *Mahometan* eunuch, because you seem'd to describe their paradice in part; what cou'd I tell whether more of that felicity came to your share or not? I met *Aben-Ezra* the *Jew*, but he knew nothing of you; at last a *French* refugee set me right. When I consider your private history I am amaz'd at your raptures, and that you could be so void of common reason, more especially after you had been so long spiritualiz'd, which you tell me, enlarges the understanding, as to set a value upon your self for raking a kennel, only because it belong'd to court. To have charm'd a person of an exalted extraction, as I did, and to bring her to be the loving wife of my bosom, was vanity without infamy. But your captive queen was a queen of sluts, equally the infamy of her own sex, as you were the contempt of ours. 'Twas very pathetically said of her by her brother, when he gave her in marriage to the king of *Navarre, that he did not give his* Peggy *in marriage to the king of* Navarre *alone, but to all the* Hugonots *of his kingdom*, and if he had said, all the *Roman Catholicks* too, it had hardly been

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an hyperbole. For ever since she was nine years old, she never deny'd any thing that was a man; no, not so much as her own brother. She had so great an inclination to be obliging, that she would not refuse even old age, and did not condemn even the blackest scullion-boy of her kitchin: she was the refuse of a hundred thousand several men's embraces before she took up with you. So that I see no such mighty ground for your vanity and ostentation: and if there were not other more beneficial expectations from the choir, I should advise but very few to follow it: not but that a fair friend in the *Palace-yard*, a kind friend in *Charles-street*, or a pretty intimate acquaintance near the *Bowling-Alley*, may help to pass away some leisure hours when the *Abbey* is lock'd up; however that is not sufficient to tempt a man to *C-sa-ut* it all ones life-time.

I ever found an inbred aversion to *Ireland*, and your news gives me more convincing reasons why I should not affect 'em: for to be stripp'd by some, and stripp'd by others, would of itself give a man an unfavourable Impression of such people. As for the freedom you take in diverting yourself at my expence, I easily pass it by: but your censoriousness scandalizes me, when so many very deserving persons of all ranks, sexes and qualities, as are my good friends and benefactors, are made the subject of your raillery. I do not want to be spiritualis'd to see thro' your banter, when you make me even superior to *Orpheus* and *Arion*; I smell what you wou'd be at, by being follow'd by tigers, blocks and stones: but it is lucky enough for you, that you are out of their reach: as for the article of *Bavaria*, I can say but little to it more than I thought the time was come, when the *Israelites* should spoil the *Egyptians*. You have such continual couriers from these parts, that you cannot be long ignorant of the minutest springs by which all affairs are keep in motion. To me they seem every where to be at much the same rate, like a horse in a mill, 'tis no matter who drives him. I thank you for your kind offer, in providing me lodgings; but I have so many of my friends gone there of late, that I shall unwillingly be from them: however, I shall always study to improve your good opinion, and continue theirs. If any accident calls me to your parts about that time, I shall gladly assist at the king of *France*'s entry; for doubtless

leſs it will be done with a moſt noble ſolemnity, and every way anſwerable to the character of ſuch a monarch. But as time is more precious here than in your country, I muſt beg you to excuſe me, for I am juſt ſent for to the tavern. *Adieu.*

Seignior NICHOLA *to Mr.* BUCKLY, *at the* Swan *Coffee-Houſe near* Bloomsbury.

IT is impoſſible to ſuffer it any longer! what, my diviner airs made the ſordid entertainment of ſordid footmen, ſcoundrel fellows, and I know not what for ragamuffins! muſt thoſe ſeraphic lays, that have ſo often been the delight of muſes, the joy of princes, the rapture of the fair ſex, the treaſures of the judicious, muſt theſe be thrumm'd over to blaſpheming raſcals, ſmoaking ſots, noiſy boobies, and ſuch nefarious mechanicks! oh, prophane! ----- they ſhall have my ſonatas, that they ſhall with a horſe-pox to them. Can't their *Darby* go down but with a tune, nor their tobacco ſmoak, without the harmony of a *Cremona* fiddle? if they can't be merry without muſick, provide them a good key, and a pair of wrought tongs. One of their own jigs is diverting enough for their heavy capacities; whence comes it that the ſons of art, and the brothers of roſin and cat-gut, can demean themſelves ſo poorly to play before them? ſince when have the daughters of *Helicon* frequented ale-houſes? muſt the ſacred ſtreams of our *Aganiope*, pay homage to the *Darwent*, and waſh tankards and glaſſes? ſure you think *Pegaſus* a jade, and are looking out for a chap for him: who can come up to his price there? his beauties are too ſublime for the groom, and his maſter had rather have a ſtrong horſe for his coach: none of them alas can tilt the fiery courſer. What a ſtrange medley do you make! wit, muſick, noiſe, nonſenſe, ſmoak, ſpawl, *Darby*-ale, and brandy: nay your rage and indiſcretion goes farther yet; folly and madneſs ſeem to be contagious, and you jar among yourſelves? the brothers of ſymphony quarrel, and turn the banquetting-houſe of the *Theſſalian* ladies into a bear-garden, thoſe active joints that ſo nicely touch'd my notes, are now barbarouſly levell'd at each other's eyes; the pow-

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erful off-spring of my harmonious conceptions, is miserably torn to pieces betwixt them; and what would have charm'd all mankind, is dishonourably employ'd to the lighting of pipes and cleaning of tables. If you will set up for celebrating the orgies of the juicy god, let your instruments be all chosen accordingly, your airs correspondent to the audience; but make me no more the contempt and derision of your debauch'd meetings: for the commendation of fools is more wounding than the reprimands of the ingenious. At best, it is prostituting me to bring them into my company. If you put not some sudden order to these ignominious proceedings, I will dispatch an imp to sowre your ale, consume your cordials, spill your tobacco, break your gasses, and cut all your equipage of harmony into ten thousand millions of bits; nay I will prosecute my revenge so far, that even in the play-house your hand shall shake your ear shall judge wrong, your strings crack, and every disappointment that may render you ridiculous, shall attend you in all publick meetings where-ever you pretend to play. So be wise and be warn'd: play to lovers and judges of musick, draw drink to sots and neighbours.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA *to the Archbishop of* Toledo.

YOUR eminency's remissness in the late affairs of the *Spanish* territories, has made my scorpion's stink deeper than heretofore, and superadded a new blackness to the horrors of my rage and despair. Those painful machinations, who took their birth from hell itself, and by my industry and application had so glorious a prospect of bridling all mankind, wherever the *Romish* doctrine triumph'd at least, are now by that long continued series of an unhappy supineness in your predecessors, or the powerful influences of *French* gold, reduc'd to almost nothing. The thunderbolts of the inquisition rattled more dreadfully than those of the *Vatican*; and after emperors had subjected themselves to the successors of St. *Peter*, we found out means to subject him to our censures, and by this made our selves superior to supreme. The mildness of your executions, and the rarity of 'em have substracted wonderfully

fully from their reputation, and from my designs. Your excellency can't say but I lay down very sufficient groundworks for the rendering my orders as lasting as religion, if not as lasting as time. More than *Europe* has felt the efficacy of my instructions; and where-ever my disciples have been sent they have brought us home souls and bodies, credit and estates.

What society can vie with us for extent of temporal concerns? what provinces are not in a great measure ours? we have the guardianship of the consciences of most of the considerable crown'd heads, and few affairs of importance are transacted any where but with our privity. I have not met with any one person in these kingdoms that has been of note and quality, that came here with a pass-port from the holy inquisition; now and then a rascally *Jew* or so, comes here blaspheming your power and prudence; and is so angry that he will not show it at hell-gates; as if he apprehended a double damnation from our character.

Your excellency can't but be sensible how great sufferers we have been by the substracting of the *Gallican* church from the lash of our authority; and it was no small amputation we suffered in the *Spanish Netherlands*, by the improvident proceeding of that rash commander the duke of *Alva:* If now you submit thus quietly to the administration of *France*, I cannot but apprehend an universal extention of that powerful and profitable institution. Next to my own society, I look upon it to be the basis of the *Romish* monarchy, and undoubtedly of your own, and of the *Austrian* greatness. How are your liberties trampled upon by a child, and all your dons led captives to *Versailles?* Where is the antient valour and obstinacy of the *Moorish* blood? Where are the poisons and the poniards so frequent in *Madrid?* Is *Spain* brought so low that she has not resolution enough for one feeble effort, to save herself from infamy and ruin? Your arms were always unsuccessful against the *English* nation; the greatness of your misery points out still the memorable, the very deplorable overthrow in eighty eight: There is a queen again upon that crown, willing and able to protect you as well as others, and it may be in rubricks of fate, that as one queen brought down the pride of the haughty *Spaniards*, so the other shall humble *France* as much, even when

when it is in its most tow'ring glory. But whatever be the destiny of *France*, you ought to look after yourselves, and not by an untimely accession of your powers to that of so formidable a monarch, intangle yourselves in an inextricable ruin, by so much the more unpardonable as you might easily have prevented it. Shew the world then that a *French* lion can't thrive in a *Spanish* soil, and dart forth the lightning of the inquisition against all that adhere to the *Gallic* interest and connive at the ruin of the *Spanish* grandeur. Exert yourself and swim hither in a sea of blood, and may your cruelties succeed.

Alderman FLOYER *to Sir* HUMPHERY EDWIN.

I Ever had an infinite value for your friendship, and as every letter is a fresh mark of it, I have in every one new matter of satisfaction; yet I could not read your last without equal surprize and concern; and if I did not positively believe your integrity, as I am acquainted with your capacity, I should be at a loss what construction to put upon it: for all *Europe* has been deaf for I know not how many years, with more and more accounts how your kings grew upon their people, and we ever look'd upon the *English* as very jealous of their privileges. I need not tell you how odious your two last kings were to us of these parts; nay, and all *Germany* too, papist and protestant; for instead of holding the balance between *France*, *Spain* and the *Empire*, as the situation of your country, and its mighty power by sea made 'em capable of doing, and the character of gurantees for the peace of *Nimeguen*, and the truce for twenty years oblig'd 'em to it; their siding with *France*, notwithstanding all the endeavours of foreign ministers to the contrary, and their own real interest too, may be justly said to have laid the foundation of all those calamities that the arms and intrigues of *France*, have since that time brought upon *Europe*. But tho' we had so many reasons to be dissatisfied with the proceedings of king *Charles* II. and king *James* too, yet we never diminish'd any thing of our good will we bore the *English* nation; because we cou'd not but believe they were as far

far from approving those transactions as we were, and repin'd as much as we did at the growing grandeur of the *French* monarch. The clandestine measures both those kings took to enslave their subjects to the power of *France*, and the *Romish* religion, was as good a demonstration of a natural enmity between those two sorts of people. His present majesty's descent was concerted with most of the princes of the empire after it was so earnestly propos'd to him, and almost press'd upon him by the very best of your nation. The friendship between the two crowns was no longer a secret, tho' the *English* envoy at the *Hague* deny'd it positively when I was there: This was more than an umbrage to the discerning part of your kingdom, and what the very commonality could not think on without terrible apprehensions: and all of us here in like manner look'd upon this enterprize as a thing on which depended the safety or ruin of the whole protestant affairs of *Europe*.

I cannot comprehend what unlucky planet rules over you! that any one person should be dissatisfy'd, is prodigious to me. You are freed from all those oppressions, whose probability alone having made no small part of your misery. You were very uneasy under the administration of king *James*, and now you are deliver'd, you murmur! you know his royal highness was so unwilling to embark himself in this affair, tho' his interest and his honour were very much concern'd at it, that he did not yield but to the iterated solicitations of your countrymen, join'd with full assurance that they would stand by him with their lives and fortunes. You must pardon the freedom of my expression, if I assure you, that this ungrateful false step lessens my value for the *English* nation: for after having made such terrible complaints of their miseries and injuries, and fill'd *Europe* with their tears and lamentations, implor'd a neighbouring prince to come to their rescue, at a season of the year that wou'd have quell'd the greatest courage that ever was, if it had not been supported with charity; and add to this, the unavoidable necessity of so vast an expence, as would have sunk some princes fortunes, now they are happily settled in their affairs at home, have glorious armies abroad. and that king at their head, who has so justly merited that title of *Defender of the*

the Faith, whose prudence and vigilancy has corroborated their native force with so many powerful allies; that these people should be so little sensible of their own felicity, as to murmur and be discontented, is to me a paradox, but I am sure unpardonable. The knowledge I have of the *English* genius, makes me believe there are but a few malecontents, and tho' they call themselves protestants, 'tis only to bring an odium upon those that really are, by such perverse measures. I hope 'tis only your fears for your country, which proceed from your love of it, that multiplies these disagreeable objects. You have a protestant prince, on a protestant throne, liberty of conscience, and even the *Roman Catholicks*, that were always plotting against the government, are permitted so much freedom under it, that they would be mad if they were out of it.

Look back to the desolations in *France*, and to the storm you are deliver'd from, and see if you can ever thank God enough for your deliverance.

Sir JOHN NORRIS *Commander in Chief of Her Majesty Queen* ELIZABETH's *Land-Forces against the* Spaniard, *to Sir* HENRY BELLASIS *and Sir* CHARLES HARA.

Gentlemen,

WE had no sooner intelligence of your designs, but we gave the *Spaniards* over for lost: the path has been so gallantly beaten to your hands, and your enemies hardly recruited their former losses in our glorious times, if they cou'd have forgot from whose hands they sustain'd 'em. If I may remind you without vanity, as I do it without a lie, I took the lower town of the *Groyn*, I plunder'd all the villages round about it, and by the gallantry of the *English* cut the *Spaniards* to pieces for three miles together. But these were profes's'd enemies that had attempted upon our state, and by their formidable preparations, threatned no less than our entire ruin. However, in all the licentiousness of a conquering sword, we ravish'd no nuns; and it had been justifiable if we had done it.

it. We took the city of *St. Joseph*, and tho' there was not found one single piece of coin'd money in it (which is a very exasperating disappointment to soldiers you know) yet we forc'd no nunneries. Had you two, gentlemen, been there, I presume you wou'd have eaten the children alive for mere madness and vexation, after you had gratify'd your more unpardonable brutish lusts upon the monasteries. Distressed damsels were heretofore the general cause for which the heroes drew their swords: as their sex made them the objects of our desires, so when their weakness was forc'd upon, they became doubly the subjects of our quarrels, and by so just a claim, that nothing but the very reproach of mankind refus'd it 'em. Your case, as I take it (gentlemen) is far different from that, where positive orders give licence; nay, an insurrection itself, and to lay all waste before you; to ransack the churches, and ravish the women, to burn the houses, and brain the sucking children; these are political rigors, that by a present sheding of blood, saves the lives of many thousands afterwards: this putting all to the sword, intimidates small towns for making feeble efforts for an impossible defence; which by losing some time, and some few men's lives only, enrages the conquerer at last, to use the same severity with them too, to punish their obstinacy. These are bloody maxims of war, but necessary sometimes, therefore lawful. But you (gentlemen) had not the least shadow of pretence for your lust or your avarice: if these are the insolent effects of your friendship, I fear no body will admit of your alliances, much less court them. Friendship betray'd, is the blackest crime that is, and what so far degrades a gentleman from the character of honour, that miracles of bravery in sieges afterwards wou'd never wear out the blot: but as if you had resolved to make yourselves odious, by making the fact more infamous, they must be nuns too, forsooth, that must be constrained to your libidinous authority. Your sacrilegious covetousness might have met with a shadow of excuse, if your intemperance had proceeded no farther: and indeed they must have a great deal of wit as well as goodness, that can invent any thing like a reason to mitigate the abomination of it. You, old commanders, you, old covetuous lechers, the bane of an army, the reproach of the

the beſt general, and of the moſt glorious princeſs. What laurels have your luſt and rapines torn from *O*——'s brows? What honours from your *Engliſh* arms? And what vaſt advantages from your own ſovereign? Had not your impious carriage made implacable enemies of thoſe that were not quite reſolved to continue long ſo at all, this ſummer had rais'd your princeſs to that pinnacle of renown and grandeur, that none ever ſurpaſs'd, and but few ever came up to beſides our illuſtrious queen, of whom no man can ſay too much; therefore of you, gentlemen, none can ſay too ill. A deſign ſo deeply laid, ſo cautiouſly manag'd, ſo long conceal'd, ſo wiſely concerted, cou'd not poſſibly miſs of a happy event, if your impious indignities had not conſtrained heaven to blaſt the undertaking, to ſhew it was juſt; thus the army periſhed for *David*'s having numbred the people: you went to free 'em from a foreign dominion, to ſettle the right of government in the right perſon, to prevent innovations, and relieve the oppreſs'd; in a word, to do juſtice to every ſubject. Oh, the plauſible pretext! the noble reaſons for ſo chargeable an expedition! yet no ſooner has the juſtice of the cauſe in general crown'd your attempts with ſucceſs, but your particular outrages pull down vengeance, and raiſe yourſelves enemies even out of the duſt; the conſciouſneſs of your wickedneſs blunts the edge of your ſwords, and adds new life and vigour to thoſe whom your courage and generoſity had almoſt vanquiſh'd before. Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, my worthy companion of arms, refuſed two millions of ducats, and burnt the merchants ſhips at *Port Royal*, becauſe that was his errand, and he was as juſt as he was brave. Had you two but commanded there (gentlemen) the *Spaniſh* merchants had not need have made ſo large an offer: half the money and ten young nuns a-piece, and you had betray'd your country. However, we queſtion not but in a little time, or by the next packet at leaſt, to hear that juſtice is executed upon you both to abſolve the nation, and atone for ſo abominable and unpardonable, ſo nefarious and ungentlemen-like an action. You will find a place on the other ſide of our river, that will cool your courage, by way of antiperiſtaſis, with wond'rous heat.

Don ALPHONSO PEREZ *de* GUSMAN, *Duke of* Medina Sidonia, *Admiral of the invincible* Armada, *to Monſieur* CHATEAU-RENAULT, *at* Rodondello.

WHY this mighty concern for what cannot be avoided? Why this chagrin? Why this *mal au cœur?* You might have fancied yourſelf invincible, you might have got a ſanctified paſs from his holineſs, it would ſtill have had the ſame cataſtrophe. The *Engliſh* are hereticks, man, they value none of theſe evangelical charms of a ruſh; their bullets have no conſideration in the world for a relique, nor their ſmall-ſhot for a chaplet. Beſides, they are ſo well acquainted with our ſeas, their own channel is hardly more familiar to them. This is but the old grudge of 88, when queen *Elizabeth* thump'd us ſo about: conſidering all things, I think you are come off very well. What ſignifies a few paultry hulks? The plate we are ſure you had prudently carried over the mountains in 1500 carts at leaſt, an undertaking as little dream'd of, and as much ſurprizing, as prince *Eugene*'s paſſing the *Alps*; but with this plaguy unlucky diſadvantage, that it may not be quite ſo true. Now and then in my more reſerved ſpeculations, I ſtumbled upon that ſame *Drake*, that burn'd about 100 of our ſhips at *Cadiz*; upon my honour I can't forgive him, and yet can't blame him neither. But thoſe two galeons that were ſo richly laden, ſtick in my ſtomach moſt confoundedly. No wonder our affairs proſper no better, for thoſe ſame hereticks have taken away ſeveral of our ſaints; that ſame *Drake* I mentioned juſt now, he run away with *St. Philip*. Beſides this, theſe *Engliſh* water-dogs ſwam after us into *Cadiz*, and went to *Pointal*, and there firk'd us ſo about the pig-market, that we were even glad to ſave our bacon, and fire ſome of our ſhips, and run the others on ground; there too, after burning the admiral, theſe unſanctifyed ranters ſtole away, not ſneakingly, but with an open hand, and main force, two moſt glorious ſaints more, St. *Matthew* and St. *Andrew*. There was another too of thoſe *Engliſh* bully-rocks, Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, with a pox to him,

him, he serv'd us a slippery trick indeed, for he took away the mother of God, and God knows she was worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, not reckoning the other smaller craft that went with him only to bear her company. There is something in our destinies that gives them an ascendant over us; and a brave man scorns to buckle to fortune. You may live to be beaten again as I was, and poor *Alphonso de Leva*, nay, honest *Recalde*, he was cursedly maul'd too with his rear squadron; and to add to my misfortunes, I was a little while after drubb'd again by them, I thought they never would have done dancing round me for my part: but what consummated my disgrace, and still leaves the deepest impression on my spirits, is the burning my fleet at *Calais*; there I must own it sincerely to you, I was somewhat astonished: I thought *Vesuvius* had been floating upon the water, or mount *Ætna* had out of kindness come to light me thro' the north passage home: but this was a hellish invention of those *Englishmen* to set my ships on fire, and destroy us all.

Now this similitude of our destinies having endeared you to me, I thought my comparing our notes together might mitigate part of your affliction. Nay, thus far we are again alike in the frowns of insulting fortune, that they will make new medals with the old inscription, *dux fœmina facti*. Indeed you must give me leave, Sir, to be a little free with you, that is, to tell you for ought I know, providence may have ordered it so, to shew that the wisdom of man is really but a chimera, and as *Spain*, when in the highest exaltation of its glory, with a vast fleet that was three years equipping, and consisted of no less than 130 sail of ships, enough to have forc'd her way thro' the universe; yet with all this preparation, a single woman, embroil'd in her state at home, not only made head against us, but even quite destroy'd us; insomuch, that the kingdom of *Spain* was never fully able to recover the vast expence of this fleet, and the continued losses that attended its being beaten: in like manner, Sir, what know we but that the kingdom of *France*, being now even at the summit of glory, and by the accession of the *Spanish* interest, so entirely at his own devotion, may not see all his laurels torn from his brows by a queen, and to the dishonour of

the *Salic* law, make the greateſt of all its monarchs truckle to a woman, whom they thought incapable of reigning. I don't ſay this will be certainly ſo, but examining all occurrences hitherto, it looks but ſcurvily upon the *Spaniſh* and *French* ſide. For *France* was never ſo many times, and ſo conſiderably defeated ſince he ſat upon the throne, and that too both by ſea and land. Indeed the *Engliſh* in theſe parts grow very pragmatical upon it, and at every turn call for *a ſon of a whore of a* Spaniard *to make ſnuff of*. Cardinal *Granvil*, that was the ableſt head-piece of his time, avers it ſo poſitively, that I dare not aim at a contradiction; and his opinion is, That the *Engliſh*, who are naturally good when they are yielded to, and only obſtinate and angry when they are oppos'd, will ever be happily governed by a queen; and he aſſigns this for a reaſon, that the monarchy of *England* having a great alloy of a republick, they are more jealous of their warlike princes than of their weak ones, and leaſt they ſhould happen to give a daring prince an unhappy opportunity of treading upon their necks, if they ſhould ſtoop any thing low, they will always in parliament keep him at ſome diſtance; but as a woman cannot pretend to guide the reins of empire by a ſtrong hand, they muſt do it by a wiſe head; therefore not truſting ſo much to her own judgment, as hot-headed man does, ſhe does nothing without the advice of her council; and that is a ſmall parliament, as a parliament is a grand national council, and this method of government ſuits beſt with the *Engliſh* temper: from whence I conclude, that *England* never was in ſo fair a proſpect of doing herſelf juſtice, and aſſerting her rights, ſince that miracle of a woman queen *Elizabeth*, as it is at this juncture. For ſo glorious and triumphant beginnings open all her ſubjects hearts, and their coffers with them, which cannot tend but to our ruin and ſhame. Make haſte hither, and get out of the confuſion that you cannot long defer.

MARCELLINUS *to Monſ.* BOILEAU.

NAY, this is beyond the poſſibility of patience! and tho' there is much due to the character of princes, yet there is more to ourſelves and truth; and I cannot without the

the highest injustice and ingratitude possible, but remind you of some of the actions of your idol monarch, which with so much reason dispute with each other, which was the most enormous and tyrannical. I only endeavour'd to make Julian *the apostate, pass upon posterity for a hero, and you call me an insolent brazen-fac'd rascally flatterer. If I exceeded the exactness of an historian, it was because in that treatise I set up for a courtier, and sincerity in such people is of the most dangerous consequence imaginable. If the emperor* Julian *had been the first monster in nature, that met with a willing pen to set his actions in a less inglorious light than others expected, and naked truth required; yet I am sure he is not the greatest. Your master has trac'd all the footsteps of his cruelty and policy; for if he manag'd matters so swimmingly between the catholicks and* Arrians, *that he secur'd himself by their divisions,* Loüis *has all along done the same: if he countenanced the* Jews, Loüis *supported the* Turks, *if he destroyed the christians,* Loüis *had done it in a much more barbarous and perfidious manner. If he threw down the images of* Christ *at* Cæsarea Philippi, Loüis *has acted the same in the front of the jesuits* * Church: *now since you have dar'd to consecrate the reputation of your king, why so many bitter invectives against me a petty* Pagan, *for speaking in favour of my master? you modern wits, that value your selves so much upon the having refin'd our dross, have sunk as scandalously low in matters of flattery as any of us. We are continually pestered here with disputes; and every court rings with the different claims. The* popes *send* legates *hither for their saints,* Pluto *won't let one of them go, because they are damned. Others will have it that their time is fulfilled in Purgatory, therefore would be discharged: but the Devil knows better things, Father* Garnet *too, that execrable engine of the* Powder-Plot *storms and raves, but the horned gentlemen with cloven feet laugh at him, and his canonization. Where was there ever so much innocent christian blood shed as on* Bartholo-

* The taking down the image of our Saviour, and setting up the *French* king's in the room of it, occasioned this distich,

Abstulit hinc Iesum, posuitque insignia regis
Impia gens; alium non habet illa Deum.

mew's *day at* Paris? *and yet even that unparalled murder has been juſtified a thouſand times by your church; as if the accurateneſs of a man's pen could make that paſs for a virtue which will be an everlaſting and deteſtable blot.* Peliſſon *is a man of prodigious parts,* Boileau *the ſmootheſt pen and nobleſt genius of his time, becauſe their prince is alive, and equally generous to reward their flattery, as greedy to have it: but poor I, becauſe I have been dead one thouſand four hundred years, and better, I am an idle raſcally fellow. But even at this diſtance I am no ſtranger to the tranſactions of* Verſailles; *and ſince you have ſpit out ſo much of your blackeſt venom againſt me and my hero, I ſhall take the freedom to call to mind ſome of thoſe very remarkable particulars which give ſo glorious a luſtre, as you call it, to your* viro immortali. *His life has been one continued ſeries of rapines and murders, perjuries and deſolations. For tho' the firſt diſorders in* Hungary, *were in ſome meaſure owing to the injuſtices count* Teckeley *received from the miniſters of the empire, yet it is undeniably true, that* France *fomented the war, and ſollicited the* Turk *to eſpouſe* Teckeley's *quarrels, and promiſed to aſſiſt him himſelf. The negotiations of the* French *ambaſſador's at the Port, the vaſt ſums of money remitted to* Teckeley, *and the endeavours to diſengage the king of* Poland *and the duke of* Bavaria *from the intereſt of the empire; theſe things, Monſ.* Boileau, *were not managed with ſo much ſecrecy, but the more eſſential particulars are come to many peoples knowledge. His other underhand dealings with ſeveral princes and cities of* Germany, *ſhewed his formidable army in* Alſatia *was not to ſuccour the empire, but to ſeize on it. But the raiſing the ſiege at* Vienna *broke all their meaſures at* Verſailles, *and the king of* France, *confounded at his diſappment, vented his rage upon his own ſubjects, and that part of them too that ſet the crown upon his head, when the moſt conſiderable of the* Roman Catholicks *abandon'd his intereſt. The ravage he committed in the territories of the three eccleſiaſtical electors, and in the* Palatinate *at the ſame time, ſhewed him rather the ſcourge of mankind, than the eldeſt ſon of the church.*

'Tis true, *there never was any prince but had his flatterers: but you* French *have been guilty of the groſſeſt to the preſent king of* France, *that ever were recorded. My* Julian

him *would have blush'd, or rather trembled, at such blasphemous adulation.* Loüis *has been adored for his mercy, and yet exceeded our* Nero *in barbarity and bloodshed. Fire and sword were mild executioners of his cruelty; for his impetuous lust of mischief has been so fruitful in inventing torments, that he has made all those forms of death desirable to his subjects that were the reproach of tyrants: his ingenious malice has contrived exquisite pain, without destroying the persons that suffer it; and if he could compel man to be immortal, he would vie miseries with hell itself. He scorns all the humble paths of* Domitian's *perfidiousness: such puny perjuries are too mean for* Loüis le Grand: *And since he could not possibly make them greater in their nature, he aggravated them by their number. The peace of the* Pyreneans, *that of* Aix la Chapelle, *that of* Nimeguen, *the truce for twenty years, the edict of* Nants, *the treaty at* Reswick, *are sufficient arguments, that he only promised that he might not perform; and vow'd to observe treaties that he might have the lechery of breaking them afterwards with a more execrable guilt. Your servile flattery stiles him the restorer and preserver of the peace of* Christendom, *yet he arm'd the Crescent against the Cross, and carried desolation through every corner of* Europe. *There is no prince but he has invaded, no neighbour that he has not oppress'd, no law that he has not violated, no religion that he has not trampled on, and shewed the successors of St.* Peter, *that he had one sword sharper than both theirs. His panegyrists have refined the impious wit of* Commodus's *sycophants; and lest books should not transmit their blasphemies low enough to posterity, they have raised superb monuments of his arrogancy and their own shame. What statues, what pictures of him at* Versailles, Fountainbleau, Marly, *the* Louvre, *the* Invalides, Paris *gates, the* Palace Royal, &c. *Where have I, Monsr.* Boileau, *arm'd my* Julian *with a* * *thunderbolt? have I any thing equal to your* viro immortali, *to your* divo Ludivico? *Why then am I such an*

* Over the door of the great hall of the *Invalides*, he is drawn guiding the chariot of the sun, with beams of glory round his head, and a thunderbolt in his hand, the four quarters of the world kneeling before him in a very humble posture, and the motto is, *Je plais a tous.*

infamous flatterer, such a sneaking cringing rascal? I have nothing comparable to your fustian bombast, nor to the hyperboles of Pelisson, *nor the impertinent titles of every* Frenchman *that sets pen to paper. I leave the world to judge, if my hero has not a juster claim to all the eulogies I have given him, ten thousand times preferable to* Loüis le Grand, *and yet you have said ten thousand times more of him.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Just as I was dispatching this, a mail came in from Spain, *that gave us an account of the king of* France's *having extended his dominions over the plate-fleet; but whilst he was drinking* Chateau-Renault's *health, some two or three merry* English *boys run away with it all; which has given* Loüis *and his grandson such a fit of the cholick, that they are not expected to live long under such terrible agonies: whereupon the Devil has order'd a thousand chaldron of fresh brimstone to air their apartments against they come.*

CORNELIUS GALLUS *to the Lady* DILLIANA *at* BATH.

Charming Dilliana,

I SHALL not blush to own I have been in love, since the wisest men that ever were yet, have found their philosophy too weak to prevent the tyranny of the blind boy. However, though they were sensible of the powers of beauty, yet they were all ignorant of its cause. The painter that first drew *Cupid* with a fillet over his eyes, did not mean that he was blind; but that it was impossible to express their various motions: sometimes eager desire adds new darts to their sparkling rages: sometimes chilling fear in a minute overcasts their glittering beams; joy drowns 'em in an unusual moisture, and irresolution gives 'em a gentle trembling despair, sinks 'em into their orbits: jealousy re-ascends the expiring flame: and one kind look from the person we adore, sweetly sooths 'em up again; and it is easy to remark from their sudden composedness the new calm and tranquillity of the mind. We may say as much of love as of beauty, we all know there is such a thing,

a thing, but none of us can tell what it is; 'tis not youth alone that is expos'd to the fatal tempeſt of this raging paſſion: age itſelf has yielded to its attacks; and we have ſeen ſome look gaily in their love, tho' they were ſtepping into their graves. It laughs at the moſt ambitious man, and makes a monarch turn vaſſal to his own ſubjects: it makes the miſer laviſh of his ador'd duſt and the hoarded ore profuſely ſcatter'd at his charmer's feet: nay, the poets themſelves did not feign *Cupid* ſo extravagant, as many philoſophers felt him: however, love is the great ſpring-head from whence all our felicities flow; and our condition would be worſe than that of the very beaſts, if it were exempted from this darling paſſion: yet it is as true too, that there is nothing upon the earth ſo enormous and deteſtable, but love has been the occaſion of it at one time or other. That glorious emanation of divinity, the breath of life which gave us the ſimilitude of our Creator, is often ſtifled by this raging paſſion, reaſon revolts, and joining partly with love, proves our ruin, by juſtifying a thouſand abſurdities: and there is no miſery to which mankind may be ſaid to be ſubject to, that is not cauſed by love. There would be no ſorrow, no fear, no deſire, no deſpair, no jealouſy, no hatred, if there were no love. The ſoul becomes a reſtleſs ſea whoſe tumultuous waves are continually foaming, every ſenſe is an inlet to this violent paſſion: and there are but few objects which can affect the ſoul, that do not give it birth: as heat produces ſome things and deſtroys others, ſo love, not unlike it, is the origin of good and evil. It may be call'd the ſchool of honour and virtue; and yet not improperly a theatre of horror and confuſion too.

'Tis the powerful and pleaſing band of human ſociety; without it there would be no families, no kingdoms; and yet we read of an *Alexander* that ſacrific'd a whole city to a ſmile of a miſtreſs. *Anthony* diſputed the world with *Cæſar*, yet choſe rather to loſe it than be abſent from *Cleopatra*'s arms. *David* forgot the auguſt character of a man after God's own heart, and though ſo famous for proweſs as well as piety, baſely murther'd the injur'd *Uriah*, the more freely to enjoy the lovely adultereſs. Charming *Sempronia*, the fire is pure in itſelf, 'tis the matter only that ſends up all thoſe offenſive clouds of

ſmoak; and if nature were not depraved, love would not cauſe theſe diſorders: 'twou'd not mix poyſon with wine to deſtroy a rival, and thro' a ſea of blood and tears wade to its object. Love is the moſt formidable enemy a wiſe man can have, and is the only paſſion againſt which he has no defence. If anger ſurpriſe him, it laſts not long, and the ſame minute concludes it as commenc'd it: If by a ſlower fire his choler boils, he prevents its running over; but love ſteals ſo ſecretly, and ſo ſweetly withal; into every corner of our hearts, into every faculty of the ſoul, that it is abſolutely maſter before we can perceive it. When once we diſcover it, we are quite undone: at the ſame time he triumphs over our wiſdom, and our reaſon too, and makes them both his vaſſals to maintain his tyranny: what elſe could mean thoſe numerous follies of the adulterous gods deſcending in viler forms to commit their rapes?——

The firſt wound that beauty makes is almoſt inſenſible, and though the deadly poiſon ſpreads through every part; we hardly ſuſpect we are in danger. At firſt indeed we we are only pleas'd with ſeeing the perſon or talking of 'em, affecting an humble complaiſance for all they ſay, or do, the very thinking on them is charming; and the deſires we have as yet, are ſo far from impetuoſity, that no philoſopher could be ſo rigid as to condemn us.

Hitherto 'tis well, but 'tis hardly love, for that like a bee, forfeits its name if it has no ſting. But alas! the lurking fire quickly burſts out, and that pleaſing idea which repreſented itſelf ſo ſweetly and ſo reſpectfully to the ſoul one moment before, now inſolently obtrudes upon our moſt ſerious thoughts, and makes us impious even at the horns of the altar; ſhe perfidiouſly betrays us in our very ſleep itſelf, ſometimes appearing haughty and ſcornfully, ſometimes yielding and kind; and this too when there is no reaſon for either. The infant-paſſion is now become a cruel father of all other paſſions; cruel indeed, for he has no ſooner given birth to one, but he ſtifles it to introduce another; whoſe ſhort-liv'd fate is juſt the ſame, and deſtroy'd the next moment it is born.

Hope and deſpair, joy and ſorrow, courage and fear, continually ſucceed each other; anger, jealouſy, and revenge, diſtract the mind; and all theſe mingled, their fu-

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ry is like a ſtorm blowing from every corner of the heavens: then the lover, like the ocean, agitated by ſuch boiſterous winds, he foams and roars, the ſwelling waves of his boiling appetite daſh each other to pieces, the foggy clouds of melancholy and diſappointment intercept the glittering rays of reaſon's ſun; the rattling thunder of jealous rage breaks thro' his trembling ſphere, when his underſtanding returns but for a moment, 'tis like darted lightning piercing thro' the obſcure of violent paſſions, and ſhews nature in every lover a confuſion almoſt equal to her original chaos.

Whoever was really in love (*charming Sempronia*) will readily confeſs the allegory to be juſt. Tho' nothing has ſurpriſed me more in affairs of this nature than that moſt men who have been ſenſible of this paſſion do not care to own it, when once their more indulgent fate has put a period to it; as if it were a calling their judgment in queſtion to believe they thought a woman handſom. Your eyes juſtify our adoration, and will ever conſtitute the felicity of

Corn. Gallus.

From Bully DAWSON *to Bully* W——

Confound you for a monumental Sluggard,

I HAVE been dead and damn'd theſe ſeven years, and left your talkative bulkineſs behind me as the only fit perſon in the town to ſucceed me in bluſtring bravadoes and non-killing skirmiſhes; and you like a lazy hulk, whoſe ſtupendious magnitude is full big enough to load an elephant with lubberlineſs, to ſot away your time in *Mongo*'s fumitory, among a parcel of old ſmoak-dry'd cadators, and not ſo much ſince my departure, as cut a link-boy over the pate, pink a hackney-coachman, or draw your ſword upon a cripple, to fill the town with new rumours of your wonted bravery, and make the callow ſtudents of the wrangling ſociety wag their unfledg'd chins over their penny-worths of *Ninny Broth?* adds fleſhly-wounds, in what ſheeps-head ordinary have you chew'd away the meridian altitude of your tygerantick ſtomach? and where ſquander'd away the tireſom minutes of your evening-leiſure,

over seal'd *Winchesters* of three-penny guzzle: that in all this time you have never exerted your hectorian talent, but keep your reputation mustying upon an old foundation, which is ready to sink, for want of being repair'd by some new notable atchievements.

Do you think the obsolete renown of cutting off a knight's thumb in a duel, and keeping on't in your pocket three weeks for a tobacco-stopper; lying with the *French* king in your travels, and kicking him out of bed for farting in his sleep; answering the challenge of a life-guardman for tearing a hole in his stocking with the chape of your sword when his jack-boots were on; gone where honour calls, behind *Southampton* walls: return by five, if alive, *Hen. W*——*n.* disarming three highwaymen upon the road with two-pence half-penny in your pocket, and letting them go upon their parole of honour; wearing a wig for ten years together without losing the curl or combing out one hair; taking a tyger by the tooth; and the *Grand seignior* by his whiskers; bearing an ensign in a mimick fight upon your atlantick shoulders; knocking a shiting porter down, when you were drunk, backwards into his own fir-reverence; your duel with *Johannes in nubibus*, in behalf of a lady you never set eyes on; your eating five shillings-worth of meat at a nine-penny ordinary, and at last treated by the man of the house to have no more of your custom; do you think these, or a hundred like antiquated exploits are sufficient to maintain the character of a stanch bully without new enterprizes? no, an old reputation is like an old house, which if not repaired often, must quickly fall of necessity to decay and will at last, by little, for want of new application, be totally obliterated.

Therefore, if ever you intend to be my rival in glory, you must fright a bailiff once a day, stand kick and cuff once a week, challenge some coward or other once a month, bilk your lodging once a quarter, and cheat a taylor once a year, crow over every coxcomb you meet with, and be sure you kick every jilt you bully into an open-legg'd submission and a compliance of treating you; never till then will the fame of *W*——*n* ring like *Dawson*'s in every coffee-house, or be the merry subject of every tavern tittle-tattle.

To

Bully Dawson in the Bilboes.

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To let you know I am not like a cock or a bull-dog to loſe my courage when I change my climate, I ſhall proceed to give you a very modeſt account of ſome of my bold undertakings in theſe diabolical confines, theſe damn'd dusky unſavory grottos, where altho' there are whole rivers of brimſtone for the convenient dipping of card-matches, yet if a man would give one ounce of immortality for ſo much of a ruſh-candle, 'tis as hard to be purchas'd upon the faith of a chriſtian, as if you were to buy honey of a bear, or a ſtallion of a laſcivious ducheſs, that wants frication more than ſhe does money; ſo that at my firſt entrance into this damn'd dark cavern, I ſtagger'd about by gueſs, like ſome drunken ſon of a whore tumbled into a *Newcaſtle* cole-pit; and finding myſelf in this ugly condition, I could not forbear breathing a few curſes out upon the place, which, by the lord of the territories, were thrown away as much in vain, as if I had carried lice to *Newgate*, or wiſh'd the people mad in *Bedlam*: as I thus blunder'd about like a beetle in a hollow tree, I happen'd to break my ſhins againſt a confounded poker, upon which I made a damnable ſwearing for a light, that I might ſee whereabouts I was, but to no purpoſe; I found I might as well have call'd upon *Jupiter* to have lent me his hand to have dragg'd me out of *Pluto*'s dominions. This ſort of ſtumbling entertainment ſo provok'd my patience, that tho' I knew I was under the devil's juriſdiction, yet I could not tell, but like a debtor in a priſon, or bully in a bawdy-houſe, I might fare the better for mutinying, ſo that I diſcharg'd ſuch a volley of new-coin'd oaths, and made ſuch damn'd roaring and raving, that the devils began to fear I ſhould put hell in an uproar; upon this a couple of tatterdemalion hobgobblings, that look'd like a brace of ſcare-crows juſt flown out of a peaſe-field, ſeiz'd me by the ſhoulders and run me into the bilboes; confound you, ſaid I, for a couple of hell-cats, what's this for? For, crys one of the grim potentates, as ſaucily as a reforming conſtable, for your tumultuous noiſy behaviour, why ſure, you don't think you are got into a bear-garden. Wounds, quoth I, thou talk'ſt as if the devil kept a conventicle; why hell at this rate is worſe than a parliament-houſe, if a man mayn't have the liberty of ſpeech, eſpecially when 'tis to redreſs his grievances.

Juſt

Juſt as we were thus parlying, who ſhould come by, but *Bob Weden*, jabbering to him ſelf like a jack-daw in a cherry-tree that had loſt his mate, I knew him by his hoarſe voice, which ſounded like the loweſt note of a double courtel: who's there, *Bob*, ſaid I? Captain, ſays he, I am heartily glad to ſee you; yes, yes, I am that very drone of a bag-pipe, you may know me by my hum; I have got my *quietus* at laſt, and I thank my ſtars, by the help of rum and hot weather, have bilk'd all my *Engliſh* creditors. Why where the devil, ſaid I, did you die then, that you give your creditors, the epithet of *Engliſh*? juſt over our head, ſays he, in that damn'd country *Barbadoes*, where my brains us'd to boil by the heat of the ſun like a haſty-pudding in a ſauce-pan; have been in a ſweat ever ſince above ſeven months before I died; all the while I liv'd in that damn'd treacly colony, I fancied myſelf to be juſt like a live grig toſs'd into a frying-pan; and now death, pox on him for a raw-head and bloody-bones, has toſs'd me out of the frying-pan into the fire. Indeed, *Bob*, ſaid I, I could wiſh myſelf in an ice-houſe heartily, for I have been in a kind of hectic fever ever ſince my admittance. Zounds, ſays he, 'tis ſo hot there's no enduring on't; its a country fit for nothing but a ſalamander to live in; if *Abednego*'s oven had been but half ſo hot, if any of them had come out without ſinging their garments, I'd have forſworn brandy to all eternity. Well but, prithee captain, how came your pedeſtals to be in this jeopardy? I told him the truth tho' I was in a damn'd lying country, only for curſing and ſwearing a little. Oh! ſays he, you muſt have a great care of that for here are a parcel of whiggiſh devils lately climb'd into authority, who tho' they were the forwardeſt of all the infernal hoſt, in the rebellion againſt heaven, yet of late they pretend to ſuch demurity as to form a ſociety for the *Regulation of Manners*, tho' themſelves are a parcel of the wickedeſt ſpirits in all hell's dominions; but however, have a little patience, I have a juſtice of peace hard by of my acquaintance, who tho' he be one of their kidney as to matter of religion, yet I know he'll be as drunk with burn'd brandy as a ſow with hogwaſh; will bugger a *Succubus* when his luſt's predominant; and as for curſing and ſwearing, he's more expert at it than a loſing gameſter,

gameſter, and if I meet him in a merry humour, I don't doubt but to prevail.

Thus *Bob* left me for a few moments, and indeed had we been in a brandy-ſhop where we had had any thing to have paid, I ſhould have much queſtion'd his return; but being in a ſtrange country, where friends are always glad to meet one another, and being free from the predicament of a reckoning, I had ſome hopes of his being as good as his word, which in the other world all his acquaintance knew as well as my ſelf, he was never over careful to preſerve.

During his abſence, I had little elſe to do but to curſe the country, and ſcratch my ears for want of liberty, which were terrified with the buzzing of a parcel of fanatical ſouls, who ſwarm'd as thick as bees at a *Hampſhire*-farmers, ſome damning of doctor *B——ges*, others confounding of *Timothy Cr—ſoe*, ſome raving againſt *Me—d* of *Stepney*, others curſing of *Salters-Hall*, &c. as if the ready road to hell was to travel through *Presbytery*.

By this time my friend *Bob* was as good as his word, which was the firſt time I ever knew him ſo. Well, ſays he, you may ſee I am as ſure as a *Robin*, I have got your diſcharge; but the juſtice ſwears, had you been confin'd for any thing beſides whoring, drinking, and ſwearing, you ſhould have been ſhackled and been damn'd before he'd ever have releas'd you; but however here's a little *Scribere cum daſho* will ſet you at liberty; upon which we call'd the conſtable of the ward, who, upon ſight of the diſcharge, freed my ſupporters from confinement, which was no ſooner done, but with a reciprocal joy for my happy deliverance, we began a ramble together thro' all the neighbouring avenues, in hopes to meet with ſomething that might give us a little diverſion; we had not travelled above an hundred yards, but who ſhould we meet but the old ſnarling rogue that us'd to cry *poor Jack*, with his wife after him; he no ſooner eſpy'd us, but attack'd us open-mouth'd after the following manner, *Two ſharpers without one penny of money in their pockets; a couple of bullies, and both cowards, ha, ha. Now for a fool with a full pocket, a good dinner on free-coſt, a whore and a tavern, a belly-full of wine without paying for't, ha, ha, ha, a hackney-coach for a bilk, or a braſs-ſhilling, a long ſword,*

never

never a shirt, White-Fryars *i'th' day time, a garret at night, ha, ha, ha, ha.* Thus the old rascal run upon us as we pass'd by him, that we were both as glad when we were out of his reach, as a hen-peck'd cuckold that has shunn'd the hisses of that serpent he hugs every night in his bosom.

We had not gone twenty yards farther, scarce out of the reach of the noisy tongue of this railing peripatetick, but we met *Bowman* that kept the *Dog-tavern* in *Drury-lane,* whose first salutation was, *Pox take you both for a couple of shammocking rascals, if it had not been for you and such others of your company, I had been a living man to this day, for you broke my tavern and that broke my heart. When I went off, besides book-debts never paid, but cross'd out and forgiven, I had as much chalk scored up in my bar, upon your account, as would have whitened the flesh of twenty calves at* Rumford, *or have cured half the town of the heart-burn, that never were satisfied to this day; and as certainly as you are both damn'd, I would arrest you here in the* Devil's *name, but that ye know a foreign plea, or the statute of limitation are pleadable in defiance of me; and that whore my wife too, that used to open her sluice and let in an inundation of shabroons to gratify her concupiscence, she lent her helping buttock among ye to shove on my ruin; but if ever I catch the strumpet in these territories, I'll scar up the bung-hole of her filthy firkin, but I'll reward her for her bitching. Confound you,* cries *Bob, for a cuckoldy cydermonger; do not you know damnation pays every man's scores, and tho' we tick'd in the other world for subsistence, it was not with a design to cheat you or any body else, for we knew we should have the Devil to pay one time or other, and now you see, like honest men, we have pawned our souls for the whole reckoning, and so a fart for our creditors; you see we had rather be damn'd than not to make general satisfaction, and yet you are not satisfied. Why a man at this rate had better live in* Newgate *to eternity, than be thus plagued with creditors after his arse, to put him in mind of old scores wherever he travels; besides, 'tis against the law of humanity, for a man to be dunn'd for a domestick debt in a foreign country. Well, gentlemen,* says he, *I find you have not forgot your old principles; and so good*

good by to ye. And thus, as *old Nic* would have it, we got rid of our second plague.

As we went from thence, turning down into a steep narrow lane, irregularly pav'd with rugged flints, like the bottom of a mountain in *North-Wales*, a damn'd greasy great fellow, with his hair thrust under a dirty night-cap, in a dimity-waistcoat and buff-breeches, with a hugh bucks-horn-handle-knife hanging by a silver-chain at his apron-strings, came puffing and blowing up the hill against us, like a *crampus* before a storm, sweating as if he had been doing the drudgery of *Sisyphus*, and coming near us he makes a halt, and looking me full in my face, gives a mannerly bow, and cries, *Your servant noble captain: Friend*, said I, *I don't know thee. Ah! master*, said he, *time was, when you condescended to eat many a sop in the pan in my poor kitchin; I kept the sign of the gridiron in* Water-lane *for many years together, but have been damn'd, the lord help me, above these nine months, for only cozening my customers with slink veal.* I told him I was sorry for his condition, and hop'd I did not owe him any thing: *No, worthy master*, says he, *not a farthing, for you never had more at a meal than a half-penny rowl, and I always, because you were a gentleman, allow'd you the benefit of my dripping-pan, and every time you came, you paid me for my bread very honestly.* I did not much approve of the rogue's memory, so bid him farewel: but my friend *Weden*, like a bantering dog, did so terrify my ears about my half-penny ordinary, that I had rather for the time been flung naked into a tuft of nettles.

As he was thus teazing me, who should we stumble upon but captain *Swinny* the *Irishman*; you cannot but imagine a very joyful congratulation pass'd between us: who had been stanch friends, such old and intimate acquaintance. No sooner was our salutation over, but we began to enquire as we us'd to do upon earth, into one another's circumstances: upon which, says *Swinny*, *By my soul and shalvation, I have got my good old lord here, that I us'd to procure and pimp for in t'other world; and as he gave me money upon earth to indulge him in his sins, and provide him whores to cool his lechery, now he's damn'd for't, like a grateful master, he allows me every day a dish of snap-dragons to fetch him water from* Styx, *to cool his entrails.*

I think

I think, says *Bob*, you were always very careful of your lord's health, and never brought any thing to his embraces but unpenetrated maids, or very sound thorn-backs. *By chriesh and shaint Patrick, 'tis very true*, says he, *for I always made my self his taster for fear he should be poison'd, and first took a sip of the cup to try whether the juice was good or no; and tho' he was as great a wencher as any was in* England, *I'll take my swear, excepting the gout, he's come as sound a nobleman into hell, as has took leave of the other world these fifty years, and was so very bobborous two days ago, tho' he's near seventy, that he bid me look out for a soft-handed she-devil to give him a little frication, and said nothing vex'd him but that he was damn'd among a parcel of spirits, with whom he could have no carnal copulation: well, gentlemen, I must loiter no longer, I am travelling in haste to* Styx *to fill my lord's bottle, but all won't cool his lechery, tho' he be turn'd a perfect aquapote so, my dear joys, farewel.*

We had not parted with him as many minutes a man may beget his likeness in, but who should we meet but *Mumford* the player, looking as pale as a ghost, sailing forward as gently as a catterpillar cross a sicamore-leaf, gaping for a little air, like a sinner just come out of the powdering tub, crying out as he crept towards us, *Oh my back! confound 'em for a pack of brimstones: Oh my back!* how now, Sir *Courtly*, said I, what the devil makes thee in this pickle? Oh, *gentlemen*, says he, I am glad to see you, but I am troubled with such a weakness in my back, that it makes me bend like a superannuated fornicator: some strain, said I, got in the other world with overheaving your self. What's matter how 'twas got, says he, can you tell me any thing that's good for't? yes, said I, get a good warm *Girdle* and tie round you, 'tis an excellent corroboratick to strengthen the loins; pox on you, says he, for a bantering dog how can a single girdle do me good, when a *Brace* was my destruction? I think, said I, you did die a martyr for a pair of penetrable whiskers, fell a bleeding sacrifice to a cloven tuft, that was glad, I believe, of your going out of the other world, as old *Nic* was of your coming into this, for I hear you kept the poor titmouse under such slavish subjection, that a peer of the realm, notwithstanding his honour, could not so much as come in to be

brother-

brother-ſtarling with you. Nay, ſome ſay you put an *Italian* ſecurity upon't, purpoſely to indict any body for felony and burglary that ſhould break open the lock. Pox confound you, ſays he, for a lyar, how can that be, when half the pit knows they had egreſs and regreſs when they pleas'd without any manner of obſtruction? but tattling here won't do my buſineſs, I muſt ſeek out *Needham*, *Lower*, or ſome other famous phyſician that may give me eaſe; ſo gentlemen, adieu to ye.

We had not gone much farther, but at the corner of a dirty lane we found a wondrous throng of attentive ſcoundrels, ſerenaded by a couple of ballad-ſingers, who ſtood in the middle of the tatter'd audience, with their hands under their ears, ſinging, *With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in and out ho:* who ſhould come limping by juſt in the interim, but Mr. *Dryden* the poet: there's a delicious ſong for you, gentlemen, ſays he, there are luſcious words wrapt up in clean linen for you; tho' there is a very bawdy myſtery in them, yet they are ſo intelligibly expreſs'd, that a girl of ten years old may underſtand the meaning of them; my lord *Rocheſter*'s ſongs are mine arſe to it: well my dear *Love for Love*, thou deſerveſt to be poet laureat, were it only for the compoſure of this ſeraphick ditty, 'tis enough to put muſick into the tail of an old woman of fourſcore, and make a girl of fourteen to be as knowing in her own thoughts, as her parents that got her; oh, 'tis a ſong of wonderful inſtruction, of incomparable modeſty, conſidering its meaning. Who ſhould come puffing into the crowd in abundance of haſte, with a face as red as a new pantile, but *Nat Lee*? Hark you, *Nat*, ſays *Dryden*, did you ever here ſuch a feeling ballad in your life before? egad, the words ſteal ſo cunningly into ones veins, that nature will ſcarce be pacified till ſhe has dropt ſome looſe corns into one's breeches. Foh, you old lecherous beaſt, ſays *Nat Lee*, here's a ſong indeed for a poet-bays of your gravity to admire! I have heard twenty better under *White-Fryars* gate-way. You're a mad man, ſays *Dryden*, you never underſtood a ſong in your life, nor any thing elſe, but jumbling the gods about, as if they were ſo many tapſters in a lumber-houſe. I'll ſing you a ſong, ſays *Lee*, worth fifty on't that I made when I was in *Bedlam*, to be ſung in my play, that had

five

five and twenty acts in't; now pray observe me, and your self shall be judge.

The gods on a day when their worships were idle,
Met all at the sign of the half-moon *and* fiddle;
Old Bacchus *and* Venus *did lovingly joyn,*
And swore there was nothing like women and wine:
They drank till they all were as merry as grigs,
And wallowed about like a litter of pigs;
Till their heads and their tails were so little apart,
That the breath of a belch, mix'd with that of a fart;
But as it fell out, poor unfortunate Mars,
Just nodded his nose into Venus's *arse;*
Why how now, says Mars, *ye old jade, d'y' suppose,*
Your arse was design'd as a case for my nose?
Then pulling his head from her bumb, fell a swearing,
Her honour smelt worse than a stinking red-herring,

Well, says Mr. *Lee*, after he had ended his ditty, what think you now, Mr. *Dryden*? Think, says he, what should I think? I think there is more pretty tickling sort of wit in the very *chorus* of the other, than there is in all your piece of frantick trumpery. Thus we leave them squabbling together, which song should have the preference, and so stept forward.

We had not jogg'd on above a quarter of a mile further, but a parcel of spirits in the shape of screech-owls came hovering over our heads, crying out, *Make room, make room, for the chief pastor of the flock will be here to night.* Think we, we here's some great guest or other a coming; for my part I thought nothing less than an archbishop of *C-n------y:* my friend *Bob* was much of my opinion, and cry'd, there was some fat priest coming in to pay his garnish, but who should it prove at last but a dissenting doctor, trick'd up in a band and cloak, and all the factious ornaments becoming a squeamish conscience, attended with abundance of bald crowns and gray hairs, who came hobbling after him like the old men of the *Charter-house*, behind their chaplain to eleven a-clock prayers. My friend *Bob* and I having both a curiosity to know what *Don Prattlebox* it was, enquir'd of a devil who had a discerning countenance, if he knew who this new comer was?

He

He answer'd us 'twas doctor *Ma--th--w T--y--r* of *Salters-hall*, and those that attend him were some of his congregation, who were come in order to take up lodgings for the rest, who would not be long after: Adsheart, says *Bob*, they are the most faithful flock in the universe, for if their shepherd comes to the devil, I see they will be sure to follow him, whilst the churchmen are such a parcel of straying sheep, that tho' their guides go to heaven themselves, they can perswade but very few of their congregation to bear them company.

The next person that we met with as we were rambling about, was *Harry Care*, the whiggish pamphleteer, who was stuff'd all over with papers as thick as a buttock of beef with parsley, and coming near us, he ask'd how long we had been in? Sir, said I, we are both but lately come from the other world: pray gentlemen, says he, can you tell me how my old friend Sir *Roger l'Estrange* does, and whether you hear any thing of his coming into these parts, for I am at a great loss for some body to exercise my talent with? I left him very well, said I, but when he takes leave of the upper world, whether he goes up hill or down hill to eternity I can't inform you. Sir, says he, your humble servant; and away he troop'd and left us without further impertinence.

As we were passing by the door of a little brandy-shop, who should be sitting upon an old worm-eaten bench, but *Sam Scott* the Fiddle-seller, and *Will. Elder* the graver, each with a huge *Dutch* pipe of infernal mundungus in their mouths smoaking for two penny-worth of anniseed-water. *Sam. Scott* had one while got the start of him, which *Will Elder* preceiving, exercised his lungs so very strenuously, that he overtook him at the last whiff, which they discharg'd with such remarkable exactness, that none of the standers by could undertake to decide the wager: when their pipes were out, we saluted one another with abundance of friendship, and *Sam. Scott* having an ascendency over the house, invited us to take part of a bowl of punch, and just as we were stepping in, who should come by but *O——n P——ce* that dy'd drunk at the *Dog*-tavern in the company of my friend *Weden*: mighty joyful we were to meet thus fortunately together; and to crown the happy juncture with an hour's mirth, we stept into the little con-

conveniency, every soul seating himself upon an empty rundlet like a godson of *Bacchus*, in order to receive the promis'd blessing: by that time we had every one ramm'd a full charge of sot-weed into our infernal guns, in order to fumify our immortalities, the scull of *Goliah* was brought in for a punch-bowl fill'd with such incomparable *Heliconian* juice, that six drops of it would make a man a better poet than either *Shakespear* or *Ben. Johnson*: by that time a cup or two were gone about to *Pluto* and my lady *Proserpine*, we began to fall into a merry inquisition about one another's damnation: prithee *Sam. Scott*, said I, what the devil were you damn'd for? why, I'll tell you, says *Sam.* I was found guilty of a couple of indictments, one was for consuming 975 papers of tobacco in six months, without any assistance, to the poisoning of many a ptisicky citizen about *Temple-bar*; and the other was smoaking my dog to death without any provocation. Come, *Bob Weeden*, said I 'tis your turn next, let us go round with it, prithee what charge did the hellish informers bring against you? To tell you the truth, says he, they prov'd me guilty of two great crimes too, one was for dealing by my friends very knavishly: and the other was for living by my wits every foolishly. Come, captain *Davison*, says the company, what sort of conviction are you under? as for my part, *gentlemen*, said he, the chief thing that condemn'd me, was the sin of forgetfulness; 'twas only for bilking my lodging, and being so careless to leave my perriwig-come behind me. Well, neighbour *P——ce*, said I, what was it brought you into these territories? 'twas for living like a rake, says he, without money, and dying drunk in a tavern with twelve shillings in my pocket. *Will. Elder* being the last, we summ'd up our enquiry with with his confession; truly says he, mine was a very great fault I must acknowledge, no less than the damnable sin of omission: you must know, *gentlemen*, the chief of my business was to grave the *Lord's-Prayer* within the compass of a silver penny; but to tell you the truth, I never thought of it but when I was at work, since my eyes were open, and 'tis chiefly for that neglect I suffer this confinement.

Well, says *Bob Weeden*, for my part, now I have got a bowl of Punch before me, and such good company, I would

would not give a nitt out of my ſhirt-collar to return back to my old quarters upon earth, for that was but a life full of extreams, and this can be no other; for there I was always very drunk or very drowſy, ſurfeited or very hungry, generally very poor and very pocky, afraid to walk the ſtreets, and no money to keep me within doors; thought very witty by fools, and by wiſe men very wicked, was every body's jeſter that wanted wit, and a blockhead to all thoſe that had it; dunn'd every where, and truſted no where; car'd not for any body, and belov'd by no body: and what ſtation on this ſide death can be worſe than ſuch a miſerable life? What ſignifies a little hot weather, when a man's aſſur'd it can't endanger his health; nothing can be ſubject to ſickneſs but what is liable to death, and that period, immortality is free from. Come then ſaid *I*, if it be ſo, here's a bumper in memory of the cellar at the *Still*, and honeſt *Jack Ni----ls* the harper, count *C----ni---s*, captain *Wa-k-er*, and all the jolly lads of our loving acquaintance, with a huzza. In this manner we ſpent the evening as merrily as ſo many tars under the tropicks, over their forfeitures, till at laſt we had the devil to pay with empty pockets: but *Sam Scott*, who was the undertaker of the treat, having made his coffin into a baſs-viol, gave my landlady a leſſon, two or three kiſſes, and a few fair words, and prevailed with her to truſt him for the reckoning; ſo being all ſaluted with you're welcome gentlemen, we all aroſe like a company of coopers from our tubs and our rundlets, and went away hooping for more liquor.

Theſe are all the remarkable paſſages that at preſent I think worth tranſmitting to you: ſo, hoping you will requite me after the like manner with ſomething that may be entertaining to a gentleman under my warm circumſtances; if it be an eſſay upon ice, or a treatiſe of the ſovereign efficacy of rock-water, it will be a very cooling ſatisfaction to your parboil'd friend,

DAWSON.

Mr.

Mr. HENRY W------'s *Answer to Bully* DAWSON.

Noble Captain and Commander in Chief of all the Cowards in Christendom.

IF being smoak'd-dry'd up a chimney, like a flitch of bacon, thro' fear of bayliffs, being kick'd thro' the whole town by every coxcomb, being pox'd by every whore, and dunn'd by every scoundrel, starving, lousing, begging, borrowing, bullying, and all the plagues of human life, would never mend your manners upon earth, I have little reason to believe the strict discipline of hell can make any reformation in so incorrigible a libertine; what reason have I ever given you to affront a poet? A gentleman of the law, a member of an inn of *Chancery*, an officer in the trained-bands, a man of invention, known courage, worth and integrity; a gentleman of my stature, figure, and parts, that am able to crush a thousand such nitts as thou art under my thumb-nail: 'tis well known to the world, I have fought many duels with success, writ many lampoons with applause, manag'd many causes to my clients satisfaction, told many a pleasant story to the benefit of coffee-houses, flirted out many a jest to the delight of my companions, march'd out often to the credit of St. *Clement*'s trained-bands, when I have been the only wonder of all the little boys that followed us, who, to the pleasure of my own ears, have cry'd aloud, there goes a tall ensign, there's a swanking fellow for you between the two blunderbusses; there's a *Goliah*, says the men; there's a strong-back'd *Sampson*, says the women: And shall I, because I have been guilty of two or three little slips, which no man is exempt from, be put in mind of 'em, by such an arrogant crackfart as thou art: I tell thee, bully, if thou wer't but to be found upon earth, I would grind thee in a paper-mill for thy insolence, till I had made bumfodder of thee: but however, since charity obliges every good christian to forgive a man when he is dead, I shall pass by your affront, and take no more notice of it for the future; but upon the word of a man of honour, had you been living, I would no more have forgiven you, than I would have

have gone one day without a dinner if I had but one book in my library; therefore all things shall be forgotten, tho' you have deserv'd the contrary. And since you have obliged me with a short journal of your transactions on the other side *Styx*, I think myself oblig'd in honour to make a return of your civility after the like manner, for the world knows me to be a man of a forgiving temper, and I scorn by bearing malice, or studying revenge, to forfeit my character.

I happen'd the other night in company with some men of honour, brave fellows, who were a little nice in their conversation, as well as their wine, that try'd every word that was spoke by the touch-stone of good manners, and one of them happening to say he was a lieutenant on board one of his majesty's small frigats, when so violent a storm rose upon the coast of *Ireland*, that a monumental sea washing over the topmast head, by the very pressure of its weight sunk the vessel to the bottom of the ocean, which gave such a prodigious knock against the sand with her keel, that the very rebound, being a tight ship, sent her up again to the surface, without damage; and that by a watch of *Tompion*'s, which he had in his pocket, they were three quarters of an hour and some odd minutes in this dangerous expedition, that is, in going down and coming up again. Lord Sir, says I, how did you breathe all that while? Zoons, Sir, says he, 'tis an affront to ask a gentleman such a question, and I demand satisfaction? am I bound to tell every blockhead how many times I fetch my breath in three quarters of an hour? Nay, Sir, said I, if you are for that sport, have at you, I'm a man of honour, and dare wait upon you any where; with that he whisper'd me to go down stairs, which we both did accordingly, and drawing at the door, the first pass I made was a home thrust (for I never love to dally in such cases) and I run him thro' the centre of the fifth jubilee button of his coat, and just scratch'd him in the breast, upon which he dropp'd his sword, believing I had kill'd him; but I taking up the fallen weapon, stepp'd to him and unbrac'd him, found he was more afraid than hurt; and that it was but a small prick that signified nothing: Now, pray Sir, said I, how did you breathe, I think I may make bold to ask you? I'll tell you, Sir, said he, I took in the

water at my mouth, just as a fish does, but having no gills to give it vent, I let it out of my fundament. Upon which answer, I was well satisfy'd, gave him his sword, and we became as great friends as the devil and the earl of *Kent*.

Another duel I had since that, (for you must know challenges come thick and threefold upon me, like actions upon a breaking shop-keeper) which I hope for its singularity, will prove a little entertaining to you; I happened lately to be invited to a gentleman's chamber in *Grays-Inn*, to drink part of a bowl of punch; accordingly I went, and was very plentifully entertained among some other gentlemen of my acquaintance, with a capacious vessel of this most noble *Diapente*, insomuch, that we were all elevated above the use of our legs, as well as our reason. The gentleman that gave us the entertainment, by the assistance of his man, made a shift to get to bed about twelve at night, but the rest lay up and down in the corners of the room, snoaring like so many gorg'd swine, and battening in their own snivel, which tobacco had drain'd from their moist entrails: I guarded the garrison of good liquor the very last man, and maintain'd my post at the table like a true *English* hero, till between *Bacchus* and *Morpheus*, like the rest of my companions, I was lull'd into a lethargy, and falling forward in my chair upon the table, my forehead happen'd to take the edge of the punch bowl, and turn'd it clear over my head, that it served me for a night-cap, my nose being drowned in the remains of the punch; every time I drew up my breath, up went a spoonful, so that in a little time my nostrils were syring'd as clean as a lady's honour by noon, that has drank two quarts of *Epsom* waters for her mornings draught: but after some time being almost suffocated, nature finding itself oppress'd, gave me a jog, and wak'd me out of this drunken slumber. I had not scratch'd my ears, and rubb'd my eyes above three minutes, but awakes another; O lord! says he, that a man should lead this wicked life, to be married but a fortnight and play these tricks, my wife will think I am a whoring already, or plague herself with some damn'd whimsy or other. By this time a third awakes, starts up like a ghost out of a grave, crying, A little drink for the Lord's sake, for I am

as

as drowsy as if I had deen dry'd in an oven all night, and with that whips up the punch-bowl to his head, and drinks off the rincings of my noſtrils as heartily as if it had been ſherbet made on purpoſe for a cooler, and by the way, ever ſince that time has found ſuch an alteration in his faculties, that from a very dull fellow he is become an abſolute wit, to the admiration of all that knew him, tho' I never durſt tell him it was from the dripping of my brains that he deriv'd his ingenuity. But to be ſhort in my ſtory, when I was thoroughly awak'd, I began to have a wambling in my ſtomach, as if I had ſupp'd over night with a mountebank's toad-eater, the chamber-pot being full, I was unwilling to defile the room, and before I was aware, let fly into my *lignum-vitæ* night-cap, and being then pretty well at eaſe, I open'd the chamber door, and ſtagger'd homewards; at the end of *Turnſtile* I happen'd to make a trip at a drunkard's enemy, a ſtump, and down I tumbled; who ſhould come by before I could get up again, but the conſtable going his rounds, who quickly made me the centre of a circle of jack of lanthorns, and ſeeing me grovelling on the ground, did not know but ſome body had miſchiev'd me, upon which they ask'd me if I was wounded? Yes ſaid I, ſadly cut. Where, where, Sir, cries the watchmen? I reply'd, about the head; they cry'd out, who did it, who did it! punch, punch, ſaid I; one of the watchmen being a fat ſhort fellow, they us'd to call him punch, by my ſoul, Sir, ſaid he to the conſtable, I never ſaw the gentleman all the night before, and with that they haul'd me up, and perceiving their miſtake, two of them, like honeſt fellows, handed me home to my chambers, without ſo much as ſtealing my hat, or picking my pockets, which was a wonder: I had not been many hours in bed, but comes the footman of the gentleman who entertain'd us, to my door with a challenge, for affronting him for his civility, by ſpewing into his punch-bowl. I ſent him word I would not fail to meet him at the time and place appointed, God willing; ſo put on a clean ſhirt, and equipp'd myſelf for the adventure. But conſidering I had a man of fortitude to deal with, and one that would face any thing upon earth, except a cat, which he hated much more than he did the ſight of the devil; I therefore

thought policy beyond ſtrength againſt ſuch an adverſary, ſo reſolv'd to ſet my ſet my wits to work to prevent bloodſhed, and fortunately having a cat in my chamber that had not kitten'd above a week? I took the whole progeny out of the neſt, which conſiſted of half a dozen, puts three into one coat-pocket, and three into t'other, and away I march'd behind *Southampton-wall* to meet my antagoniſt; where I waited but a few minutes e'er he approach'd the place in a great fury; I argued the matter reaſonably with him, but found nothing would atone for the affront but downright fighting, ſo ſteping a few paces back, he gave me the word and draws. I inſtead of applying my hands to my ſword, apply'd them to my ſafer ammunition the kittens, and fortifies each fiſt with a young Mrs. *Evans*; I grip'd 'em hard to make 'em mew, that the conſet might be the more terrible; no ſooner did he ſet his eyes upon his little ſquawling adverſaries, but away he ſcower'd, as if a legion of devils had been in purſuit of him. I after him, toſſing now and then one of my hand-granadoes at him, but took care to pick them up again, leſt my ammunition ſhould be ſpent. Who ſhould follow me into the fields at a diſtance by the ſcent, but the old one, in queſt of her young, who by this time came up with us, and ſeeing her hopeful iſſue thus terribly abus'd, ſhe flew about like a fury; at firſt he only travers'd his ground at a little diſtance, but when he ſaw the mother of the family come cocking her tail, whetting her talons, and ſtaring worſe than a dead pig, he ran outright to *Totnam-Court*, as if vengeance had purſued him, took ſanctuary at *Inman*'s, ſince which retreat I have not yet ſeen him; but for ſelf-preſervation, which you know is nature's law, I have ever ſince walk'd arm'd with a brace of kittens in my pocket, for fear of farther danger.

Theſe are late teſtimonials of my courage, to let you ſee I dare yet meet any body upon the old killing ſpot, tho' he be a better man than myſelf, and what is wanting in courage, I can ſupply with policy at any time: therefore conſider how much you wrong me when you accuſe me of idleneſs, ſince my proweſs is ſufficiently ſhewn in every days adventure.

So

So much for my courage, and now for a few certificates of my wit, for which the world, as well as yourself, knows I am equally famous: I happen'd the other day to be at *Nando*'s coffee-house in company with a person, who was exclaiming heavily against a weaver of whores hair for cheating him in a wig. Sir, said I, next time you have occasion for a new noddle-case, if you please, I'll recommend you to the honestest perriwig-maker in *Christendom*; I bought this wig on my head of him, it cost me but fifteen shillings, and I have wore it *de die in diem* these nine years and upwards, and you see it's not yet dwindled into scandalous circumstances; and, Sir, if you please I'll tell you for what reason he can afford better penny-worths than the rest of the trade; in the first place, you must know he dwells at *Chelmsford* in *Essex*, and the country you are sensible admits of cheap living; in the next place, he has nineteen daughters in his family, all bred up to his own trade, who being kept unmarried, that their radical moisture should by no means be exhausted, their own hair grows so prodigiously fast that it keeps them all employ'd from the first day of *January*, to the last of *December*, setting aside holy-days; once in four years he mows the family round, never failing of a very plentiful crop; much about this time I reckon his harvest is ripe, and all the neighbouring gentlemen are flocking in to bespeak their perriwigs; some are fair girls, some brown, some black, so that he can mix up a colour to suit any complexion. And is this true, Sir, says the young priest? true, Sir, said I, I hope you don't think me so little of a christian to impose upon a scholar, a gentleman of your function: 'tis so true, Sir, that it brings a great trade to the town, and every body knows that *Essex*, for *Chelmsford* wigs, and *Rumford* calves, out-does all the counties in *England*. Say you so, says the *Levite*, I am come up to town about a little business that will require my attendance about a fortnight, and having a horse that has nothing else to do, I'll e'en make a journey thither to morrow, and try if I can chaffer. Sir, said I, there is not such hair in the kingdom of *England*, as in his family, for they are all virtuous girls, and that makes their hair the stronger; besides, all the clergy round him are his customers, because he makes up his wigs without any mixture of whores hair; for as

contagious fumes we are ſenſible will corrupt the body, who knows but the effluvias emitted from the locks of a polluted woman, hanging ſo near the noſtrils may be ſuck'd in, to the ſtrengthning of looſe inclinations, and may beget an appetite to fornication, too rebellious and powerful for reaſon to curb into an orderly ſubjection. Well, ſays the young doctor, I'll have one of the wigs to carry into the country with me and pleaſe the pigs; at *Chelmsford* you ſay? yes, Sir, at *Chelmsford* ſaid I, the leaſt child in in the town knows him; ask but for the Barber and his nineteen daughters, and you cannot miſs of him.

Having thus laid the ſcene, I took my leave, and adjourn'd about the buſineſs of the day, and coming from *Montague*'s ſhop three or four days afterwards, I ſtepp'd into the ſame coffee-houſe, where I happen'd to meet with the ſpiritual paſtor juſt coming to town, who had been erring and ſtraying like a loſt ſheep in queſt of *Tonſor in nubibus*. As ſoon as ever he ſet eyes upon me, he attack'd me tooth and nail, with as much fury as if I had been brother to the *Whore of Baylon*, and told me I was ſome *Papiſt*, or otherwiſe a *Fanatick*, or elſe I would have had more religion in me, than to have made a fool of a man of his function, for that he had taken a journey on purpoſe to *Chelmsford*, and could find no ſuch barber. Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't be ſo angry, for ſince I never gave ear to your preaching, why ſhould you liſten to my prating? and ſince you make fools of a whole pariſh every ſunday, how can you be ſo angry with a man to make a fool of you once in his life time? ſo turn'd my back, and left the whole company to laugh at him.

You muſt know I love dearly to put a jeſt upon a prieſt, becauſe it was always my opinion, they put more jeſts upon the world than any people; beſides, any body may put a trick upon a block-head, but that conduces but little to a man's reputation. I love to put my jokes upon men of parts, that the world may ſee I can bite the biter; nothing carries the burthen of another man's wit with a greater grace, than a ſacerdotal dromedary; therefore to let you ſee the wonderful regard I bear to religion, I have one ſtory, or piece of wit more to entertain you with, that I hope may further divert you.

I chanc'd

I chanc'd to be in company with a parcel of grave ſermon-hunters, and among a long catalogue of reverend orators, whoſe name ſhould bring up the rear of the eminent *Black-Liſt*, but my honeſt neighbour the dean's? I took not their flattery for my example, but gave my tongue the liberty to ſpeak as I thought, and ſaid, he was a learned blockhead; ſome of my good friends had the civility to report my ſaying to him. Upon which, he ſent the reader of the pariſh to admoniſh me, who came one morning very ſolemnly to my chamber, and took upon him to tell me how diſhonourably and unchriſtian-like I had done, in aſperſing the doctor with the calumny of being a learned blockhead. Truly, Sir, ſaid I, I am ſorry I ſhould be ſo unmannerly to expreſs my ſentiments ſo freely: but however, ſince it is done and can't be help'd, I deſire you will go back and tell him it's more than I can ſay by you, for thou art a blockhead without any learning at all, and a fit man to be ſent upon ſuch errands. Upon this anſwer he lugg'd his hat over his eyes, and ran away as ſullen and as ſilent as the devil pinch'd by the noſe did from St. *Dunſtan*, when the old gentleman had looſen'd his barnacles.

Now for a piece of my poetry to let you ſee my talent is univerſal, and then I believe I ſhall have quitted ſcores with you. In a hot ſunſhine day this ſummer, when the ſun was climb'd to his meridian heighth, and the progeny of every cow-turd had taken wing, and were buzzing about ſtreets in ſearch of cooks ſhops, ſugarbakers, and grocers, that a man cou'd not walk *London*-ſtreets without having his noſe perſecuted by gnats, waſps or blue-bottles, my ſtomach, which is generally as forward without ſuſtenance at that hour, as a hungry ſucking child without the bubby, would not let me be at reſt till I had purchas'd its pacification at the expence of nine-pence; in order to gratify the cormorant, I ſtepp'd into a cook's ſhop where a ſix-penny ſlice of veal was brought me, ſo garniſh'd with fly-blows, that there lay a whole covey of the little embroys upon every morſel, that I had more picking work than a ſurgeon has with a patient whoſe buttocks are pepper'd with ſmall ſhot, which put me in ſuch a poetick fury, by that time I had half ſwallowed up my noonings, that I pluck'd out my pen and ink, and whilſt my fancy was warm writ a ſatire againſt *Fly-Blows*, wherein

perhaps you may find as much wit and ill nature mix'd artfully together as you may in that incomparable satire, *The True-born Englishman*; so pray read and judge favourably.

A Satire against *Fly-Blows*. By Mr. *W*——

YE worst of vermin that our isle affords,
Spawn of curs'd flies, engender'd first in t---rds
Ye nitty off-spring of a winged plague,
That swarms in mutton from the rump to th' craig:
Tormentors of our cooks, all England's *foes,*
From rural gluttons, to our London *beaus.*
In ev'ry cloven joint thy mother's blow,
Where if not crush'd, you will to maggots grow,
Raise your black heads, and crawl about our food,
And poison what was eatable and good;
Pollute that flesh which should our lives maintain,
To dogs condemn what was design'd for man.
Ye eggs of mischief that in clusters dwell,
Hateful to the eyes and nauseous to the smell,
Ill omens of a worse succeeding harm,
That makes good housewives blush, the husbands storm.
For thee the faultless cook-maid bears the blame,
More salt, you slattern, crys the angry dame,
And then the falchion-ladle goes to work:
I'll teach you, jade, to salt the beef and pork.
May showers of brine each powdering-tub o'erflow,
Pepper and salt in every orchard grow;
Then may each hand to seas'ning be employ'd,
That thy curs'd race may be at once destroy'd.

I'll assure you, *Captain*, these verses are highly in esteem among all dealers in flesh, I have had many a dinner for a copy of them, to be put into a gilt frame, and hung up in a cook's shop to give people a concocting laugh after dinner, that their victuals mayn't lie heave upon their stomachs. By this time I believe I have pretty well tir'd your patience, so think it full time to conclude myself,

Your Humble Servant,

W——

From

From NELL GWIN *to* PEG HUGHES.

Sister Peg,

OF all the concubines in christendom, that ever were happy in so kind a keeper, none sure ever squandered away the fruits of her labour so indiscreetly as yourself; whoring and gaming I acknowledge are two very serviceable vices in a common-wealth, because they make money circulate; but for a woman that has enrich'd herself by the one, to impoverish herself by the other, is so great a fault, that a harlot deserves correction for. Some people may think copulation a very easy and delightful way of getting money, but they are much mistaken, for the pains, you know as well as myself, which we take to please our benefactors, destroy our own pleasure, and make it become a toil we are forc'd to sweat at. Then who, but you, that had acquired such plentiful possessions by the labour of her bum, and sweat of her brows, would have tossed away thousands in a night upon the chance of a card, or fate of a die, as if you believed your honour was an *Indian* mine, which would furnish you with gold to eternity for the trouble of digging: but now, Madam, you find yourself mistaken, for those crows-feet that have laid hold of the corners of your eyes, and wrinkly age, that in spight of art, supplies the places of your absent charms, fright away the amorous and the generous from your experienc'd embraces: besides, women, I hear, are so plentiful upon earth, that a lady of our quality, must be the true copy of an angel in appearance, whose favours shall be thought worth meat, drink, washing, lodging, and cloaths; so that a pretty woman now a-days may make a slave of her bumfiddle for thirty years together, and not get money enough to keep her out of an hospital, or an alms-house at the age of fifty. I, you see, thro' the whole course of my life, maintain'd my post, and as I was mistress to a king, liv'd as great as a duchess to my last minute; and you, like an extravagant concubine, to game away an estate, in few years, large enough to have maintain'd a score of younger brothers lifted into your ladyship's service, who would have drudg'd to oblige you as

much as you did to delight the good old gentleman that gave it to you; fie upon't, I am aſham'd to think, that a woman who had wit enough to tickle a prince out of ſo fine an eſtate, ſhould at laſt prove ſuch a fool as to be bubbled of it by a little ſpotted ivory and painted paper; if that mouth could have ſpoke that had labour'd hard to earn the penny, and miſer-like was always gaping for more riches, ſure it would have ſcolded at your profuſe hands, for flinging away that eſtate ſo faſt which they had but a ſmall ſhare in getting of, but indeed it is not fit the ſilent beard ſhould know how much it has been abus'd by the other parts of the body, for if it did, it would be enough to put it into a pouting condition, and make it open its ſluice to the drowning of the low-countries in an inundation of ſalt-water. I would adviſe you, Madam, with the ſmall remains of your ſquander'd fortune, to go into a nunnery, turn *Roman Catholick*, which is the beſt religion in the univerſe, (for ladies of your occupation, grow wonderful pious, and make a virtue of neceſſity) and there remain till death, as a living teſtimony of the truth of the old proverb, (*viz.*) *That what is got over the devil's back, is ſpent under his belly:* which is all the conſolation you deſerve from your ſiſter in iniquity,

NELL GWIN.

PEG HUGHES's *Anſwer to* NELL GWIN.

Madam,

I Am ſorry a miſtreſs of a king ſhould degenerate ſo much from that generoſity which was always applauded as a virtue in us ladies, who, like the induſtrious beaver, do our buſineſs with our tails; for a woman of my quality to value money, looks mean and mercenary, and is becoming no body but an unmerciful miſer, or a common ſtrumpet; ſhould I have plac'd an eſteem upon the riches that was left me, the world might have ſuppos'd it was for the greedineſs of gain, that made me yield my favours; and what had I been better than Madam *James*, or Mrs. *Knight* of *Drury-lane*; had I expos'd my honour for the lucre of baſe coin, and ſinned on for the ſake only

of

of advantage. Beauty's the reward of great actions, and I generously bestow'd mine upon a prince that deserv'd it, abstractly from the thoughts of interest, but rather to shew my gratitude, in return of his noble passion for me; and since he had made me the object of his affections, I resolved thro' the true principle of love to surrender the ultimate of my charms to make him happy: my embraces was all he wanted, and the utmost I could give, and if a prince would submit to take up with a player, I think on my side there was honour enough, without interest, to induce me to a compliance. I know I am old and past recovering an impair'd fortune, after the same manner that I first got it; but then consider what a small matter is sufficient to keep a superanuated grannum, past the pleasures of this life; warm cloathing and a few sugar-sops, what else can an old woman want, that is fit for nothing but to mumble over her prayers, or sit nodding in a chimney-corner like an old cat, when her company becomes as nauseous to all that are younger than herself, as a sober divine is to a prophane libertine? What conversation need she have besides one maid to exercise her lungs upon, and keep life's bellows open? I am so far from repenting the loss of my estate, that I look upon't my glory, and the only piece of carelessness I ever committed worth my boasting. It's a pleasure to me to behold the vicissitudes of fortune, and see her snatch that out of my hand, which before she had dropp'd into my mouth; besides, without a taste of poverty there can be no true repentance, for I always observe, affliction goes a great way in making a good christian. I have said my prayers within these few months, as heartily as ever I neglected 'em, and am oftentimes pleas'd I am grown poor, because it makes me the more pious: every fifty guineas I now lose, makes me when I come home, read a chapter in *Job*, and take his patience for my own example. The gold that I thus fling away, puts me in mind how sinfully it was got, and to that cause I ascribe the badness of my fortune. To be rich and godly, I have found very difficult, but to be needy and religious, is the easiest thing in the world, which inclines me to believe poverty and piety, are as great companions as impudence and ignorance, or love and jealousy; so that when I have lost all, perhaps I may

take care to save myself, which will be much better, than like you to be damn'd with a full pocket It often makes me laugh to see hungry quality, craving courtiers, as insatiate as the barren womb, how industrious they are to add to their own estates by the ruin of an old fornicatrix, who can part with her money as freely at one sport as she got it at another, and therefore desires you will rest but as quietly under your damnation, as she does under her losses, and she believes you will find yourself much easier: So,

Farewel.

From HUGH PETERS *to* DANIEL BURGESS *in* Rogue-lane.

Most Reverend Brother in iniquity,

IF you don't remember of your own knowledge, you can't but have heard from some of our grisly historians, that in the late times of confusion, when the pious scoundrels of *England* arose with their arses uppermost, I was not a man inferior in my function to your learned and most eloquent self, or any other fanatick cackler of the holy law, by the corruption of which (thro' the spirit of nonsense, and grace of blasphemy) our party has always supported the worst of causes in the best of times; and be it known to you, brother doctor, for so I presume to greet you, that I had not only the practical knack of moistning the eyes of my congregation with the dreadful doctrine of predestination, but could also dry up their tears with a spunge of comfort, and make 'em laugh as heartily whenever I pleas'd, as a city-audience at a *Smithfield*-comedy; in which most excellent and renown'd faculties, you are the only modern chatterist, that I hear has since succeeded me, for which reason, I am very desirous of corresponding with you after this manner, till fate shall give us your good company in these territories, to which (if our subterranean governor changes not his opinion) you need not doubt of being heartily welcome.

I am sensible news from another world to a man of curiosity, cannot but be acceptable: I shall therefore proceed to give you some account how our party (who are very

very numerous) fare in these sultry dominions, towards which I hope in a little time, you will set forward on your journey.

My quondam master *Oliver Cromwell*, of ever famous memory, to whom upon earth, you must know, I was not only chaplain in ordinary, but as well jester to his excellency, an honour which I hear most noblemen confer upon the black robe, now good old house-keeping, and the party-colour'd coat are quite thrown out of fashion: My master, I say, who in honour to his *exit*, was fetch'd away out of the upper world in a whirlwind, and conducted into these parts with all the solemnities of an usurper, was establish'd in a notable post at his first admittance into *Pluto*'s court, in which eminent employment (that like a faithful servant follow'd him) I found him, to my great satisfaction. *Alecto*, one of the furies, having taken a surfeit with over-flogging *Guido Vaux* (which is a ceremony perform'd here in publick every fifth of *November*) for discovering the *Gun-Powder-Treason-Plot*, and defeating that notable design, which by the indefatigable industry of the most skilful politicians on this side *Acheron*, was so hopefully projected: and fearing some disorders should arise in our infernal common-wealth for want of strict discipline, my old master *Oliver* was pitch'd on to be deputy-firker to the sick beldam, and a scorpion-rod was accordingly presented him, with all the usual ceremonies of so grand an instalment. This news of his advancement was so terrible a conflict to the cavalier part, who dreading the severity of his correction, petition'd *Pluto* to remove him, but to no purpose; which insolence so inflam'd my cholerick master, that his nose swell'd as big at the end as an apple-dumpling, and look'd as fiery red (to the terror of those that came under his lash) as if his magnificent gigg had been a living salamander, so that wherever he met with a cavalier, he did so firk and jirk him, that *Busby* was never a greater terror to a blockhead, or the *Bridewell* flog-master to a night-walking strumpet, than he at this day to a high-flyer or a Jacobite. Great regard has been shewn by his infernal majesty, to all that in *forty eight* were members of the high court of justice; some are made master and wardens of the devil's mint, for the coining of new sins; some commissioners of the temp-

temptation-office; others, barons of the diabolical ſtink-ports; and particularly ſollicitor-general *Cook* is made lord-keeper of hell's puniſhments; and *Bradſhaw* and *Ireton*, two of his imperial ſmuttineſs's privy-counſellors: So that all the poſts of honour and preferment in theſe lower regions are in the hands of our party, hoping thoſe of the ſame kidney who live over our heads, enjoy the like advantages, as we have heard below by a certain courier from *Amſterdam*, you are all pretty firmly poſſeſs'd of.

There lately arriv'd in theſe parts a certain woolen-draper out of *Covent-Garden* pariſh, who being touch'd with a deep ſenſe of ingratitude, could not reſt quietly in his whigwam, till he had made a publick confeſſion of a great indignity he had put upon Mrs. *Meg*'s chaplain, by which he gave us to underſtand you were the worthy gentleman he had moſt ſordidly affronted; the manner of which he declared with as much ſorrow and concern for the action, as ever was beheld in the face of a dying penitent, between the ſeverity of a halter, and decency of a night-cap, the ſubſtance of his report being to this purpoſe; after he had fetch'd two or three deep ſighs, as loud as the puffs of a ſmith's bellows: alas! ſays he, to you I ſpeak, good people, that are here about me, I was bleſs'd with a wife of ſuch ſingular piety in the other world, who rather than not hear that reverend teacher of the goſpel *D. B.* twice every *Sunday*, ſhe would cackle for a whole week, far worſe than an old hen that has drop'd a benefit to her owner; whilſt I, like a true profligate ſuburbian, us'd to confound her zeal, ſtop the current of her devotion, and damn her hypocriſy; but the good woman was too ſtrict a proteſtant to be thus ſeduc'd, and ſtill perſever'd in ſpight of all reſtriction in her accuſtomary righteouſneſs, till at laſt I bethought myſelf the beſt way to reclaim her from this diſagreeable purity (for ſo I thought it) and bring her over, like me her husband, to be a good ſociable ſinner, was to keep a cloſe guard over my pocket, and another over my till, well conſidering, that if the flock could not live without ſpiritual conſolation, the ſhepherd could not ſpend his lungs without temporal ſubſiſtence: After I had try'd this experiment for about a fortnight before the time of contribution, when the hearts

of

of the hearers are usually as open as their teacher's conscience, I found my wife's extraordinary zeal had stirr'd up a tumultuous spirit within her, so that nothing would pacify her stubborn dispostion, but ten times the price of a fat pig, to gratify the great benefits she had often receiv'd from her soul-saving physician; but I, looking into the merits of the cause, and finding other mens wives us'd to be sav'd, (or at least made believe so) at a much cheaper rate, and therefore for good reasons best known to myself, would by no means comply with her religious generosity; upon which the good woman my wife, lest she should be thought an ungrateful reprobate by her deserving guide, convey'd a present to the worthy doctor of a whole piece of black cloth, without my knowledge, and like a true lover of peace and quietness, conjur'd my apprentice to keep it secret; but my man's honesty being equal to my wife's religion, in a little time after, he inform'd me of the matter, upon which (forgive me good people) I waited upon the doctor with a bill, and without any tenderness to his piety, or regard to his function, gave him such a tallyman's dun, that he swore thro' divinity, and deny'd the matter of fact as sturdily as if he had been bred a citizen; yet at last, upon positive proof thereof, paid the money like an honest gentleman, but huff'd away as if the passion of envy had overcome the patience of the priest. But since I find (most worthy gentlemen) that fate has doom'd me to these sulphurous mansions, where the devil rules the roast, and presbytery flourishes; I here, before the protector of this commonwealth, and all his infernal host, submit myself to the present government in hell establish'd, and heartily declare a penitential sorrow for the indignity offer'd upon earth to that famous and most spiritual kid-napper, who I cannot but acknowledge has contributed more toward the peopling of these dominions, than the states of *Holland* have ever done towards the peopling your neighbouring country the *East-Indies*.

But now, brother doctor, to make you sensible of the interest you have in these parts, the audience (notwithstanding the offender's submission) were so highly inflam'd that so disgraceful an affront should be put upon so worthy a benefactor to the *good old cause*, that some cry'd out with

with a true spirit of dissention, *Flay, flay the rogue, flay him for a* cavalier, *what abuse the Doctor! Others, Scald him, scald him, he's a Church Papist: Others, Geld him, geld him, he's certainly a Priest:* But the women were against the last sentence, and cry'd the devil had no law for that severity. So a great hurliburly arose about the manner of his punishment; but at last the crowd hurry'd him away as the rabble in your world do a pickpocket, to a pump, or a horse-pond, and what became of him afterwards I have not yet heard.

We have abundance of souls flock hither daily, that bring us in very comfortable tidings from *Mincing-lane, Salters-hall, Bishopsgate-street, Jewen-street, Moorfields, Bartholomew-close, Fetter-lane, Stepney, Hackney, Bednal-green,* &c. but more particularly from *Covent-Garden*; among whom, to your credit it be it spoken, I have always pick'd out the most agreeable conversation: for you must know, a little before I absented myself from the pleasures of the upper world, 'twas my fortune to be haul'd before a dozen of damn'd crabbed *cavaliers*, revengeful fellows, who look'd as if they would lose a dinner to hang an honest round-head at any time; and as three or four tun-belly'd lumps of gravity, in blushing formalities, lin'd with coney-skins, and those twelve unlucky disciples order'd the matter (to show they were all fire and tow) they told me a dreadful story of hanging and burning at *Charing-Cross*, in sight of that old palace we before had plunder'd. About which ugly sort of business, when I came to find they were in good earnest, I began to grow as dizzy in my brains, as a hog troubled with the megrims, and could no more endure the thoughts on't than I could of *Popery*; on my dying day, I strove all I could to make it easy, but I protest it was in vain, for it prov'd still as hateful to me, as castration to a priest, or barrenness to a young woman: in short, at last it made me think of nothing but rattling of chains, and picking of straws, insomuch that when they fagotted up my thumbs together, and tumbled me into a hell-cart well litter'd with straw, but the devil a wheel to't, I did but just shut my eyes, and fancy'd myself to be in a dark room in *Bedlam*. In this manner they rumbled me thro' a long lane of spectators, who star'd at me as if I had been a *rhinoceros* with a *Bantam* queen upon my back;

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at last they dragg'd me into an ill-favour'd piece of timber, in the shape of a welch sign-post, where they tuck'd me up to a beam, and made me keck a little, as if something had gone the wrong way; upon which I fell into a kind of a hag-ridden slubber for a quarter of an hour, dreaming I sunk a thousand leagues into the bowels of the earth, and no sooner awak'd, but found myself, as I told you before, in company with my old master: my sleep prov'd much too short for the recovery of my senses, and tho' I saw several of my old friends about me, the pain of my neck, and terror of my fall, made me rave worse than a narrow-scutted punk under the hands of a mad-midwife; till by the advice of a consult of physicians, who are here as numerous as *crocodiles* in the land of *Egypt*; a vesicatory of devil's-dung was apply'd to my *costern*, which restor'd me to my wits in a few minutes, which in the time of adversity, like ungovernable rebels, had abdicated their master. But that which most troubled me when I found myself *compos mentis*, was the circular impression the hempen collar had left about my gullet, by which the fellow-subjects discover'd I swung into hell the back way, for which reason some prodigal *jack-a-dandies* refus'd to keep me company, despising me as much as a butcher does a bull-dog, that instead of running fair at the head, catches hold of the tail, and hangs at the arse of his enemy; for you must know, doctor, the most reputable way of entring into this subterrestial country, is to come in at the fore-door, thro' which none are admitted but such as spend their full time in wickedness in the upper world without flinching: nay be as proud of a notorious sin, as a jockey is of his riding that has won a horse-race, and glory more in the invention of a new vice, than a coward does of a victory, till at last, by the effects of his debaucheries, pox, gout and rheumatism, he is lifted out of your world into ours, without one thought of repentance. These are highly rewarded here for the glorious examples they have left behind them; but he that comes hither like a dog, with the print of a collar about his neck, is no more respected than a prophet in his own country; the reason is, because they who pass gallows-way into these shades, generally at their *exit*, shew a sorrow for their sins; so that if heaven did not take their contrition for a kind of death-bed repentance the

devil

devil would be a great loser; besides, they soften the hearts of sinners by their snivelling and howling, and deter others from the like wickedness. These considerations occasion the tyburnians to be very much slighted by other company: but I, thro' good fortune, by that time I had been here a fortnight, met with a good honest shoemaker, who had cut his throat in a garret in *Russel-street*, upon the point of *Predestination*, which he had heard you handling of for three hours together the very same afternoon, before he could find in his heart to perform the decent execution. Upon serious examination, I found the fellow talk'd very notably of religion; nay, much better than he did of a shoe-soal, or an upper-leather; he had such an assurance of his parts, as to challenge *Bunyan* the tinker to chop logick with him; and *Naylor* the quaker, who was of a principle between both, was thought the best qualify'd person in all hell for an impartial moderator; but your nimble chopp'd pupil was as much too cunning for the *Pilgrim* author, as a fox is for a badger, that at last the shoemaker got his ends, and left the poor tinker without one argument in his budget. By the assistance of this honest cordwainer, (who hearing I had been a minister of the gospel in the other world, was mighty respectful to me) I got acquainted with several others, who had been of your congregation; some old women, who had hang'd themselves in their garters, thro' fear the lord had not elected them: others, who had waited for a call to heaven till their last dram of patience, as well as their patrimony, were quite exhausted, the first in religious exercises, and the last in holy offerings to you their teacher; and finding very little come of either, they resolv'd the king shou'd lose a poor subject, and yourself a pious communicant; and so by the judicious application of either knife or halter, convey'd themselves thro' death to these infernal shades, which they always liv'd in dread of, but not finding the climate so terribly hot on this side *Styx*, as you have often represented it, they rest well satisfy'd in their conditions, and all heartily present their humble service to you, hoping with myself, you will always stick close to your old doctrine, and labour hard to support and infuse into your followers, the true enthusiastick principles of *Fanaticism*, and you need not question but to wallow in the pleasures

of

of human life whilſt above board, and be doubly damn'd hereafter among us for the ſignal ſervices you have done to the ſable protector of theſe populous territories, which can never want recruits, whilſt there is a *Burgeſs* in the upper world, and a *Lucifer* in the lower one.

HUGH PETERS.

DANIEL BURGESS's *Anſwer to* HUGH PETERS.

I Receiv'd your inſolent epiſtle with no ſmall diſſatisfaction, and had you not inform'd me, I ſhould have gueſs'd it came from hell, and that none but the devil, beſides yourſelf, could have digitis'd a pen after ſo ſcurrilous a manner: how I came to be your brother, as you are pleas'd very ſawcily to call me, I can't tell, for thou wer't no more than a meer pulpit merry-andrew, fit only to jeſt poor ignorant wenches out of their bodkins and thimbles, and I, *Daniel Burgeſs* am known thro' all *England* to be a reverend teacher of the good word the goſpel, and a ſaver of ſouls by the means of grace, and the help of mercy.

'Tis true, I cannot but acknowledge that you were a ſerviceable agent in the promotion of the *good old cauſe*; but when you came to die a martyr for it, the whimſical fear of damnation ſo diſturb'd your fly-blown brains, that a dog hang'd by a cleanly houſewife for dropping a ſirreverence in a room new waſh'd, or a cat condemn'd to the ſame puniſhment for licking up the childrens milk, were never certainly ſuch a ſcandal to a halter, as thy frantick ſelf. When like a true teacher of ſpiritual diſſention, thou ſhould'ſt have glory'd in all the paſt actions of thy life, that had the leaſt tendency to the pulling down of that papiſtical government, that whore of *Babylon*, monarchy, and ſetting up in its ſtead, that wholeſome and inſeparable twins, presbytery and a commonwealth; you haſten'd on your own damnation by fooliſh fear and cowardly repentance, and ſhew'd fifty times more diſtraction than a horn-mad cuckold, that had catch'd his wife playing at flipflap with her tail like a live flownder in a frying-pan.

As

As for that woolen jack-a-dandy, that fed his family by the product of a sheeps-back, that unrighteous tell-tail rogue, that us'd to curse his wife for being godly, if ever you will do me a piece of good service in your damnable country, I beg you to entreat *Lucifer* on my behalf, to freeze him once a day into a cake of ice, and then thaw him without mercy, in one of his hotteſt hell-kettles; or let him be flogg'd three times a day by your old maſter, worſe than *Titus Oates*, or brother *Johnſon*, for he's as rank a cavalier as ever had the impudence to ſpit in a round-head's face, or ſpeak treaſon againſt the rump-parliament; and tell him, tho' he made me pay for the cloth, given me as a juſt reward of my paſtoral care of his wife's immortality, yet ſhe had the chriſtian gratitude, to make me doubly amends before a fortnight was expir'd; but how the donor came by the benefit ſhe beſtow'd, I thought was a little ungrateful for the receiver to enquire into, and unbecoming a miniſter of the word, bearing my figure and character.

As for the ſorry wretches you mention, who by the virtue and efficacy of my doctrine, took a by-path into the other world, that happen'd to lead 'em into your territories: I muſt tell you, they were ſuch a parcel of ſcoundrels, whoſe diminutive ſouls I look'd upon to be meer trumpery, damag'd goods, not worthy their freight, fit for nothing but to be thrown over-board; poor tatter'd ſcraps of immortality crouded into skins, each of leſs value than a hog's-pudding. *Lucifer* himſelf, I'm ſure, ſhould he wage new war with heaven, would not have given three-pence a-piece to have liſted them into his ſervice, they would not have been fit for ſo much as powder-monkeys, to have handed fire and brimſtone after the army; for my part, I wonder now you have got 'em, how you beſtow 'em, or what uſe the devil can put 'em to; I proteſt when they were living upon earth, I found them ſuch needy communicants, I thought them fitter to be confin'd within the narrow limits of ſome old almshouſe for ſubſiſtance, there to read and practiſe Mr. *Tryon*'s water-gruel directory, and enjoy the charitable income of three-half-pence a day, ſettled by ſome old rogue who had cheated the world of thouſands, and hopes to make an atonement by ſtarving perhaps twenty old women

men every year in his little row of charity pigeon-holes, endow'd with nine-pence *per* week, and a thimbleful of coals; as if providing a miserable life for one person, was a sufficient recompence for cheating another: I say, they were fitter to be made close tenants to some such bountiful nest of drawers, than to come like a parcel of thread-bare zealots into a meeting, like bullies into a tavern, without a penny of money in their pockets, and disturb people of good fashion and credit, zealous benefactors to their guide, in the height of their devotion, an intolerable grievance to a pious congregation, that pay well for the assurance of salvation: and if we did not sometimes by the frightful doctrine of *non-election* and *damnation*, make these ragamuffin reprobates take up the knife of dispair, and clear the garden of the righteous from those rascally poor weeds who are always sucking juice from the more valuable plants, in a little time the fruitful soil would be so over-run with docks and nettles, that there would be no living for the gardner, whose profits must arise from the products of those trees laden with rich fruit, which for yielding plentifully in due season, become more worthy of his care.

This is the case, and therefore who can blame me for my doctrine, if it should be a means of making two or three garetteers, and as many cellar-divers, by the help of twisted-hemp, or cold iron, forward their journies to the lord knows whither, the world has the less to provide for, and those that are gone have, according to the opinion of our fore-fathers, nothing to care for? So to tell you the truth on't, I am never without a score of such communicants to spare, and if they were all to be with you before night, I should think it a very comfortable riddance.

I am sorry I have not so much time to abuse you as I could heartily wish I had, for you cannot but be sensible how much you have deserv'd it, and how well qualified I am for such an undertaking, if I had but leisure to exert my talent; and why we of the same function should treat one another scurvily, would be no wonder, because two of a trade can never agree; however I shall reserve my fury till another opportunity, being just now invited to a supper by a devout communicant, whose husband's in the country, and I am sure she will have provided something worth

worth my nibbling at, which I scorn to lose the benefit of for a piece of revenge: so farewel,

D. BURGESS.

LUDLOW *the* Regicide *to the* Calves-Head Club.

Most diabolical Sons of Darkness,

OF all the villainies perpetrated upon earth, that the greatest rebel could be proud of, or *Lucifer* blush at, I myself had so large a share in, that the devil for my hearty sincerity, and trusty management therein, gives me the right-hand. and has dignify'd and distinguish'd me with the superb title of his elder brother: no man ever gloried more in wickedness than myself, and that which now makes my punishment a pleasure, is to think how nobly I deserved it. Many I know are the treasonable plots and contrivances transacted in the upper world, but never was any magnificent piece of wickedness, or superlative deed of deviliſm, ever perform'd with more ostentation and alacrity, than that most impious and audacious act, in which I was so highly concern'd, and that the very monarch of hell might have been proud to have had a hand in; to fire churches, commit sacrilege, ravish virgins, murder infants, or spit in the faces of our parents, are trifling sins that a man of my figure in iniquity would be asham'd to be caught in; but to murder the best of princes, and glory in the deed, is such an infernal evil that hell can't blacken, or earth can't parallel; a sacred piece of villany becoming only the treachery of a puritan to execute, and the pen and principles of a *Tutchin* to endeavour to justify.

Lucifer and all his kingdom of hob-gobblins, drink a health to your society every thirtieth of *January*, in burnt brandy, and are well assur'd the interest of these infernal territories can never sink, as long as there is a *Calves-Head Club* upon earth, to glory in the remembrance of the worst of villianies; and a whiggish society of reformation, for the better establishment of hypocrisy. We, who had the honour to be his majesty's judges, or rather as some

call

call us, *Regicides*, are all mess'd together in an apartment by ourselves, and the murderers of *Henry* III. and *Henry* IV. of *France* are appointed to attend us at our table; and *Felton* that stabb'd the duke of *Buckingham*, is our lacquey to run of errands.

In all *Lucifer*'s extensive dominions, there is not one society so much respected as ourselves, and the greatest villains that ever were upon earth, are by the devil, when they come here, scarce thought wicked enough to wait upon us in the most servile station; the very jesuits themselves known by all the world to value royal blood no more than a *Jew* does a hog's-pudding, are not suffer'd to walk within an hundred yards of us; nay, the very dissenting shepherds of that rebellious flock, who always follow'd me as their only bell-weather, are not here thought worthy of our conversation, only now and then a member of our sanctify'd society the *Calves-Head Club*, drops head-long in among us, and *Old Nic* indeed appoints them to grind mustard and scrape horse radish for us his well-beloved brethren the *Regicides*; for you must know 'tis the custom in this sweating climate, for people to deal much in very hot sauces, and that most delicate palate-scorching soop called pepper-pot, a kind of devil's broth much eat in the *West-Indies*, is always the first dish brought to our table.

All hell applauds you mightily for your zeal and integrity for the *good old cause*, and your cordial approbation of the great effects thereof, which you annually show upon every thirtieth of *January*, that derisionary festival, which you keep like the bold sons of confusion, that the true spirit of rebellion may never die, and the dreadful consequences of a damnable reformation may never be forgotten, in which most notable, audacious and courageous piece of insolence, you not only declare yourselves the brave defenders of all king-killing principles, but plainly discover your undaunted souls are ready upon all occasions of the like nature, to solemnly engage in the most startling mischief that hell's most politick *Divan* are willing to contrive, or a body of the most resolute infidels in the universe able to perpetrate? this do I speak to your eternal reputation, that *Lucifer* and all his sable legions have publickly acknowledged their pride and malice, are much out-

out-done by your private assembly, and the experteſt devils among all the infernal hoſt, turn pale with envy, and degenerate from their blackneſs to ſee their impudence outbrazen'd by a club of mortal puritans? ſo that I would adviſe you as a friend, when death, by virtue of his uncontroulable *Habeas Corpus*, ſhall remove you to theſe dusky confines, you will put on a little modeſty, tho' you play the hypocrite, leaſt if you behave yourſelves here as you do in the upper world, you ſhall daſh the devil out of countenance.

So farewel.

An Anſwer by the Calves-Head Club, *to* LUDLOW *the* Regicide.

Moſt Noble Colonel,

WE receiv'd your letter, wherein your hatred to kings is diſcernable in your ſtile; you ſcorn, like ourſelves, the flattery of a courtier, and write to your friends in the rough language of a bold ſoldier, that did not only dare to uncrown, but to unhead a monarch, to advance the authority of the good people of *England* above ſovereign domination, and free them from the bridle of the laws, which are no more in our opinion than a politick reſtraint upon their natural freedom, an act worthy of ſo indefatigable a patriot, who would leave no ſtone unturn'd, that the wrong ſide of every thing might be rais'd uppermoſt, and that thoſe who had long againſt their wills been brought under a compulſive ſubjection, might once have an opportunity of trampling upon that ambition to which they were once ſlaves, and of raiſing up their groveling ſnouts above that aſpiring head, which for many ages had oppreſs'd millions of mankind by the dint of power eclips'd their native liberty, and cruſhed them them into a ſlaviſh obedience.

What aſs in the univerſe would not kick at his maſter, if he was ſure he could knock his head off, and ſhake off that burthen beneath which he groans, if he was not ſuch a coward to be fearful of a greater? Rebellion is always ſanctifyed if it ſucceeds well, and the end propos'd, obtain'd with ſafety, always gives glory to the atchievement.

ment. Authority is only obey'd, becauſe 'tis fear'd; and if once trodden under foot, nothing appears ſo deſpicable, as he that mounts a reſty ſteed is counted a good horſeman, if he tames the beaſt; but if the ſtubborn courſer throws his rider, he falls a laughing ſtock to the glad ſpectators.

You ſeem to be truly ſenſible how much we glory in that act, which ought to be as much your pride, as it is our ſatisfaction: we reverence the valiant arm that did the deed, and daily ſignalize our gratitude to the pious memory of thoſe illuſtrious heroes, who by their undaunted magnanimity brought their unparallell'd undertakings to a hopeful iſſue, and left behind them ſuch a glorious example, which we ſhall never neglect to imitate when ourſelves have opportunity. We have long hoped for the lucky minute, wherein we might ſhew the world the ſtrength of our reſolutions, and the conſtancy of our principles, and make thoſe cowardly ſlaves know, who pretend an abhorrence to your paſt bravery, that we are the cocks, when we dare crow, that will make the lion tremble; we have at all times when we meet, an ax hung up in our club-room, in *pia memoria* of your ſacred action: but had we the true weapon, as much as we hate popery, we ſhould turn idolaters, and worſhip it much more than *Roman Catholicks* do their pictures. We have every thirtieth of *January* a *calves-head feaſt*, in contempt of that head which fell a glorious ſacrifice to your juſtice, over which we drink to the pious memory of *Oliver Cromwell*; confuſion to monarchy; to the downfal of epiſcopacy; a health to every noble regicide, and to the univerſal propagation of all king-killing principles; and if theſe are not meritorious formalities, and decent obſervances, we know not how to oblige our honeſt brethren, who are co-habitants with you at ſuch a diſtance beneath us.

To be accounted rebels and bold villains, does not in any meaſure make us uneaſy; for the believing ourſelves otherwiſe, is a compleat ſatisfaction to ballance their envy that ſo think us; beſides the pleaſure we find in accounting them fools, ſlaves and cowards, is really more to us than a ſufficient recompence: ſo that by our villifying our oppoſites, we deny them opportunity ever to be even with us. The author of the dialogue between *Va-*

and *Freeman*, is our secretary; you guess'd his name very right in your letter, and a notable fellow he is either in verse or prose, for the justification of our principles; and is such a desperate tongue-stabbing hero at *pro* and *con*, that he clears the house of all people wherever he comes, but those of his own kidney; he vindicates all the proceedings of the *High Court of Justice*, with such admirable obstinacy and impudence, that the best lawyer in *Westminster-hall* is not able to cope with him, and justifies the bringing of a king to a scaffold, when the people dislike his stewardship, with so much insolence and arrogance, and drags him to a block, as you would a bear to a stake, with so much decency, that had he liv'd in the happy days when you erected a *High Court of Justice*, he would have been the fittest man in the universe for two posts under you; *First*, To have been attorney-general, and then executioner, and would, I am confident, have so strenuously exerted himself in both offices, that he would have gained a double reputation with our godly party. *First*, For the discharge of the one with the utmost malignancy. And, *Secondly*, For the dispatch of the other without disguise; for I dare be confident, he has assurance enough to go through-stitch with any thing that the world calls villainy, if we but think it virtue without the fear of shame, or dread of punishment: indeed, had our growing principles at this day but such another champion to defend 'em, I do not question but in a few years we might bring matters to bear, and by downright dint of our own weapon, *calumny*, make way to play the old game over again, to a far better purpose than has been yet effected. With the great hopes of which we take leave at present, desiring your brother *Lucifer* upon all occasions to lend us his assistance. So we subscribe ourselves both his and your

Humble Servants,

J. T. S. B. J. S. *&c.*

From

From J. NAYLOR, *to his* Friends *at the* Bull *and* Mouth.

Friends and Brethren in the Spirit,

YOU who are the true tranſcript of the people originally call'd *Quakers*, may perhaps expect, that I *James Naylor* in the dark, ſhould commend my hearty love to you my friends in the light, in ſuch like manner as the ſpirit us'd to dictate to me upon earth, before I unhappily fell under this wonderful tranſfiguration, which I now am appointed to maintain thro' the whole courſe of eternity.

I had no ſooner ſet footing into this deep abyſs of midnight, to which the ſun, moon and ſtars are as great ſtrangers, as froſt and ſnow are to the country of *Ethiopia*, but a parcel of black ſpiritual janizaries ſaluted me as intimately as if I had been reſident in theſe parts during the term of an apprenticeſhip; at laſt up comes a ſwindging luſty, over-grown, auſtre devil, arm'd with an ugly weapon like a country dung fork, looking as ſharp about the eyes as a *Woodſtreet* officer, and ſeem'd to deport himſelf after ſuch a manner, that diſcovered he had an aſcendency over the reſt of the immortal negroes, and, as I imagin'd, ſo 'twas quickly evident; for as ſoon as he eſpied me leering between the diminutive flabbering-bib, and the extenſive brims of my cony-wool umbrella, he chucks me under the chin with his ugly toad-colour'd paw, that ſtunk as bad of brimſtone as a card-match new lighted, crying, How now, honeſt *James*, I am glad to ſee thee on this ſide the river *Styx*, prithee hold up thy beard, and don't be aſham'd, thou art not the firſt quaker by many thouſands that has ſworn allegiance to my government; beſides, thou haſt been one of my beſt benefactors upon earth, and now thou ſhalt ſee like a grateful devil, I'll reward thee accordingly: I thank your excellency kindly, ſaid I, pray what is it your infernal protectorſhip will be pleas'd to confer upon me? To which his mighty ugline reply'd, friend *Naylor*, I know thou haſt been very induſtrious to make many people fools in the upper world, which has highly conduc'd to my intereſt. Then turning to a pigmy aërial, who attended his commands as a run-

ning footman; haſte, *Numps*, ſays he, and fetch me the painted coat, which was no ſooner brought, but, by *Lucifer*'s command, I was ſhov'd into it neck and ſhoulders, by half a dozen ſmutty *valets de chambre*, and in a minute's time found my ſelf trick'd up in a rainbow-colour'd coat, like a merry-andrew. Now, friend, ſays the ill-favour'd prince of all the hell-born ſcoundrels, for the many fools you have made above, I now ordain you mine below; ſo all the reward, truly, of my great ſervices, was to be made *Lucifer*'s jeſter, or fool in ordinary to the devil: a pretty poſt, thought I, for a man of my principles, that from a quaker in the other world, I ſhould be metamorphoſed into a jack-adams in the lower one. I could not but think it a ſtrange kind of mutation, and knew no more how to behave myſelf in my gaudy-colour'd robes, than if I had been damn'd, and cramm'd into a tortoiſe-ſhell, and muſt have walk'd about hell upon all fours with a houſe upon my back.

In a little time after this new dignity was conferr'd upon me, the devil happen'd to make a ſplendid entertainment for all the ſouls in his dominion, who in the upper world had been profeſs'd Quakers, where I, quoth the fool, was ordered to give my attendance for the diverſion of the company, but found myſelf ſo ſtrangely diſappointed when I beheld the gueſts, that had I been meſſed in *Noah*'s ark among lyons, bears, and alligators, I could not have been more amaz'd than I was at the unexpected appearance and deportment of ſuch a confus'd aſſembly: my maſter *Lucifer*, and *Ramſey* the jeſuit at his right hand, ſat at the upper end of the table, and the reſt of the ſcrambling company were ſeated like ſo many hungry mechanicks at a corporation-feaſt; but inſtead of their converſation being *Yea* and *Nay*, there never was heard ſuch ſwearing and curſing at a publick gaming-table, nor all the points of copulation more lewdly diſcuſs'd at a bawdy-houſe; blaſphemy was the modeſteſt of their talk, and there I came in with 'em for a fool's ſhare, and exerted my talent to the approbation and applauſe of the whole ſociety.

Obſerving ſuch a wonderful change in theſe our infernal friends, from what they appeared to be in the upper world, made my curioſity itch mightily to know the reaſon

ſon of this ſurpriſing alteration; upon which, ſaid I, prithee *Lucifer*, in plain words, (for we fools you muſt know may ſay any thing to our maſters) what is the meaning that theſe people who were *quondam* quakers when upon *terra firma*, ſhould turn ſuch debauch'd libertines in theſe lower regions, and from the moſt religious and preciſe of all hypocritical heaven-ſervers, to become the moſt degenerate reprobates in all your damnable dominions? I'll tell you, ſays *Lucifer*, the reaſon; always thoſe that pretended to the greateſt purity in the other world, put on the cloak of religion, not to ſave their ſoul's but to hide their vices, as ſome women were masks, not to preſerve their beauty, but to hide their uglineſs; and when that veil is taken away which obſcur'd the ſinfulneſs of their natures, or when opportunity gives them leave to be wicked without damage to their intereſt (as they may here) you ſee how looſe and wanton the moſt zealous of both ſexes will be, notwithſtanding all the external promiſes of piety and vertue. Theſe words, tho' they came from the father of lies, yet their ſatirical force gave me ſuch a ſtab in the conſcience, that had my label of mortality been ſtung by a waſp or a hornet, it could not have griev'd the outward man more, than this diabolical ſaying did the inward; and knowing by experience it ſavour'd of a little truth, I thought I could do no more than communicate his anſwer to you my friends, who are lovers of verity, from whence you may diſcern with half an eye, that *Satan* underſtands you as well as he does the college of *Jeſuits*, or a *Dutch* conventicle, and if you take not timely care, will certainly prove too cunning for you.

Perhaps you will think me a very imperfect intelligencer, to tell you of a feaſt, and give you no account of the proviſions, or what ſort food the devil in his ſultry dominions entertains his friends withal; therefore in the next place I ſhall venture to give you a bill of fare, that you may know at preſent what you may expect hereafter, leſt otherwiſe I ſhould leave your curioſities unſatisfied, and keep you ignorant of thoſe avernous dainties by which immortality is here ſubſiſted.

The firſt courſe conſiſted of a huge platterful of ſcorpions ſpits-cock'd, a fricaſſee of young ſalamanders, a bailiff's rump roaſted, baiſted with its own dung, and a cock phœ-

nix ſcalded in his feathers, ſmother'd with melted ſoap and boil'd arſnick; theſe were groſs, ſubſtantial meats, deſign'd chiefly for keen appetites. The ſecond courſe contain'd ſix dozen of *Weſt-India* gwanas roaſted in their own ſhells, a diſh of ſquab-hickaries poach'd, a brace of flying dragons ſtew'd in their own blood, and a diſh of ſhovel-nos'd ſharks fry'd with a leviathan in the middle, toſs'd up with what's as good for a ſow as a pancake; theſe were dainties that could not but be acceptable to the moſt ſqueamiſh ſtomachs; but now for rarities that muſt pleaſe the guſt of an emperor. The third and laſt courſe conſiſted of ſuch ſpiritual nutriment, that the niceſt palated ſoul on this ſide the adamantine gates, without a ſurfeit, might ſubſiſt on to all eternity, which was ſerv'd up to the table, in much greater order than any of the foregoing part of the entertainment. In the firſt place, a diſh of metaphyſical curds, ſwimming in the cream of eloquence, was brought to the upper end of the table, by a devil in a long gown, upon which piece of cookery *Lucifer* and the *Jeſuit* fed very heartily. In the next place a diſh of pickl'd enthuſiaſms well pepper'd with obſtinancy, and cover'd with the vinegar of diſſention, was handed to the board by a meagre-fac'd devil in a little band and long cloak, which by abundance of the company was highly approv'd on. The third diſh was a meſs of melancholy humdrums, mix'd with ſobs and ſighs, and garniſh'd round with blaſphemy and nonſenſe, ſerv'd up with a ſhe devil in *querpo-hood* and green apron, which the whole aſſembly in general commended, and devour'd as greedily as a gang of *Welſh* drovers would do a meſs of leek-porridge, or a diſh of cows bubby. When every ſoul had fed plentifully, and refreſh'd his immortality with a chearful doſe of ſpirit of ſulphur, I, quoth the fool, for the jeſt's ſake, was appointed to ſay grace after meat; and when I had diſcharg'd the office of a chaplain, as comical as I could, the gueſts ſtagger'd away like ſo many fluſter'd long tails from a *Kentiſh* feaſt, and ſo the ſolemnity was ended.

I have little more news to communicate from theſe parts, only that within theſe few months, we have had five or ſix thouſand diabolical ſpirits, return'd from their embaſſies in the upper world, who were many years ſince commanded thither by prince *Lucifer*, to the aſſiſtance and further eſtabliſh-

eſtabliſhment of our party and opinion, and had every one of them poſſeſs'd themſelves of good quarters, and lay ſnug in the boſoms of our ſanctified friends, but reported when they came back, that an old trout-back apoſtate, who lately fell from quakeriſm to the church, arming himſelf cap-a-pee with the armour of truth, took up the ſword of the goſpel, and by downright dint of ſcripture and ſound reaſon, made ſo large a conqueſt over *Satan*'s ſubjects, that the devils were forc'd to quit their poſſeſſions, and and leave great numbers of our friends to the mercy of G——d and their eccleſiaſtical enemies; but freſh recruits are daily ſent among you from theſe infernal territories, hoping in a little time to recover our loſt intereſt.

I would have troubled you a little further, but that *Lucifer* being put in a merry mood by the pleaſing news of your *European Differences*, has order'd all his jeſters to be in waiting, and you know, all princes upon publick rejoycings at court, muſt have their fools as well as knaves, to attend 'em: ſo farewel.

J. NAYLOR.

The Quakers *Anſwer to* JAMES NAYLOR.

James Naylor,

THY friends are all very much afflicted to hear that *Satan* the father of the wicked, has laid violent hands upon thee, and has drawn thee out of the light into the land of utter darkneſs; if the droſs of the world, that ungodly mammon, which tempts the unwary often into the ſins of the fleſh and many other iniquities, would redeem thee from thy woful priſon, where nothing is to be heard but weeping, wailing and gnaſhing of teeth, we would lend thee our aſſiſtance with all our hearts; but the ſpirit within us has declar'd the truth, and told us, that thy unmerciful jaylor will take no bribe or bail, and that the debt thou art in for, the world cannot pay, and therefore we all fear thou art trapann'd into a loathſome goal from whence there is no redemption. We thought the many perſecutions thou underwent'ſt for the l--d's ſake in this world, (*viz.*) as peeping thro' the yoak of infamy, and loſing thy two members of attention. *Secondly*, for hug-

ging the vagabonds land-mark againſt the will of the ſpirit, and undergoing the rod of correction. And, *Thirdly*, for ſuffering the clack of the ſpirit to be bored thro' with a hot wimble, for warranting thyſelf to be the true ſon of thy father, would have been merits ſufficient to have rais'd thee upon the pinnacle of mount *Sion*, and there to have fixed thee as a ſtanding evidence of the truth to all eternity; but ſince the ſpirit within thee prov'd a lying ſpirit, that extinguiſhed the light, and led thee like a blind guide into the dark ways of deſtruction; we that were the followers of thy falſe glimmerings, muſt forſake the errors, and ſeek the lord by a more perfect illumination, for the falſe fading *jack-a-lanthorn* which thou leſteſt among us, is burn'd into the ſocket, and now ſtinks in the noſtrils of the righteous, far worſe than the dying ſnuff of a cotton-candle; beſides, what ſpiritual pilgrim in his progreſs to the land of the living, would follow a wicked *Will-with-a-wiſp*, who has led a friend before into dark ways, and there left him to grope among the filthineſs of ſin and pricks of conſcience to all eternity? no, if we follow thy ways, we ſhall err like ſtray'd ſheep, and be pounded by *Satan* for wand'ring into the paths of the wicked.

That the father of lies, upon thy firſt entrance into his wicked habitation, ſhould put thee into a fool's jacket, we do not much wonder, for the painted marks of folly are *Satan's* gay livery, with which he cloaths his wicked ſervants in this world as well as in his dominions; for didſt thou ever behold on earth the ſons of darkneſs, who follow the luſt of the fleſh, and delight in thoſe pomps and vanities which the inward man forbids our frail natures to purſue, but they always were diſtinguiſh'd by ſome gaudy badge, which diſcovered their pride, or other infirmities? do not the high-prieſts of *Baal* were lawn coverſluts, and their head journeymen red pokes upon their backs? do not flatterers of princes wear badges on their breaſts, and adorn their ſpindle-ſhanks with glittering gimcracks? do not their lazy ſlaves were blue and yellow, that the world may know whoſe fools they are? do not the bleſſers of their food were ſilken ornaments dangling from their proud necks to their ancles, that the publick may miſtake them to be wiſer than their neighbours? do not the captains of the hoſt hoop their loins with golden faſhes, and ſtick

feathers

feathers in their caps to fright their foes with their finery? do not judges wear gowns of a crimson die, and the great men of the law wear the skull-caps of knavery, with the edges tipp'd with innocence, to deceive the vulgar? do not physicians ride in coaches with the weapons of destruction ty'd dangling at their arses, as it they were hurrying on a full trot to kill and not recover their patients? do not haughty vintners hypocritically tye on their blue ensigns of humility, to cozen their customers into an opinion of their lowliness? do not whoremongers and adulterers thatch their empty noddles with whole thickets of whores-hair? and do not wanton women were turrets on their heads, and cover their tails with the bowels of the silk-worms? do not drunkards wear red noses, knaves hawks eyes, and liars impudent faces? in short, friend *Naylor*, most people upon earth have some badge or other of *Satan*'s livery; even kings themselves wear purple, and the whores of *Babylon* scarlet; therefore our friends are all of one opinion, that since thou departed'st so far from the light, as to suffer wicked *Satan* to decoy thee into his trapsoul of eternal darkness, he has done thee but justice to put thee into a fool's coat, that every time thou art thoughtful of thy miserable confinement, thou may'st look upon thy party-coloured livery, and cry with a pitiful voice, alas, what a fool am I! which is all the comfort thy friends who are sorrowful for thy condition, are able to administer unto thee at this immensurable distance.

We are very glad to here that *Satan* is no niggard in his family, but like a generous host, provides so plentiful a table for his numerous guests: we thy Friends upon earth, have taken his infernal food into our serious consideration, and have resolv'd, *nemine contradicente*, to lead a starving life upon earth, rather than enter his palace-gate to be beholden to him for a dinner. We shew'd thy bill of fare to our friend *Roberts*, at the *White hart* in *Chancery-lane*, approv'd by the wicked men of the law, who love to profane their stomachs with fine feeding, to be as nice a gratifier of luxurious palates as ever handled ladle; and he declareth for truth, by the motion of the spirit, that tho' he has often roasted a cod's-head larded with bacon without tying it upon the spit, boil'd a pound of butter stuff'd with anchovies without melting it, grilli-

do'd jelly of harts-horn without diſſolving it, fry'd a jack-boot into incomparable tripe, ſtew'd pebble-ſtones till they have become as ſoft as ſtewd prunes, and has made good ſavoury ſauce with an addled egg and kitchin-ſtuff, yet he acknowledges himſelf wholly ignorant how to dreſs any one diſh thou haſt mention'd in the catalogue of thy dainties, and therefore deſires thou wilt do him the friendly kindneſs to acquaint us in the next letter, what ſort of cook *Satan* has got in his kitchin; and if he be a friend, whether thou think'ſt our friend *Coquus*'s wife mayn't be admitted as his ſcullion, in caſe ſhe would become a ſervant in thy maſter's family, for ſhe is grown ſo peeviſh, he is willing to part with her. So hoping thou wilt give us an account the next opportunity, we reſt thy. *Loving Friends.*

From LILLY to COOLEY the *Almanack-maker* in Baldwin's-Gardens.

My dear old bottle-friend and companion,

EVer ſince I took a trip into this lower world, and left you (by the help of Moon-groaping and Star-fumbling) to project almanacks, predict prodigies, and conjure up loſt ſpoons, ſtoln good, and ſtray'd cattle, I have had no opportunity of paying my reſpects to you, till now, for 'tis ſo abominably up hill from our world to yours, that none but the devil himſelf is able to climb it, he being forc'd to creep upon all-four, like a ſquirrel up a nut-tree, all the way of his journey; and had I ſent a letter by his cloven-footed worſhip, I was fearful you would not have thought him, at your years, a proper meſſenger. I hear, ſince I left you, you are grown as grey as a badger, and that you are approv'd by all cook-maids, porters-wives and basket-women, to be the moſt eminent bodkin and thimble-hunter of all the Ptolemeans *in the town, and by the help of the twelve heavenly houſes and their ſeven twinkling inhabitants, not only undertake, but make wonderful diſcoveries. Flat-caps and blue-aprons, I hear haunt your door every morning, as hawkers do a publiſher's, or journeymen-taylors a* Smithfield *cook's at noon, ſome for a ſixpenny, and ſome a twelvepenny ſlice of your Aſtrological judgment, of which, to ſhow your honeſty to the world, you give them ſuch lumping pennyworths, that you have*

have made the noble science of Heaven-peeping as cheap to the publick, as boil'd tripe in Fee-lane, *or bak'd sheeps-head in your own element* Baldwin's-gardens. *I am joyful to hear you are grown so great a proficient in the celestial gimcracks; but indeed, when I first knew you a joyner at* Oxford, *that us'd to make cedar cases for close-stool pans, I thought you as ingenious a mechanick in your way, as he that invented a mouse-trap or a nut-cracker, but little thought then, you would have laid down the plane and the hand-saw, of which you were an absolute master, to take up* Albumazar's *weapons, the celestial globe and compasses, to which you were a mere stranger: but however, Astrology being a kind of liberal science all men I know are free to dive into the mystery, from the whimsey headed scholar, to the strolling tinker; therefore your leather-apron and glue-pot are no disparagement to your pursuit of the seven wandring informers, any more than it is a scandal to a mountebank to be first a fool, and then a travelling physician.* Gadbury *we know was no more than a country botcher, before he was admitted as a tenant into the twelve houses; and* Partridge *was no more than a* London *cobler, before he was made running footman to the seven planets; yet both these students in Astrology have arriv'd, I hear, to as great an eminency in their heavenly profession, as ever was acquired by the famed Dr.* Saffold, *or his successor* Case, *by long study and experience, in the noble arts of Poetry and Physick. Therefore why may not that spurious issue of a Carpenter call'd a Joiner, make as legitimate an Astrologer, as profound a Conjurer, as infallible a Fortune-teller, as the best of them; nay better, if he knows but to use his tongue like a smoothing-plane, and can take down the roughness of some peoples incredulity, then may he work them as he does his deal-boards, till he has glu'd or nail'd them fast to his own interest. These are the talents for which I hear you are famous above other Astrologers, and that by downright dint of craft, pout and banter, you have wheedled more money in your time out of chamber-maids, cook-wenches, old bawds, midwives, nurses, and young strumpets, than ever was got by the rug and leather, luck in a bag, or that most excellent juggle on the cards, call'd* preaching the parson: *nay if all the gains that you have made of these three profitable inventions were to be join'd together; besides a whole*

muſtard-pot full of broad-pieces, a drudging-box full of guineas, a meal-tub full of crowns and half crowns, and an old powdering-tub full of ſhillings and ſixpences, which lie parcel'd up in your own houſe, I hear that you have ſeveral hundreds of pounds in the Stationers *company, which, beſides the intereſt of the money, entitles you every year to four good dinners in the hall, as many noddles full of rare claret, and four pockets full of veniſon-paſty for your female deputy, who is ſaid to be a notable underſtrapper to you in the buſineſs of Aſtrology, and is of as much ſervice to you as a ſecond to a merry-andrew, for without the one, the other could do nothing.*

I cannot but highly approve of the method I obſerve in your almanacks, for ſince you write every year four, i. e. *three in other perſons names, and one in your own, you have wiſely projected a way to be infallibly right in your predictions of the weather, which are commonly varied under no more than four ſeveral denominations in any one of the four ſeaſons; ſo that by making your prognoſtications in every almanack different, one muſt certainly tell right, and by keeping all four in your pocket, which I am inform'd you have cunning enough to take care of, by plucking out that which you know is agreeable and falls right, declaring yourſelf to be the author, you gain reputation, and by this juggle make ſome fools in your company believe that you have the ſtars at more command, than a Haberdaſher of dead bodies has his linkmen at a funeral. This piece of cunning none of the celeſtial fraternity can juſtly blame you for, every artiſt well knowing a juggler and an aſtrologer are as inſeperable companions as a bawd and a midwife, or a lawyer and a knave, for either without the other, like an adjective without a ſubſtantive, would be unable to ſtand by himſelf.*

Of all the almanacks that are extant, none are ſo valuable in theſe ſubterranean regions as your own; few hawkers travel into theſe parts but they bring whole baskets full along with them. and the cry of Cooley's *almanack for two months in the year, is as univerſally bawl'd about hell's metropolis, as mackrel among you when they come to be ſix a groat, or* Chicheſter *lobſters when they ſtink at midſummer. Of all the* almanacks *brought among us, prince* Lucifer *gives yours the preference and never goes without one in his pocket, to put him in mind of an* Holy Rood *day, that his devilſhip may*

may not lose his nutting time. Your last English merlin *but one, wanted of the four cardinal points, for which piece of forgetfulness, the devil in a great rage cry'd he ow'd you a shame, and I was since inform'd, that one of our infernal plenipotentiaries upon earth discharg'd his master's promise in a short time after, at the* Darby *alehouse in* Fulwood's *rents; by the same token, the liquor had so eclips'd your distinguishing faculties, that instead of a tankard of warm ale, that stood by you, you took hold of the candlestick, and in a drinking posture convey'd the lighted candle to your mouth, the taste of which was so intolerable to your lips, that you flung it away in a great passion, believing 'twas the tankard of drink, and swore the bitch of a wench had made it so scalding hot there was no drinking it. This unhappy accident occasion'd some ill-natur'd people to reflect on you, and say, how should you know a star from a kite-lanthorn, that could not distinguish between a tankard of warm ale and a lighted candle?*

I have no news from these parts that can be welcome to a man of your gravity and profession. As for astrologers, they are no more regarded in this kingdom, than an honest man in your world, or a modest woman in a theatre, for the best employment that most of them aspire to here, is to carry a closestool-pan upon their back after a quack-doctor, which savory receptacle being put in a square case, makes our fraternity look like so many raree-show men loaded with their boxes of dancing baubles.

I must confess, doctor Saffold, *that famous student in physick, poetry and astrology, whose verse was as good an emetick, as his pills were a purge, being* Lucifer's *peculiar favourite, was advanc'd to the dignity of being flea catcher to his royal consort; but the other day had like to have lost his place, by chasing one of his lady's little enemies into her* mount of Venus, *and beating the bush to start the game, was so wonderfully pleas'd at the pastime, that the old fool could not forbear laughing, which ill manners so inflam'd the infernal duchess, that she vow'd, except he would down on his knees and kiss what he laugh'd at, she would never forgive him; upon which the poor doctor was forc'd to join beards, or else would have been turned out, to his eternal shame as well as misery.*

Albumazar *and* Ptolomy *are set up like the two loggerheads at St.* Dunstan's *church, and once in an hundred years they strike upon an huge bell the number of the centuries from the fall of* Lucifer, *that the devils and the damn'd may know how eternity passes; for you must imagine, as a quarter of an hour is to the time of your world, so is an hundred years to the eternity of ours, every watch goes here at least ten thousand years with but one winding up, for their movements, like our form and substance, are all spiritual, and the worst artist we have among us, your* Fleet-street Tompion *is but a mere blacksmith to; as for my own part, I trudg'd for the first six months after Dr.* Ponteus, *with a steeple-crown'd conveniency, as I mentioned before, but having always such a stink of* devil's-dung *in my nostrils, I petitioned for a remove, and was admitted to be a yeoman of the bason to* Lucifer's *cloven-hoofs, to pick, wash, and refresh them after his return from earth, which he visits very often for the preservation of his interest in the upper world; and the worst inconveniency I find is, that his worship's feet smell worse after much walking than a sweating negro's.*

But, however, my old friend, let not this discourse discourage you from venturing to come among us, or frighten you into a repentance of your frauds and subtilties, that may carry you another way; for a man of your merits, learn'd in Astrology from the very nose of the great bear, *to the extreme point of the* dragon's tail, *and skilful in the Mathematicks, from the mensuration of a surface to the most profound nicety in solid Geometry, need not question, but that your old acquaintance and assistant* Satan, *who has faithfully stood by you upon all occasions, will bestow some reputable post upon you, answerable to the gravity and skill of so understanding a wiseacre, to whom I subscribe my self a loving friend and brother* Philomat. LILLY.

COOLEY's *Answer to* LILLY.

SIR,

I Would have you to know, I am not so far in my dotage, but I have reason enough left plainly to discern I am very much affronted in your ironical letter: as for my part, Mr. mean it as you please, I take it in good earnest, for it is not consistent

consistent with my temper and gravity at these years, to like such unmannerly jesting. Time was, I was a young fellow, that would have scolded with a butter-whore, box'd a carman, or have scribled scurrilously with any Lilly *in the universe; but, alas! when a man has liv'd in this world to the age of near seventy, and has had familiar conversation with all the foolish women in the town, puzzled his brains with more angles, circles, squares, pentagons, hexagons, heptagons, and parallellopipedons, &c. than ever has been yet found in that most famous introduction to the mathematicks, call'd* Euclid's Gimcracks, *pour'd as much* Derby *ale thro' his guts every year as would have fill'd the great fatt at* Heidelburg, *and metamorphosed as much tobacco into smoak every month, as would have put a whole county into a mist; I think 'tis high time for a man to have done with discord, and begin to compose himself into a little harmony; therefore I take it ill you should attack me in my old age, especially when you have Hell on your side, and the devil and all to help you.*

What, tho' I was a joiner at Oxford, *and once to shew myself a good workman, made a cedar close-stool case for the dean of* Christ-Church, *I question not but one time or other for the excellency of its work, it will be carried into the library, and be there preserv'd as a monument of its maker's glory to all succeeding ages, when you will have no remains to put the world in mind of you, but your old conjuring countenance, painted upon a sign, and hung up over* Black-friers *gateway, subscribed with a little paultry poetry, fit for no body's reading but a parcel of country hobbies, who have left the plow and the flayl, to come up to* London *to be cozen'd out of the fruits of their labour. It is well known, I was born and educated in a learned air, and tho' a man be bred a cobler in that climate, he cannot help being a scholar, if he but furnish'd with as much brains as will fill a cockle-shell. I confess, I have not had the honour to be entered of a college, yet by my own chamber-study, without a tutor, having a good natural genius, I could tell you how many parts of speech there were, by that time I was eighteen years of age; and I will appeal to the world, who may judge by my conversation, whether I have not made a wonderful advancement within these* 50 *years, insomuch that you may see I dare write* Philomath. *in the very title page of my almanack; and therefore,*

therefore, Mr. am not to be banter'd at these years. You have the confidence, in several parts of your letter to call me conjurer, tho' I must tell you, Mr. by the way, you are the first person that ever thought me so. 'Tis true, I do sometimes when I am well paid for it, erect a scheme in search of lost goods, or stray'd cattle, and do presume secundum artem, *to send the querent east, west, north, or south, a mile or two distance from the loser's house, to search within six doors of the sign of the fourfooted beast, and if they cannot find the thief one way, I can send them as far another for a new fee; and all this I can justify by the rules of Astrology as well as any man; but must an artist for this be called a conjurer, and by a person too who has been a professor of the same science? Indeed, old acquaintance, I take it very unkindly, because you yourself must needs know we are honest men that deserve no such character. As for my mistaking the lighted candle for a tankard of hot ale, I remember nothing of the matter; but* Bacchus *tho' he be no planet, yet all men know he has a great ascendency over us mortals, and what he might influence me to do, when the light of reason, by which we see to distinguish, was eclipsed, I know not; but I am morally sure, when my senses are about me I am not easily to be so deceived; for I presume to know a pig from a dog, or the difference between a Thing and cart-wheel, as well as* Ptolomy *himself were he now living.*

You say, to my reputation, that my almanacks sell beyond any body's in your subterranean country, and that Lucifer *himself is never without one in his pocket: I am very glad to hear he is so much my friend, as to give mine the preference, and for his civility intend to send him one next year well gilt on the back, and bound up in calves-leather, by the hand of some friend or other, that shall swim in* Derby *ale to the very gates of his palace; such a wet soul that shall be as welcome as a shower of rain to your drowthy dominions. The pleasing news you have sent me is, that my works are so vendible in your parts, for I assure you, upon your intelligence, I shall raise the price of my copy the next year; for if my almanacks sell as well in hell as they do upon earth, I am sure the company of* Stationers *must get the devil and all by them. So I rest yours between enmity and friendship.* H. COOLEY.

From

From TONY LEE *to* CAVE UNDERHILL.

Brother Cave,

CONsidering how often you have jeſted in the grave to pleaſe *Betterton* prince of *Denmark*, I wonder the grave by this day has not been in earneſt with you, that in proceſs of time, when the churchyard vermin have feaſted themſelves upon your cadaver, your own ſcull may become a jeſt to ſome other grave-digger. I muſt confeſs when I left you, you were a ſociable ſort of a drunkard, and pretty little peddling ſort of a whoremaſter, but I hear ſince, you have droop'd within a few years into ſuch a diſpirited condition, that 'tis as much as a plentiful doſe of the beſt canary can do to remove the hyppocon for a few minutes, that you may entertain your friends with a little of your comick humour, grac'd with that agreeable ſmile that has always rendered what you ſay delightful, and that it is not in the ſubtile power of intoxicating *Nantz* to add new life to that decay'd member, which has in a manner taken leave of this world before the reſt of your body; you have ſo often been uſed to a grave in your life-time, that I think you never wanted a *memento mori* to put you in mind of mortality: death ſure can be no ſurprize to a merry mortal, who has ſo often jeſted with him upon the ſtage, and and I long to hear when the grinning ſkeleton ſhall ſhake you by the hand, and ſay, *Come, old duke* Trinculo, *thy laſt ſands are running, thy ultimate moment is at hand, and the worms are gaping for thee.* What a jocular anſwer you will make to the thin-jaw'd executioner, for every comedian ought to die with a jeſt in his mouth to preſerve his memory, for if he makes not the audience laugh as he goes off the ſtage, he forfeits his character, and his fame dies with his body; therefore I would adviſe you to ſet your wits on work to prepare yourſelf, that as you have always liv'd by repeating other peoples wit, you may not make your exit like a fool, but ſhow you have ſome remains of your own juvenile ſparklings to oblige the world with at your laſt minute.

I hear the effects of your debaucheries are tumbled into your pedeſtals, and make you walk with as much deliberation

tion as Mr. *Cant* preaches; when a man is once ſo foun-der'd by the iniquity of his life, that his full ſpeed is no faſter than a ſnail's gallop, and that his memory and his members both equally fail him, it is full time that he was travell'd to his journey's end; for with what comfort can a man live in the world when it is grown weary of him? young men I know look upon you as ſuperannuated, and had rather ſee a death's-head and an hour-glaſs in their company, than ſee you make wry faces at your rheumatick twitches, or hear you banter upon your old gouty pains, and the paſt cauſes thereof between jeſt and earneſt. When a man once comes to anſwer a bawdy queſtion over the bottle ſilently, that is, with a feign'd ſimper and a ſhake of the head, no body cares a fart for him, he is good for nothing at thoſe years, but, like *Solomon*'s proverbs, to let young men foreſee that worldly pleaſures, when they come to be old, are but *vanity and vexation of ſpirit*; and to ſtir up young women to deſpiſe the impotency of old age, which their fumbling fathers in vain admoniſh them to reverence. A young comedian is apt to make every body his jeſt; but when arriv'd at your years, himſelf becomes a jeſt to every body. Youth gives an air to wit that renders it delightful, but for an old man to pretend to talk wiſely, is like a muſician's endeavouring to fumble out a fine ſonata upon a wind-broach, tho' the time be good, the inſtrument is imperfect, and the organs want that ſound which ſhould give a grace to the harmony. Some men at ſixty, are apt to flatter themſelves in publick under the imbecilities of nature, and will boaſtingly ſay, they can do every thing as well as they could at thirty; but experienced women, who are the beſt judges of human decay, are too ſenſible of their error, and, if modeſty would give 'em leave, could eaſily demonſtrate the difference. I thank my ſtars, I knew not by experience the winter of old age, but made my exit in the beginning of my autumn; but yet I found what nature at midſummer eſteem'd a pleaſure, was even then become a drudgery; and what uſed to be a refreſhment to life, was found but a ſlaviſh exerciſe to the body; therefore I heartily pity your impotent condition, who has near twenty years ſurviv'd your grand climateric, till thou art forc'd to crawl about the world with a load of diſeas'd fleſh upon thy back, and art no leſs than a ſumpter-horſe

horſe to thy own infirmities. Methinks I ſee thee creeping upon the ſurface of the earth, upon a feeble pair of gouty ſupporters, thy loins ſwath'd up in flannel, leaning upon a crutch-head cane, and bending towards thy mother earth, who catches thee at every ſtumble, ſometimes reflecting on the paſt pleaſures of human life, and ſometimes looking forward with imperfect eyes, towards the doubtful ſtate of immortality, grinning as you walk at the gaiety of youth, and ſnarling in thy thoughts at thoſe delights the weakneſs of thy age has put thee paſt enjoying; purſuing only that pleaſure, which tho' thy youth made vicious, is in age become thy ſupport; that is, the bottle, which in thy younger days was oft made nauſeous by exceſs; but wiſe experience now has taught thee ſure to make the darling comfortable by a ſeaſonable moderation: methinks I ſee thee uſe it now with caution, as if you hop'd by every glaſs you drank, to ſtrengthen nature's union, and keep your ſoul and body ſtill from ſeparation.

The ghoſt of a comedian in theſe ſhades is but an uſeleſs piece of immortality, for all the entertainments upon the ſtages of our infernal theatres are very tragical, no ſmile, no merry looks, or monky geſtures us'd by your merry-andrews upon earth to provoke your liſtning audience to a laughter, are faſhionable in theſe parts. If you intend to come among us, you muſt learn to howl, to grin, and gnaſh your teeth, unleſs you can make yourſelf ſo compleat a philoſopher as to laugh at your own miſery. Horror, darkneſs, and deſpair o erſpread the whole dominion, and our tyrannical prince is never better pleas'd than when he ſees his ſubjects the moſt miſerable. As for my part, as merry a repreſentative of ſome fooliſh plebeian as I was in the upper world, I cannot in theſe melancholy grottos for the heart of me, frame ſo much as one chearful conceit to mitigate thoſe torments, which by virtue of our diabolical laws are perpetually inflicted upon me: therefore thoſe who betake themſelves to theſe regions ought to arm themſelves with abundance of reſolution; for whoever flinches beneath their pains, do but encreaſe their puniſhment, for which reaſon I adviſe you to conſider what you have to truſt to, if your journey be downwards; and if you find it in your power, to divert your coming hither with prayers and tears to heaven, or elſe I muſt tell you

in

in good earneſt, you may jeſt on as I did, till you die and be damn'd like your humble ſervant,

ANTHONY LEE.

CAVE UNDERHILL's *Anſwer to* TONY LEE.

Honeſt Friend Tony,

WHen I firſt read your letter, as merry as the world thinks me, I was ſtruck with ſuch a terrible tremulation, that it was as much as three gulps of my brandy-bottle could do to put my chill'd blood into its regular motion; I had no ſooner recover'd myſelf, but thinking of death and the devil, which I had ſcarce done in ſixty years before, I fell into ſuch an extravagant fit of praying, that if any dody had heard me, they would ſooner have gueſs'd me, by the length of my devotion, to have been a *Preſbyterian* parſon than duke *Trinculo* the comedian; it was the firſt time that ever I found myſelf in earneſt in my life, and I was ſuddenly ſenſible of ſo vaſt a difference betwixt that and jeſting, that I believe for a whole hour together I was chang'd from an old comical merry-andrew, into a new ſorrowful penitent and was I to con over your letter but once in a day, I believe it would go near to fright me into abundance of religion, which we players, your are ſenſible, ſeldom or never think on, except we are put in mind on't by ſome extraordinary accident; and the main reaſon I believe why we are not over-burthen'd with zeal, is our drolling upon the clergy, by repreſenting Mr. *Spintext* the preacher, or Mr. *Lovelady* the chaplain, after a ridiculous manner for the looſe audience to laugh at; which we repeat ſo often, till at laſt we are apt to fancy religion as well as the teachers of it, to be really no more than what we make them, that is, a meer jeſt, and worthy only to be ſmil'd at and not to be liſten'd to.

Certainly you have a very good intelligence in your world, of the circumſtances of us who dwell above you, or elſe you are the devil of a gueſſer, for you ſeem in your letter, to have as true a ſenſe of my condition as if you were an eye-witneſs of it; for to tell you the truth on it, I find all the members of my body in ſuch a fumbling condition, that I begin to think of a leap in the dark, and

and to wonder what in a little time will become of me; the people are ſtill pleas'd to ſee me crawl upon the ſtage; indeed the ſhuffling pace that age and decay hath brought me to, makes the audience as merry as if it were a counterfeit geſture to provoke laughter; but, i'faith, brother *Tony*, that which makes them glad makes me ſad, inſomuch, that my heart has aked every time theſe five years, when I have play'd the ſexton in *Hamlet*, for fear when I am once got into the grave, the grim tyrant ſhould give me a turn over the perch, and keep me there for jeſting with mortality.

Nature, which finds herſelf declining in me, is ſo greedy of new breath, that I gape as I crawl for the benefit of the freſh air, as if I was jaw-fallen, and thoſe humming inſects that are a peſtiferous calamity this hot weather to all cooks-ſhops and ſugar-bakers, are ſo unmannerly, that they fly over thoſe few paliſadoes of my breathing-hole that are left, and dung t'other ſide the pails, as if they took my mouth for a houſe of office; nay, ſometimes in creeping along the length of a ſtreet, I have had my tongue ſo fly-blown, that had I not gone into a tavern and waſh'd them off with a pint of canary, I don't know, but my whole head might have been as full of maggots in a little time, as a ſheep's arſe at *Midſummer*.

I find the greateſt curſe of my old age is, my deſire ſurviving my capacity, for I proteſt, my inclinations are as youthful as ever, tho' my ability is quite ſuperannuated.

I am juſt now entring into a fit of the gout, which ſo terrifies me, that I pray one half minute, and curſe the other, like a true bred ſeaman in a ſtorm, therefore am forc'd to break off, blood and wounds, abruptly.

So farewel,

CAVE UNDERHILL.

From Alderman BLACKWELL *to Sir* CHARLES DUNCOMBE.

HEaring what a noiſy reputation you have acquir'd within the walls of *England*'s metropolis, and what a po-

a popular rumble your politick generosity makes over the heads of us, out of whose ruins you have, true citizen like, erected your own welfare, I could no longer forbear putting you in mind of some of your former managements, lest some rakehelly rhime-tagger or other, should flatter you to believe you have honesty and integrity enough to qualify you for a bishop; I took you a meer bumkin, and taught you your trade for a basket of turky-eggs, and therefore it highly concerns your prudence to consider the obligation you lie under of carrying yourself to the world with all humility, tho' aspir'd to the very pinnacle of prosperity, since the first cause of your advancement dropp'd out of the fundament of a turkey: the eggs, as an argument of their being new laid, I remember were besmeared with excrementitious tokens of good luck, which make me fancy, when I received them, they were beshitten omens of your future fortune, in whose behalf they were presented me.

Birds have often shew'd their tenderness and compassion to mankind: eagles have preserv'd infants in their nests, who have afterwards become singularly prosperous in the ages they have liv'd in. *Sappho* rais'd himself to the reputation of a God among the *Persians* by parrots, and yourself to the grandeur of an alderman by your mother's hen turkies: for in all wonderful effects the leading cause ought to be reverenc'd and respected.

Nothing conduces more to the rise and riches of a citizen, than these three qualifications; nor can a man be a compleat trader without them: *First*, To be a hypocrite undiscernably: *Secondly*, A knave, and not mistrusted: And *Thirdly*, To be diligent in all matters that concern his own interest. These profitable talents I must needs confess you are absolute master of, and managed them with that admirable cunning, that I always conceiv'd a different opinion of you, till I had given it irrevocably into your power to feather your own nest, by compleating of my ruin; and like a true politician (I thank you) you made an excellent use of the lucky opportunity: for when the vicissitude of fortune had put my affairs in a little disorder, and I thought it best for the safety of my person to take foreign sanctuary, what friendly protestations did you make, from the teeth outwards, of the faithful service

you

you would do me in my abſence, in order to compoſe and ſettle matters after ſuch a manner, that all the difficulties ſhould be remov'd and made eaſy, that had leſſen'd my credit, and occaſion'd me to withdraw? Upon which, I being too forward to believe a perſon, I had rais'd from ſheep-skin breeches, and leathern ſhoe-ties, to the ſubſtance and reputation of a topping citizen, could never forget the obligation he lay under to do me juſtice, as to prove treacherous to his maſter, truſted you alone with my whole effects, and the ſole power of managing my affairs according to your own diſcretion: but you, like a faithful ſteward, when my back was turn'd, inſtead of endeavouring to ſupport my declining reputation, leſſen'd my circumſtances to my creditors far beneath their real eſtimate, till you had bought up my notes to the ſum of a hundred thouſand pounds, for an eighth part of their value, on your own behalf, with the ready ſpecie I had left you to compound my matters; and like an honeſt man return'd them upon me at their full contents, cheating my creditors of ſeven parts in eight of their due, ſinking the money to yourſelf, and leaving, like an ungrateful wretch, the kindeſt of all maſters to die a beggar; in this, I ſay, you ſhew'd yourſelf a compleat citizen: *Firſt*, A hypocrite in diſſembling friendſhip to me: *Secondly*, A knave, in cheating me and my creditors; And *Thirdly*, An induſtrious man, in diligently converting ſo fair an opportunity ſo foully to your own intereſt.

Upon this baſis (when downright knavery, according to the city phraſe was term'd outwitting) you rais'd a popular eſteem to yourſelf for being a wealthy man, and a cunning one, and as I have ſince heard, daily improv'd your riches as honeſtly as you got it; and by changing broad money into leſs, made your ſums the larger: a pretty ſort of a paradox, that a man by diminution ſhould raiſe an increaſe: but the deed was darker than the ſaying, yet both very intelligible to money'd citizens in the age you live in. It is no great wonder, if rightly conſider'd, that a man of your dealing ſhould acquire ſuch vaſt riches, ſince you were ſo well belov'd by your under agents, that ſcarce a ſeſſions paſs for ſeven years together, but one or other was hanged for the propagation of your intereſt, whilſt yourſelf ſtood ſecure behind a bulwark of full bags,

that

that skreen'd your perſon from the law, and your reputation from the danger of common ſlander.

Another fortunate opportunity you had of heaping more muck upon your fertile poſſeſſions, and manuring thoſe mighty ſums you had before collected, was the misfortunes of your prince, which largely contributed (as you honeſtly order'd the matter) to your further proſperity. Fourſcore thouſand pounds more added to your preceeding ſtock, was, indeed, enough to make a reaſonable man contented; but as nothing leſs than the conqueſt of the whole world could ſatisfy the ambition of *Alexander*; ſo nothing, I am apt to think, but the riches of the univerſe, can quench the unbounded avarice of ſo aſpiring a *Cræſus*. But oh the diſappointments that attend the proud and wealthy! what ſignifies three hundred thouſand pounds to an ambitious alderman, if he cannot take a peaceable nod in his elbow-chair of ſtate, and be regiſtered in the city-annals, lord-mayor of *London*, that poſterity may read *Duncombe* and his turkies were as much renowned in the age they liv'd in, as *Whittington* and his cat? I am heartily ſorry (ſince fortune's favours, and your own indefatigable knavery, have ſo happily concurr'd to make yor rich) that the electors of the city would not alſo agree to make you honourable; and that your oracle of time, that publick monument of your generoſity, with your promiſe of a manſion-houſe for the city-magiſtrate, and the twelve apoſtles to be elevated at the eaſt-end of St. *Paul*'s, will not all prevail upon the livery-men of *London* to chuſe you into the truſt and dignity, which would very highly become a perſon of your worth, honour, and integrity. But, as I well remember, one of the eggs was rotten, which I have ſince reflected on, and think it reaſonable to judge, if there be any divination by eggs, that it predicted your hopes would be addled in this very affair; and do therefore adviſe you for the future, to decline all thoughts of the mayoralty. I am very well pleas'd that you deal barefac'd to the world in one particular, which is, that tho' you keep a chaplain in your houſe to feed your ears with a few minc'd inſtructions, yet you entertain two miſtreſſes publickly in your family, to reduce the rebellious fleſh into an orderly ſubjection; from whence your neighbours may ſee, in matters of religion

you

you are no hypocrite, but openly do that which more ſecret ſinners would be aſham'd to be caught in, who perhaps are full as wicked, tho' they hide their vices with a ſanctify'd coverſlut, whilſt you profeſſing not much religion, ſcorn to make ſo ill a uſe as a cloak, of that little you are bleſs'd with.

I fear you are grown too bulky in eſtate to be long-liv'd in proſperity, you are a well-fed fiſh to be caught nibbling at the bait, and abundance of great men are angling for you; if you are once hamper'd by the hook, you will not ſhake yourſelf off eaſily: and methinks it's pity a man that, I have ſome reaſon to ſay, has got an eſtate knaviſhly, ſhould ever run the hazard of loſing it fooliſhly; but preſerve it according to the cuſtom of the city, to build an alms-houſe after your deceaſe, that may maintain about the thouſandth part of as many people when he is dead, as he has cheated when he was living.

So farewel,

BLACKWELL.

The Anſwer to Alderman BLACKWELL.

SIR,

WHO would ever be a ſervant, if it were not for the hopes of being at one time or other as good a man as his maſter? It's the thoughts of bettering our own conditions without danger, that makes a man ſubmit with patience to a ſervile ſubjection: but he that can govern his maſter, will never truly obey him; and he that finds he can outwit him, will be no longer his fool. Nature made us freemen alike, and gave us the whole world to ſeek our fortunes in; and he that by either wit, ſtrength or induſtry, can ſtraddle over the back of another, has the riding him for his pains. If one man that is poor, worms a rich man out of his eſtate, it is but changing condition with one another, and the world in general is not a jot the worſe for it: beſides, in moſt mens opinions, he beſt deſerves an eſtate that has cunning enough to get one, and wit enough to keep it when he has got it. I know no inju-

ſtice but what is puniſhable by the laws of the land; and if I can acquire an eſtate, tho' fifty men ſtarve for it, that the laws will protect me in, I think myſelf as rightfully poſſeſs'd as any man in the kingdom: he that is bubbled out of an eſtate will certainly fall under the character of a fool; and he that gets one will be as ſurely ſuſpected for a knave; no man enjoys the reputation of an honeſt man, but he who bribes the world by courteſies into that opinion of him; and he who, like myſelf, ſcorns to be at the charge of purchaſing on't, ſhall be ſure never to enjoy the character. Honeſty and courage may be ſaid to ſtand upon one bottom, for all men would derogate from both, and be knaves and cowards if they durſt; for its the fear of being piſs'd upon by every body, that makes men fight ſoberly; and the fear of puniſhment that makes men live honeſtly; yet a politick coward often paſſes for a brave man for want of being try'd; and an arrant knave, for want of opportunity for a very honeſt fellow.

You blame me for building my own welfare out of your ruin, and charge me with knavery for taking the advantage of your folly; I am of that old opinion, that all mankind are either fools or knaves; and it is a maxim in my politicks, that he who will not be a knave, the world will make a fool of him. One man's overſight is always another's gain. How then can you condemn me for laying hold of that opportunity, which your weakneſs gave me as a tryal of my wit? and had I neglected making a true uſe of it to my own advantage, I had made myſelf a greater fool than he who truſted a ſingle man's honeſty with ſo large a temptation. Could you have kept your eſtate in your own power, how great was your indiſcretion to deliver it into mine? and ſince I found, when I had it in my cuſtody, I could ſecure it to myſelf, beyond the power of the law to recover it, how fooliſh ſhou'd I have been to have omitted the opportunity? in ſhort, I am very well ſatisfyed at the uſage I gave you, no check of conſcience do I yet find that inclines me to repentance; but am heartly reſolv'd, thro' the courſe of my life, never to let ſlip ſo luſcious an advantage.

As for my ſorting of broad-money for the royal ſnippers, it was grown ſo univerſal a practice among all dealers, that it ceas'd from being thought criminal, and became a profitable

fitable trade; and I never was so lazy in my life, as to suffer any project to be on foot, wherein money was to be got, but I always had a hand in't. The *Hollanders* clipp'd it openly in their shops, and pass'd it afterwards among us. And shall we suffer a foreign nation to ingross that advantage to themselves, which was doubtless rather the property of a true-born *Englishman* to enjoy? no I am a true lover of my country, and do assert, it's better to be rogues among our selves, and cozen one another, than it is to be cheated in our own way by a pack of knavish neighbours.

As for my master king *James*, I dealt honestly by him as long as he continued my customer; but truly when his credit was sunk, and he was forc'd to take sanctuary in a foreign country, my conscience told me 'twas the safest way, even to serve my prince as I had done you my master; for indeed, I could not reasonably think providence flung so many lucky hits in a man's way for him to make no use of; besides, what signifies cozening a king of a trifling sum of fourscore thousand pound, when he was going into a country where every body knew he would be well provided for? I consider'd it would do me more kindness by half; and tho' some of his friends blam'd me, yet I thought myself an honester man by much, than those who stripp'd him of his sovereignty; for if it was a sin to cheat him at all, then those who cheated him most were doubtless the most wicked; and to deal with you like an old friend, without dissimulation, as long as I can imagine there's a man upon earth more sinful than myself I have a conscience that can fling nothing in my face, but what I can withstand boldly without blushing.

You seem to highly reflect upon me for keeping two domestick conveniences publickly in my family, as if a man of my grandeur should abridge himself of those pleasures which every apprentice-boy has the enjoyment of between the mistress and the maid, without stirring over the threshold; and sure an alderman in the city, a grave magistrate, a man worth three hundred thousand pounds, need not be either afraid or asham'd of being suspected guilty of that little sniveling sin practis'd daily in every citizen's house, from the very beds in the garret, down to the stools in the kitchen. Why, at that rate you would muzzle ones appetite, a man had better by half be a pres-

byterian parſon, and have two or three pair of holy ſiſters to ſmuggle over every week, than to be an alderman of the city of *London*, and have his carnal inclinations prieſt-ridden with a curb-bridle.

As for the fair promiſes I made to the city in order to have coaks'd them to have choſe me mayor, I deſign'd them only as alluring baits to tempt the godly party over to my intereſt, and in the common hall it took very good effect; but had I once got into the chair, I ſhould have ſhew'd them a trick like Sir *Timber Temple*, and have reduc'd my mountain-promiſe into a mole-hill performance; which our cunning fraternity miſtruſting (for always ſet a knave to catch a knave) by a piece of unpracticable ſubtilty they threw me out, when I thought myſelf as cock-ſure of the honour as a man is of a morſel he has got in his mouth: but the city is ſo corrupted, that an honeſt church-man can put no confidence in a parcel of knaviſh fanaticks, but he is ſure to be deceiv'd. Had the church party been ſtrong enough to have brought me in, I had then caught what I gap'd for, as ſure as there's a cuckhold in *Guild-Hall* in the time of election: but knowing our court of wiſe-akers was at that time under the aſcendency of a whiggiſh planet, I was fearful I ſhould loſe it; but they had better have choſe me, for I aſſure them, I would ſooner go into *Barbary* and feed oſtriches with my money, than I would lay out one groat towards ſo much as the repairing of one of their old gates, or in adding any thing to the city's magnificence, tho' 'twas no more than a weather-cock: nay I have now ſo little charity for that ingrateful *Sodom*, that I would not be at the expence of giving them an engine, tho I was ſure 'twould ſave them a ſecond conflagration.

I fear, Sir, by this time I have quite tired your patience, and ſhall therefore conclude with this acknowledgment, that I liv'd under one of the beſt princes in the world, and one of the beſt maſters in the kingdom, and that under both, I thank my ſtars, I have patch'd up a pretty good fortune, and I profeſs, as I am a chriſtian of the true church by law eſtabliſh'd, I would turn ſubject to the *Grand Seignior*, and ſervant to alderman *Lucifer*, to enjoy again two ſuch precious opportunities. *So I reſt, with a quiet Conſcience, your thankful Servant,*

CHARLES DUNCOMBE.

From HENRY PURCEL *to Dr.* BLOW.

Dear Friend,

TO tell you the truth, I ſend you this letter on purpoſe to undeceive you; I know that the upper world has a notion, that theſe infernal ſhades are deſtitute of all harmony, and delight in nothing but jarring, diſcord, and confuſion; upon the word of a muſician, you are all miſtaken, for I never came into a merrier country, ſince I knew a whimſy from a fiddle-ſtick; every body here ſings as naturally as a nightingale, and at leaſt as ſweet. Lovers ſit perch'd upon bows by pairs, like murmuring turtles in a rural grove, and in amorous ditties ſing forth their paſſionate affections; all people on this ſide the adamantine gates have their organs perfect, and *I burn, I burn, I burn,* which ſome perſons thought a critical ſong upon earth, is here ſung by every ſcoundrel: the whole infernal territory is infeſted with ſuch innumerable crowds of poets and muſicians, that a man can't ſtir twice his length, but he ſhall tread upon a new ballad; and as for muſick, 'tis ſo plenty amongſt us, that a fellow ſhall be ſcraping upon a fiddle at every garret-window, and another tinkling a ſpinet, or a virginal, in every chimney-corner; flutes, hautboys and trumpets are ſo perpetually tooting, that all the year round the whole dominion is like a *Bartholomew-Fair*; and as for drums, you have a ſet of them under every devil's window, rattling and thumping like a conſort of his majeſty's rat-tat-too's at an *Engliſh* wedding: we have ſuch a glut of all ſorts of performers, that our very ears are ſurfeited; and any body may hire a conſort for a day, large enough to ſurround *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, for the price of an hundred of cheſnuts; yet every minſtrel performs to admiration. Every cobler here that diſpatches a voluntary whilſt he's waxing his thread, ſhall out-ſing Mr. *Abel*, and a carpenter ſhall make better muſick upon an empty cupboad ſtrung with five braſs-wires, than *Baptiſt* can upon the harpſichord; every trumpet that attends a botkin lottery, ſounds better than *Shore*; and not a porter here plies at the corner of a ſtreet, but with his ſtubbed fingers, can make a ſmooth

table out grunt the harmony of a double curtel. We have catches too in admirable perfection: Fish-women fit and sing them at market, instead of scolding as they do at *Billingsgate*; hymns and anthems are as frequent among us as among you of the upper world; for to every church God Almighty has on earth, here the devil has a chapel.

You are sensible I was a great lover of musick before I departed my temporal life, but now I am so surfeited with incessant sound, that I would rather chuse to be as deaf as an adder, than be plagu'd with the best *ayre* that ever *Corelli* made, or the finest *sola* or *sonata* that ever was compos'd in *Italy:* for you must know the laws of this country are such, that every man, for sins in the other world, shall here be punish'd with excess of that which he there esteem'd most pleasant and delightful. Lovers, that in your region would hang, or drown, or run thro' fire like a couple of salamanders for one another's company, are here coupled together like the twins *Castor* and *Pollux*, pursuant to their own wishes upon earth, and have all the liberty they can desire with one another, but must never be separated whilst eternity endures. This sort of confinement, tho' 'tis what they once coveted, makes them so sick of one another in a little time, that they cry out, O damnable slavery! O diabolical matrimony! and are always drawing two several ways with all imaginable hatred, endeavouring, to break their fetters, and pursue variety; thus every one is wedded to what they like best, and yet every person's desires teminate in their own misery, which sufficiently shews there is no other justice to punish us for our follies, than the objects of our own loose appetites and inclinations; for that which we are apt to covet most when we are in the upper world, generally, if obtain'd, proves our greatest unhappiness; therefore, since experience would not teach us to bridle our inclinations on the other side the grave, the pleasures we pursued when we were living, are, after death, appointed to be our punishments.

Dr. *Stag——s*, is greatly improved since he arrived in these parts, and has more crotches flow thro' his brains in one minute, than he can digest into musick in a whole week; he had not been here a month, but his bandy-legs

legs ſtepp'd into a very good place, and his buſineſs is to compoſe *Scotch* tunes for *Lucifer*'s bag-piper. Honeſt *Tom Farmer* has taken ſuch an antipathy againſt muſick, upon hearing a *French* barber play *Baniſter*'s ground in *Bmi*, upon a jews-trump, that he ſwears that the hooping of a tub, and filing of a ſaw, makes the ſweeteſt harmony in chriſtendom; *Robin Smith*, is ſtill as love-mad as ever he was; hangs half a dozen fiddles at his girdle, as the fellow does coney-skins, and ſcours up and down hell, crying a *Reevs*, a *Reevs*, as if the devil was in him. Poor *Val. Redding* too, is quite tired with his lyre-way-fiddle, and has betaken himſelf to be a merry-andrew to a *Dutch* mountebank; and the reaſon he gave for it was this, That he was got into a country where he found fools were more reſpected than fiddlers. Dancing-maſters are alſo as numerous in every ſtreet, as poſts in *Cheapſide*, there is no walking but we muſt ſtumble upon them; they are held here but in very ſlight eſteem, for the gentry call them leg-livers, and the mob from their mighty number, and their nimbleneſs, call them the devil's graſs-hoppers. Players run up and dow muttering of old ſpeeches, like ſo many madmen in their own ſoliloquies; and if any beau wants a bridge to bear him over a dirty channel, a player lies down inſtead of a plank, for him to walk over upon; the reaſon why they were doom'd to that piece of ſcandalous ſervitude, was, becauſe they were as proud upon the ſtage as the very princes they repreſented; and as humble in a brandy-ſhop, as a ſcold in a ducking-ſtool; therefore were fit for nothing when they had done playing, but to be trampled upon. I have nothing further at preſent to impart to you, ſo begging you to excuſe this trouble, *I reſt*,

Your Humble Servant,

HENRY PURCEL.

Dr. BLOW's *Anſwer to* HENRY PURCEL.

Dear Friend,

YOUR letter was one of the greateſt ſurpriſes to me, I ever met with; for after giving credit to that ſul-

ſome piece of flattery, ſtuck up by ſome of your friends upon a pillar behind the organ, which you once were maſter of, I remain'd ſatisfi'd you were gone to that happy place, where your own harmony could only be exceeded, and had left order with ſome of your friends to put up that epitaph only as a direction where your acquaintance upon occaſion might be ſure to meet with you; but ſince you have favour'd me with a letter from your own hand, wherein you aſſure me 'twas your fortune to travel a quite contrary road, I will always be of opinion for the future, that when a man takes a ſtep in the dark, thoſe that he leaves behind him can no more gueſs where he is gone, than I can tell what's become of the ſaddle which *Balaam* rid upon when his aſs ſpoke; for I find juſt as people pleaſe or diſpleaſe us in this world, we accordingly aſſign them a place of happineſs or unhappineſs in the next, virtue ſhall be rewarded, and vice puniſhed hereafter, 'tis true, but when or how, I believe every man knows as well as the pope; therefore, many people have blam'd the inſcription of your marble, and think it a preſumption in the pen-man to be ſo very poſitive in matters, which the wiſeſt of mankind, without death, can come to no true knowledge of. The fanaticks eſpecially are very highly offended at it, and ſay, It looks as if a man could toot himſelf to heaven upon the whore of *Babylon*'s bag-pipes, and that religion conſiſts only in the true ſetting of a catch, or compoſing of a madrigal. I have had many a bitter ſquabble with them in defence of your epitaph, upon which they ſcoffingly advis'd me to get Monſieur *d'Urfey* to tag it with rhime, then myſelf to garniſh it with a tune, and ſo make it a catch in imitation of *Under this ſtone lies Gabriel John*, &c. which unlucky ſaying, ſo dum-founded me, that I was forc'd ſilently to ſubmit, becauſe you had ſerv'd another perſon's epitaph after the ſame manner.

I have no novelties to entertain you with relating to either the *Abbey* or St. *Paul*'s, for both the choirs continue juſt as wicked as they were when you left them; ſome of them daily come reeking hot out of the bawdy-houſe into the church; and others ſtagger out of a tavern to afternoon prayers, and hick up over a little of the *Litany*, and ſo back again. Old *Claret-face* beats time ſtill upon his

his cushion stoutly, and sits growling under his purple canopy, a hearty old-fashion'd base that deafens all about him. Beau *Bushy-whig* preserves his voice to a miracle, charmes all the ladies over against him with his handsome face; and all over head with his singing. Parson *Punch* make a very good shift still, and lyricks over his part in an anthem very handsomly. So much for the church, and now for the play-houses, which are grown so abominably wicked since the pious society have undertook to reform them, that not a member of the fraternity will sit down to his dinner, till he has repeated over a catalogue of curses upon the crew of sin-sucking hypocrites, as long as a presbyterian grace, then falls to with a good appetite, and damns them as heartily after dinner; nor will they bring a play upon the stage, unless larded with half a dozen of lascious bawdy songs in contempt of the reforming authority, some writ by Mr. *C*—— and set by your friend Dr. *B*——; others writ by Mr. *D*——, and set by your friend Mr. *E*——: you know men of our profession hang between the church and the play-house, as *Mahomet*'s tomb does between the two load-stones, and must equally incline to both, because by both we are equally supported.

Religion is grown a stalking-horse to every bodies interest, and every man chuses to be of that faith which he finds to be most profitable. Our parochial-churches this hot weather are but indifferently fill'd, but our cathedrals are still crowded as they us'd to be, because to one that comes thither truly to serve God, fifty come purely to hear the musick; the blessing of peace has again quite forsaken us, and the people tired with being happy, have drawn the curse of war upon their own heads; and the clergy, like true christians, confound their enemies heartily. Money begins already to be as scarce as truth, honour and honesty; and a man may walk from *Ludgate* to *Aldgate*, near high change-time, and not meet a citizen with a full bag under his arm, or jot of plain-dealing in his conscience. The ready specie lies all in the *Bank* and *Exchequer*, and most traders estates lie in their pocket-books and their comb-cases: paper goes current instead of cash, and pen and ink does us more service than the mines in the *Indies*. I am very much in arrears upon the

account of my buſineſs, as well as the brethren of my quality; but whether we ſhall be paid in this world or the next, we are none of us yet certain. You made a timely ſtep out of a troubleſome world, could I imagine you were got into a worſe, I could eaſily pin my faith upon impoſſibilities; but fare as you will, it cannot be long e'er I ſhall give you my comp ny, and diſcover the truth of that which our prieſts talk ſo much of, and know ſo little:

Till then I reſt yours,

BLOW.

From worthy Mrs. BEHN *the Poetreſs, to the famous Virgin Actreſs.*

Madam,

I Vow to Gad, lady, of all the fair ſex that ever occupied their faculties upon the publick ſtage, I think your pretty ſelf the only miracle! for a woman to cloak the frailties of nature with ſuch admirable cunning as you have done hitherto, merits, in my opinion, the wonder and applauſe of the whole kingdom! how many chaſte *Diana*'s in your ſtation have loſt their reputation before they have done any thing to deſerve it! but for a woman of your quality firſt to ſurrender her honour, and afterwards preſerve her character, ſhows a diſcreet management beyond the policy of a ſtateſman: your appearance upon the ſtage puts the court-ladies to the bluſh, when they reflect that a mercenary player ſhould be more renown'd for her virtue, than all the glorious train of fair ſpectators; who, like true women, hear your praiſes whiſper'd with regret, and behold your perſon with inſupportable envy. The *Roman* empreſs *Meſſalina* was never half ſo famous for her luſt, as you are for your chaſtity; nor the moſt chriſtian king's favourite, madam *Maintenon*, more eminent for her parts, than you are for your cunning; for nothing is a greater manifeſtation of a woman's conduct, than for her to be vicious without miſtruſt, and to gratify her looſer inclinations without diſcovery; at which ſort of managements you are an abſolute artiſt, as ſince my departure

parture I have made evident to myself, by residing in those shades where the secrets of all are open; for peeping by chance into the breast of your old acquaintance, where his sins were as plainly scor'd as tavern-reckonings upon a bare-board; there did I behold, among his numberless transgressions, your name register'd so often in the black list, that fornication with madam B———came so often into the score, that it seem'd to me like a chorus at the end of every stanza in an old ballad: besides had I wanted so manifest a proof, as by chance I met with, experience has taught me to judge of my own sex to a perfection, and I know the difference there is between being really virtuous and only accounted so: I am sensible 'tis as hard a matter for a pretty woman to keep herself honest in a theatre, as 'tis for an apothecary to keep his treacle from the flies in hot weather; for every libertine in the audience will be buzzing about her honey-pot, and her virtue must defend itself by abundance of fly-flaps, or those flesh-loving insects will soon blow upon her honour, and when once she has had a maggot in her tail, all the pepper and salt in the kingdom will scare keep her reputation from stinking; therefore that which makes me admire your good housewifery, above all your sex, is, that notwithstanding your powdering-tub, has been so often polluted, yet you have kept your flesh in such credit and good order that the nicest appetite in the town would be glad to make a meal of it.

You must excuse me, *Madam*, that I am thus free with you, for you know 'tis the custom of our sex to take all manner of liberty with one another, and to talk smuttily, and act waggishly when we are by ourselves, tho' we scarce dare listen to a merry tale in man's company for fear of being thought impudent. You know the bob-tail'd monster is a censorious creature, and if we should not be cunning enough to cast a mist before the eyes of their understanding sometimes there would be no living among them; and therefore I cannot but highly commend you for your prudence in covering all your vicious inclinations by an hypocritical deportment: for how often have we heard men say, tho' a woman be a whore, yet they love she should carry herself modestly? that is as much as to say, they love to be cheated, and you know, *Madam*, we can hit

their humours in that particular to a hairs-breadth, and convey one man away from under our petticoats to make room for another, with as much dexterity as the *German* artist does his balls, that the keenest eye in *Christendom* shall not discern the juggle, for a woman ought to be made up of all chinks and crannies, that when a man searches for any thing he should not find, she may shuffle about her secrets so, that the devil can't discover them, or else she's fit only to make a sempstress on, and can never be rightly qualified for intriguing. I have just now the remembrance of a few female stratagems crept into my head, which were practised by a pretty lady of my acquaintance, perhaps, *Madam*, if they are not stale to you, you may make them of some service hereafter; therefore in hopes of obliging you, I shall acquaint you with the particulars.

I happen'd long since in the time of my youth, when powerful nature prompted me to delight in amorous adventures, to contract a friendship with a fair lady, who for her wit and beauty, was often times solicited by the male sex to help make up that beast of pleasure with two backs, and hating to submit herself to the tyrannical government of a single person, never wanted a whole parliament of nipples to give her suck, tho' she flatter'd one man that kept her, to believe he was sole monarch of the *Low-Countries*; but one time he unfortunately happen'd to catch her, with a new relation, of whom he was a little jealous, believing for some reasons he had an underhand design of liquoring his boots for him, to prevent which he impos'd an oath of abjuration upon his mistress, and made her swear for the future to renounce the sight of him, which to oblige her keeper, she very readily consented to, but no sooner was his back turn'd, but she had invented a salvo for her conscience, as well as her concupiscence, and dispatching a letter to her new lover, told him what had pass'd, but withal, encourag'd him to renew his visits at such opportunities as she inform'd him were convenient; at the time appointed her spark came, she receiv'd him with a blind compliment, and told him, she would open any thing but her eyes to oblige him; but those she must keep shut for her oath's sake, having sworn never to see him if she could help it. The gentleman was very well satisfied he had so conscientious a lady to deal with: love,

Madam,

Madam, says he, is always blind, and for my part, I shall be content to enjoy the darkest of your favours; upon which he began vigorously to attack love's fortress, which you know, *Madam*, has no mere eyes than a beetle; as she told me the story, he was beat off three times, and at last was forc'd to draw off his forces, so march'd off to raise recruits against the next opportunity. The next day came the governour of the garrison, as he foolishly thought himself, and made a strict enquiry whether she had any correspondence with the enemy? lord, Sir, says she, what do you take me to be? a devil; as I hope to be sav'd, I never set eyes of him since you engag'd me to the contrary: so all things past off as well as if no evil had been acted.

The next fresh acquaintance she contracted, she would never suffer to wait upon her at her lodgings, other ways dress'd than in female apparel; so when a new fit of jealousy put her spark upon purging her conscience upon oath, as I have a soul to be sav'd, says she, no creature in breeches but yourself has been near me since you had knowledge of it; therefore why, my dear, should you harbour such ill thoughts of a woman that loves you as dearly as I do my beads and crucifix? thus, tho' she deceiv'd him as often as she had opportunity, yet her discretion kept all things in such admirable decorum, that I never knew any of the fair sex, except yourself, like her.

If it were not for these witty contrivances, subtle shifts and evasions, which we are forc'd to use to keep the male sex easy, a pretty or an ingenious woman, to make one happy must make twenty miserable; or wit and beauty are never without abundance of admirers; and if such a woman were to sacrifice all her charms to the miserly temper of one single lover, the rest must run distracted, and at this rate the whole world in a short time would become one great *Bedlam*; besides, since there is enough to make all happy, if prudently dispens'd, I know no reason why one man should engross more than he is able to deal with, and other men want that, which by using there can be no miss of; therefore I commend you for the liberty you take to oblige your chosen friends, and the prudence you use to conceal it from the envious number you think unworthy of your smiles; so with this advice I shall conclude,

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if you have twenty gallants that taſte your favours in their turns, let no man know he has a rival-ſharer in the happineſs, but ſwear to every one a-part, none enjoys you but himſelf; and by this means you will oblige the whole herd, and make yourſelf eaſy in their numerous embraces.

A. BEHN.

The Virgin's Anſwer to Mrs. BEHN.

IT is no great wonder to me you ſhould prove ſo witty, ſince ſo many ſons of *Parnaſſus*, inſtead of climbing the *Heliconian* hill, ſhould ſtoop ſo low, as to make your *mount of Venus* the barren object of their poetick fancies: I have heard ſome phyſicians ſay, the ſweet fornication draws mightily from the brain; for which reaſon, it is more affected with the pleaſure than any other part of the body; if ſo, how could the ſpirit of poeſy be otherwiſe than infus'd into you, ſince you always gain'd by what the fraternity of the Muſes loſt in your embraces? you were the young poets *Venus*; to you they paid their devotion as a Goddeſs, and their firſt adventure, when they adjourn'd from the univerſity to the town, was to ſolicite your favours; and this advantage you enjoy'd above the reſt of your ſex, that if a young ſtudent was but once infected with a rhiming itch, you by a butter'd bun could make him an eſtabliſh'd poet at any time; for the contagion, like that of a worſe diſtemper, will run a great way, and be often ſtrangely contracted. I have heard a gentleman ſay, that when he was bedded with a poeteſs, or rival'd a poet in his miſtreſs, that he has dreamt of nothing but plays, ballads and lampoons for ſix months after; and has been forc'd to cuckold a critick, before he could get cur'd of the diſtemper. From hence it appears, that a man in his ſober ſenſes runs a greater hazard of his brains in having familiar contract with a daughter of the *Muſes*, than a drunken man does of his nobler parts, in paving the common-ſhore of a town proſtitute.

You upbraid me with a great diſcovery you chanc'd to make, by peeping into the breaſt of an old friend of mine; if you give yourſelf but the trouble of examining an old poet's

poet's conſcience, who went lately off the ſtage, and now takes up his lodgings in your territories, and I don't queſtion, but you'll there find, Mrs. *Behn* writ as often in black characters, and ſtands as thick in ſome places, as the names of the generation of *Adam* in the firſt of *Geneſis*. But oh! that I had but one glance into your own accounts; there I am ſure, ſhould I find a compleat regiſter of all the poets of your ſtanding, from the *Laureat*, down to the *White-Fryars* ballad-monger: at this rate, well might you be eſteem'd a female wit, ſince the leaſt return your verſifying admirers could make you for your favours, was, firſt to lend you their aſſiſtance, and then oblige you with their applauſe: beſides, how could you do otherwiſe than produce ſome wit to the world, ſince you were ſo often plough'd and ſow'd by the kind husbandmen of *Apollo*? but give me leave, *Madam*, to tell you, after all your amorous intrigues to pleaſe the taglines of the age, and all the fatigue of your brains to oblige a fickle audience, I never could yet hear that your reputation ever ſoar'd above the character of a bawdy poeteſs; and theſe were the two knacks you were chiefly happy in, one was to make libertines laugh, and the other to make modeſt women bluſh; and had you happen'd to have liv'd in a reforming age, under the laſh of Mr. *C——r*, he would have ſo firk'd you about the pig-market, that you muſt have learn'd to have writ more modeſtly, or he would have been apt to have ſaid, you certainly thinn'd your ink with your own water, or you could never have writ ſo bawdily.

You ſeem almoſt to think it an indiſpenſible difficulty for a woman in my quality to preſerve her reputation, eſpecially if ſhe has done any thing to deſerve the loſs of it; I ſay, a prudent woman may do it with all the facility imaginable, by keeping up to a few maxims in female policy, which few woman are ſtrangers to. *Firſt*, Were I to give myſelf liberty (as whether I do or no is no matter to any body) I would always beſtow my favours upon thoſe above me, and thoſe beneath me, and never be concern'd with any man upon an equal footing; and theſe are my reaſons: Suppoſe the vitious eyes of a great man are fix'd upon me, and my charms ſhould kindle a love-paſſion in the cockles of his heart; he writes, chatters, ſwears and prays, according to cuſtom in ſuch caſes,

I ſtill

I ſtill defend the premiſſes, by a flat verbal denial; but at the ſame inſtant incourage him in my looks, and am always free to oblige him with my company; till by this ſort of uſage I make him ſenſible downright courtſhip will never prevail; and that the cittadel he beſieges is not to be ſurrender'd without bribing the governeſs: then he begins to mix his fine words with fine preſents; he gives, I receive, returning a ſide glance for a diamond ring, two ſmiles for a gold watch, a kiſs for a pearle necklace, and at laſt for a round ſum the ultimate of my favours; of which, in one months time, he is as much tir'd, as a child is of a *Bartholomew* knick-knack, and ſo we ſeperate again, both fully ſatisfied: in this caſe, I ſay, a woman's reputation is pretty ſafe; for if he has any brains, he will be afraid to diſcover I have been his bedfellow, leſt I ſhould tell the world he has been my bubble; for he can't help believing, if he had never been my fool, I had never been his miſtreſs.

In the next place, why I would rather ſubmit to make a friend of an inferior, than an equal; I think theſe reaſons are ſufficient; if I oblige a man beneath me, he looks upon my condeſcention to be his greateſt honour; and 'tis but now and then furniſhing his pockets with a little ſpending money, and he'll drudge like a ſtone-horſe to give me a competent refreſhment; not only that, but he'll lie for me, ſwear for me, fight for me, and be always ſpeaking in praiſe of my virtues upon every occaſion; my mixing his pleaſure with profit, makes it ſo much the ſweeter, and engages him to give my favours a more diligent attendance. I can govern, comand, expect, and make him more my ſlave than a woman is to her keeper; and he takes it to be his only happineſs to be ſo. And for my part, think there is more ſatisfaction in having a man that one likes, in this ſort of ſubjection, than there is in being courtezan to any gouty peer in *Chriſtendom*; for I have always had the ſame ambition to be miſtreſs over ſome of the male ſex, as ſome of them have had to make me their humble ſervant. Theſe are the reaſons why ſome ladies ſubmit themſelves to the laſh of the long whip, and love to be jerk'd by their coach-man; and why lawyers wives join iſſue with their husbands clerks; and ſhopkeepers help-mates court the benevolence of their apprentices:

tices: for a woman's buſineſs is ſeldom done by a man that's her maſter; and I muſt frankly confeſs, were I to be a ſlave to the beſt man's luſt in the kingdom, tho' kept never ſo well for't, if I had not a man beneath me in the ſame claſſis. I ſhould think my life but in a miſerable confinement; for there is no other pleaſure in money got over the devil's back, but in ſpending it under his belly; beſides, if a woman's reputation be ſafe in any man's power, it muſt certainly be ſecure in the cuſtody of an inferior ſo oblig'd; for intereſt is the beſt padlock in the world to confine a tongue to ſilence: but if you make an equal your familiar, and no intereſt binding on either ſide, upon every little diſguſt it ſhall be, confound you for a wh--re, what made you diſappoint me? d--mn you for a jilt, what ſpark were you engag'd with? and this ſort of uſage, in a little time, a woman muſt expect to be treated with; and ten to one, but at laſt expos'd; and this is all the gratitude the poor loving fool ſhall meet with for her kindneſs.

Pray, *Madam*, tho' I have been ſo free with you, as to deliver you my ſentiments, don't you take me to be a perſon that ever put them into practice; I only tell you, according to my preſent judgment, what I believe I ſhould do, was I under the ſame predicament with many ladies, whom I ſee daily in the boxes; but I thank my ſtars, I had always more modeſty than to be lewd; and more generoſity, than to be mercenary; and have hitherto took care to preſerve a virtuous reputation, notwithſtanding I know what I know; therefore I defy your conſcience peeping; beſides, that was in another world; and when all comes to all, I believe 'tis only a piece of your own romantick wit, and as ſuch I take it. *So farewel.*

From Madam CRESWELL *of* pious Memory, *to her Siſter in Iniquity* MOLL QUARLES *of* Known Integrity.

Dear Siſter,

IT is no little grief to me on this ſide the grave, to hear what a low ebb the good old trade of basket-making is reduc'd to in the age you live in; for I hear it is as much as

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a woman of tolerable beauty, and reasonable share of experience can well do, to keep clean smocks to her back, and pay her surgeon; when in my time, praised be the l---rd for it, I kept my family as neat and sweet, poor girls, as any alderman's daughters in the city of *London*. I don't know what scandal our profession may be dwindled into since my departure from the upper world; but I am sure thro' the course of my life, I was look'd upon by the whole city to be as honest an old gentlewoman, as ever hazarded her soul for the service of her country; and always took care to deal in as good commodities, as any shopkeeper in *London* could desire to have the handling of, true, wholesom country-ware; whole waggon-loads have I had come up at a time, have dress'd them at my own expence, made them fit for man's use, and put them into a saleable condition. The clergy, I am sure, were much beholden to me, for many a poor parson's daughter have I taken care on, bought her shifts to her back, put a trade into her belly, taught her a pleasant livelihood, that she might support herself like a woman, without being beholden to any body; who otherwise must have turn'd drudge, waited upon some proud minx or other, or else have depended upon relations; yet these unmannerly priests had the sinful ingratitude before I dy'd, to refuse praying for me in their churches; tho' I dealt by all people with a conscience, and was so well beloved in the parish I liv'd in, that the churchwardens themselves became my daily customers.

My home was always a sanctuary for distressed ladies; I never refus'd meat, drink, washing, lodging, and cloaths, to any that had the least spark of wit, youth, beauty, or gentility, to recommend them to my charity; ladies women, chambermaids, cookmaids of any sort, when out of service, were at all times welcome to my table, 'till they could better provide for themselves; and I am sure, tho' I say it that should not, I kept as hospitable a house for all comers and goers, as any woman in *England*; for the best of flesh was never wanting to delight the appetites of both sexes; the toppingest shopkeepers in the city us'd now and then to visit me for a good supper; and I never fail'd of having a tid-bit ready for them; dainties that were hot and hot, never over-done, but always with the gravy in them

them, which pleas'd them so wonderfully, that they us'd to cry their own victuals at home was meer carrion to it; nay, their very wives, sometimes, contrary to their own husbands knowledge, have tripp'd in, in an evening, complain'd they have been as hungry as hawks, and desired me to provide a morsel for them that might satisfy their bellies; for you must know, both sexes were wonderful lovers of my cookery, and would feed very heartily upon such nice dainties that I tos's'd up for them, when no other sort of flesh would by any means go down with them. Many hopeful babes have been beholden to my mansion-house for their generation; who tho' they were never wise enough to know their own father, yet some of them, for ought I know, may at this day be aldermen; for I have had as good merchants ladies, as ever liv'd in *Mincing-lane*, apply themselves to my fertile habitation for change of diet; and have come twice or thrice a week to refresh nature with my standing dishes; for I always kept an open house to feast lovers; and, *Jove* be thanked, never wanted variety to gratify the appetites of mankind. Thirty pair of haunches, both bucks and does, have been wagging their scuts at one another within the compass of one evening; and many noblemen, notwithstanding they had deer of their own, us'd to come to my park for a bit of choice venison, for I never wanted what was fat and good, tho' within my pale it was all the year rutting-time.

It is well known, I kept as good orders in my house as ever was observed in a nunnery; I had a church-bible always lay open upon my hall-table, and had every room in my house furnish'd with the *Practice of Piety*, and other good books for the edification of my family; that for every minute they sinn'd, they might repent an hour at their leisure intervals. I kept a chaplain in my house, and had prayers read twice a day, as constantly as the sun rises in a morning, and sets in an evening; and tho' I say it, I had a parcel of as honest religious girls about me, as ever pious matron had under her tuition at a *Hackney* boarding-school; nor would they ever dare to humble the proud flesh of a sinner without my leave or approbation; and, like good christians, as often as they had sinn'd, came to auricular confession. I always did every thing in the fear of the lord, and was, I thank my Creator, so happy in my memory, that I had

had as many texts of ſcripture at command, as a presbyterian parſon. For my zeal to religion, and the ſervices I daily did to the publick community, I bleſs my ſtars, I never wanted a city magiſtrate to ſtand my friend in the times of perſecution, or any other adverſity; but could have half the court of aldermen appear on my behalf at an hour's warning. I kept a painter in my houſe perpetually employ'd upon freſh faces, and had a good as collection of pictures, to the life, as ever were to be ſeen in *Lilly*'s ſhowing-room; beauties of all complexions, from the coſe-black cling-faſt, to the golden-lock'd inſatiate, from the ſleepye'd ſlug, to the brisk-ey'd wanton; from the reſerv'd hypocrite, to the lew'd fricatrix; ſo that every man might chooſe by the ſhadow, what kind of beauteous ſubſtance would give his fancy the greateſt titillation. Every room in my houſe was adorn'd with the picture of ſome grave biſhop, that my cuſtomers might ſee what a great veneration I had for the clergy; all my lodgings were as well furniſh'd, as the ſplendid apartments of a prince's palace; that every citizen, whoſe wife had been kiſs'd at court, might fancy in revenge, by the richneſs of his bed, he was making a cuckold of a nobleman. I never was without *Viper-wine* for a fumbler, to give a ſpur to old age and aſſiſt impotency. I alſo had right *French Claret*, and the flower of *Canary*, to waſh away the dregs of the laſt *Sunday*'s ſermon, that the bugbears of conſcience might not fright a good churchman from the pleaſures of fornication. I had orders in every room, againſt cathedral exerciſe, or beaſtical back-ſlidings, and made it ten ſhillings forfeiture for any that were caught in ſuch actions; becauſe I would not be bilk'd of my bed-money. Theſe were the meaſures I took in my occupation to procure an honeſt livelihood; and Heaven be prais'd, I thriv'd as well in my profeſſion, as if my calling had been licenſable. How times are alter'd ſince, I know not, but I hear, to my great ſorrow, that bawding, of late years, which us'd to be a trade of itſelf, is now grown ſcandalous, and very much declin'd by reaſon that midwives, like a parcel of incroaching huſſeys, have engroſs'd the whole buſineſs to themſelves, to the ſtarving of you experienc'd old ladies, who have ſpent their days, and worn out their beauty in the ſervice of the publick; and ought in all equity to be

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the only persons, thought qualifi'd for so judicious an undertaking, to support them in their old age, when father time has stripp'd them of their charms, and their noble faculties fail them; besides, I hear noblemen employ their own valets, ladies their own waiting women, citizens wives one another, and all to save charges, to the ruin of our poor sister-hood.

Alack a-day! what a pernicious age do you live in? that traders should trust one another to buy their commodities, and all to save the expence of brokerage. I fear, there are some instruments among yourselves, that have been the main occasion of your being thus neglected. I shall further proceed, to give you a little advice, which, if but duly observ'd, may, I hope, in a little time, recover the antient state of bawdery into a flourishing condition, and make it once more as reputable a calling, as it was when clergymens widows, and decay'd ladies at court, did not disdain to follow it.

Never neglect publick prayers twice a day, hear two sermons every *Sunday*, receive the sacrament once a month, but let this be done at a church where you are unknown; and be sure read the scriptures often, and be sure fortify your tongue with abundance of godly sayings, let them drop from you in strange company, as thick as ripe fruit from the tree in a high wind; and whenever you have a design upon the daughter, be sure of the mother's faith, and ply her closely with religion, and she will trust her beloved abroad with you in hopes she may edify; for you must consider, there is no being a perfect bawd without being a true hypocrite.

Always have a lodging separate from your house, in a place of credit; where, upon an occasion, you may entertain the parents with being suspected, and corrupt the minds of their children before they know your employment: you must first pour the poison in at their ears, infect their thoughts, and when their fancies begin to itch, they will have their tails rubb'd in spite of the devil.

Whenever you have a maiden-head, be sure make a penny of the first fruits, and at the second-hand let the next justice of peace have the residue on free cost, tho' you must give her her lesson, and present her as a pure virgin;

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by this sort of bribery, you may win all the magistrates in *Middlesex*; make *Hicks's-hall* your sanctuary, and gain an useful ascendency over the whole bench of justices.

Never admit common faces into your domestick seraglio, 'tis a scandal to your family, a dishonour to your function, and will certainly spoil your trade; but ply close at inns upon the coming in of waggons, and gee-ho-coaches, and there you may hire fresh country wenches, sound, plump, and juicy, and truly qualified for your business.

Whatever you do, never trust any of your tits into an inn of court, or inn of chancery, for if you do they will certainly harass her about from chamber to chamber, till they have rid her off her legs; elevate her by degrees, from the ground-floor to their garrets, and make her drudge like a landress, thro' a whole stair-case; and after a good weeks work, send her home with foul linnen, torn heed-geer, rumbled scarf, apparel spew'd upon, without fan, with but one glove, no money, and perhaps a hot tail into the bargain.

This advice for the present, if put in practice, I hope will prove of use to you; I must tell you, there is nothing to be done in the world you live in, without cunning; religion itself, without policy, is too simple to be safe; therefore, if you do but take care for the future and deal by the world, as a woman of your station ought to do, and play your cards like a gamestress, I don't at all question, but the mystery of bawding, by your good management, may be rais'd again, in spite of reformation, to its pristine eminency; which are the hearty wishes of,

Your Defunct Friend,

CRESWELL.

MOLL QUARLES's Answer to Mother CRESWELL of Famous Memory.

Loving Sister,

YOUR compassionate letter, has so won my affections to your pious memory, that it shall be always my endea-

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your to purſue your kind inſtructions, and to make myſelf the happy imitatrix of your glorious example, having often, with great ſatisfaction, heard of your fame; which as long as there is a young libertine, or an honeſt old whoremaſter living upon earth, can never be obliterated. Were I to give you an account of the ſevere uſage, and many perſecutions I have been under of late days, ſince the mercenary reformation of ill-manners has been put on foot, it would ſoften the moſt obdurate wretches within your infernal precincts, and make them ſqueeze me out a tear of pity, tho' your unextinguiſhable fire had ſo dry'd their ſouls, that their immortalities were cruſted into perfect cinder.

Of all the unmerciful impoſitions that ever were laid upon bumb-labour, none ever ſo highly afflicted, or ſo inſupportably oppreſs us, the retailers of copulation, as this intolerable ſociety, who have brib'd thoſe who were our pimps to forſake our intereſt; and have made thoſe ſcoundrels who were our meaneſt ſervants, our implacable maſters; who come in cluſters like cowardly bailiffs to arreſt a bully; diſtrain our commodities for want of money to pacify their greedy avarice; fright away our cuſtomers, and make us pawn our cloaths to redeem little more than our nakedneſs from a cat of nine-tails, and the filthy confines of a ſtinking priſon: At leaſt five hundred of theſe reformed vultures are daily plundering our pockets, and ranſacking our houſes, leaving me ſometimes not one pair of tractable buttocks in my vaulting-ſchool to provide for my family, or earn me ſo much as a pudding for my next Sunday's *dinner: nay, ſometimes I have been forc'd to wag my own hand to get a penny for want of a journey-woman in my houſe to diſpatch buſineſs. To ſhun their fury, I once got ſanctuary in the* Rolls-*liberty, where I thought myſelf as ſafe as a fox in a badger's hole, and had bid defiance to the rogues even to this day, for only ſacrificing now and then an eleemoſynary maiden-head to the fumbling of old impotency; but ſome ill-natur'd obſervators beginning to reflect, occaſion'd my good friend to look a little a-skew upon me, when he found his gravity and reputation began to be ſmear'd a little; ſo that I was ſoon toſs'd out by his untimely fear, whoſe luſt before had kindly given me protection: and now again, as true as I am a ſinner, the rogues plunder'd me*

of

of at leaſt eight pence out of every ſhilling for forbearance-money, and I believe will grow ſo unreaſonable in a little time, that they will not be content with leſs gain than an apothecary. The officers of the pariſh, where-ever I liv'd, had the ſcouring of their old ruſty hangers for a word ſpeaking, without ſo much as gratifying the wench for making the bed, or being ever at the expence of preſenting one of my poor girls with a paper-fan, or a pair of taffeta ſhoeſtrings. One honeſt churchwarden, I muſt confeſs, when I liv'd in St. Andrew's *pariſh, after I had ſerv'd him and his ſon with the choiceſt goods in my warehouſe for above two years together, till they had got a wife between them, had the gratitude, like an honeſt man, to preſent me with a looking-glaſs; which I took ſo kindly at his hands, that I declare it, ſhould he come to my houſe to morrow, I would oblige him with as good a commodity in my way, as a worthy old fornicator or adulterer would deſire to lay his hand upon.*

Thus plaguing and pillaging of all our known houſes of delight, has been a great diſcouragement to young ladies from tendring their ſervice at ſuch places, or rendevouzing in numbers upon the lawful occaſions that concern their livelihood, for fear of trouble or moleſtation, and make them rather chooſe to deel ſingly, as interlopers, than incorporate themſelves with the company of town-traders, for fear of being ſcratch'd out of their burrows by thoſe reforming ferrets, who make worſe havock with the poor ſculking creatures, than ſo many weaſles or pole-cats would do with coneys in a warren; they ſleep in fear, walk in dread, converſe in danger, do their buſineſs, poor wretches, inſteed of pleaſure, with an aking heart. Oh, ſiſter! what a miſerable age is this we live in after you, that one part of mankind cannot obey the great law of nature, but the other part ſhall make a law to puniſh them for doing it! Which ſport, if totally neglected, would ſoon make lions, and tygers princes of the earth, and turn the world into a ſolitary wilderneſs.

I cannot but reflect, with great concern, upon the unreaſonableneſs of ſome men in authority, who loving the old trade of basket-making ſo well themſelves, are ſo inveterate againſt the ſame practice in others, that I cannot but believe, they think the ſweet ſin of copulation ought to be enjoy'd by none under the dignity of a juſtice of peace, or

at

at leaſt the authority of a high conſtable: nay, and are ſo inveterate when they grow old, againſt other creatures who they know uſe it, that a grave city magiſtrate, one of the reformed-ſociety, ſeeing a young game cock of his own, refreſh his feather'd miſtreſs three times in about half an hour, he grew ſo wonderful angry with the laſcivious chaunticleer, that he order'd him forthwith to be depriv'd of his progenitors, for committing ſo foul an act with ſuch indecent immoderation; looking upon the intemperance to be a ſhameful example, ſufficient to ſtir up inordinate deſires in mankind, and to put the female part of his own family upon unreaſonable expectancies; but the good lady of the houſe enquired into the reaſon, why the noble little creature was ſo ſeverely dealt by, and being inform'd by her chamber-maid, ſhe compaſſionately declar'd, that ſhe would rather have given five pound than ſo barbarous an action had been done in her family, for that the bird committed no offence, and therefore deſerv'd no puniſhment. Obſerve but in this particular the cruelty of ſordid man, and the tenderneſs of the female ſex! and how can thoſe poor girls, who have nothing to depend on but the drudgery of flip-flap, expect any other than ſevere uſage from ſo moroſe a creature? For certain, whilſt publick magiſtrates are in their authority ſo ſtiff, and private women in their own houſes ſo pliable, the ladies of the town muſt ſtarve, and be ſirk'd about from one Bridewell *to another; for the favours of a kind miſtreſs, which were once thought the moſt valuable bleſſings beneath the clouds, are now become, thro' the univerſal corruption of the female ſex, ſuch unregarded drugs, that the ſcene is quite revers'd, and as women us'd to take money formerly as but juſt recompence for their ſoft embraces, they are forc'd to give money now, or elſe they will have a hard matter to procure a gallant that is worth whiſtling after. How therefore at this rate, are the poor whores like to be fed, when the rich ones buy up all for their cats, and the middling whores in private lie and pick up the crumbs? For what won't down with the quality, are ſnapp'd up by citizens-wives, ſempſtreſſes and head-dreſſers; inſomuch, that I have ſeveral pretty nymphs under my own juriſdiction, that ſome weeks I may modeſtly ſay, don't earn money enough to pay their three-penny admittances into* Pancras-*wells, but are often-times forc'd to tick half a*

fice a piece for their watering; and were it not for the credit I always preſerve in thoſe places, the poor wenches might be daſh'd out of countenance by being refus'd entrance; but money or no money, if they are my puppets, and name but who they belong to, they are as kindly receiv'd as ſo many butchers at the Bear-Garden; *for without them there would be no ſport. You may from thence obſerve what an honeſt reputation I maintain abroad for a lady of my calling, that the word of the homelieſt courtezan protected under my roof, will paſs for three-pence any where that ſhe's known, without the leaſt exception, when many a poor houſe-keeper has not credit for a two-penny loaf.*

We have nothing to hope for, but that the national ſenate, thro' their wonted wiſdom, will find out, without ſhamming on't, ſome real expedient to reſtrain the looſeneſs of the age, and promote the practice of morality and ſtrict obſervance of religion; for thro' all the experience I have had in the myſtery of intriguing, I have ever found the lady's ſtudents in the ſchool of Venus, *attended with the moſt proſperity when the people are moſt pious; whether it is that a good conſcience teaches gentlemen to be more grateful to their miſtreſſes, or that as the prieſts grow fat, the petticoat flouriſhes, I will leave you to determine: ſo thanking you for the kind advice you gave me in your letter, which ſhall always be eſteem'd a guide to my future practice,*

I reſt,

Your Loving Siſter,

MOLL QUARLES.

LET-

LETTERS

FROM THE

DEAD *to the* LIVING.

PART III.

The third and last Letter from Seignior GIUSIPPE HANESIO, *High-German Doctor and Astrologer in* Brandinopolis, *to his Friends at* WILL's *Coffee-House in* Covent-Garden. *By Mr.* THO. BROWN.

Gentlemen,

I Was forc'd to break off my last abruptly, by reason of the vast crowds of people, which press'd upon me then for advice, so that I could not present you with a full catalogue of my cures, which you will find at the conclusion of this, or acquaint you with what transactions of moment have lately happen'd in our gloomy regions. But having by miracle a vacant hour or two at present upon my hands, which, by the by, is a blessing I am seldom troubled with, I was resolv'd not to neglect so fair a opportunity of paying my respects to you, and therefore without any more preface or formality, will continue the thread of my narration.

I had no sooner publish'd my bill and catalogue of cures, but my house has been crouded ever since with prodigious shoals of patients, that I can hardly afford myself an hour to pass with my friends: they flock from all corners of this gigantic city, so that sometimes not only my court-yard

which is very large and ſpacious, but even my chamber, my anti-chamber, and if you'll allow me, gentlemen, to coin a new word, my pro-anti-chamber, or my hall, is full of them: I will only tell you the names of a few cuſtomers of quality that reſorted to me for advice yeſterday morning: to give you an idea of my buſineſs, and how conſiderable 'tis like to prove.

About a month after my ſetting up, who ſhould rap at my door, but the famous *Semiramis?* I remembered her royal phiz perfectly well, ever ſince my friend *Nokes* carried me to her coffee-houſe, and treated me there with a glaſs of *Geneva*; however, for certain reaſons of ſtate I did not think it proper to let her *Babylonian* majeſty know, that I was acquainted either with her name or quality; come good woman, ſaid I to her, what is your buſineſs? *Oh!* replies ſhe, *you ſee the moſt unfortunate, unhappy creature in the world.* Why what calamity has befallen you? *Only*, ſays ſhe, *too big for words to expreſs*; with that ſhe wrung her hands, ſtamp'd upon the floor, curſing the left-handed planet ſhe was born under, and pouring down ſuch a deluge of tears, that one would have thought it had been the ſecond edition of the *Epheſian* matron, lamenting the loſs of one ſpouſe in order to wheedle on a ſecond. When her grief had pretty well exhauſted itſelf at the ſluices of her eyes, ſhe thus continu'd her tragical *hiſtorietto*. *Were I minded, doctor, to trouble you with my genealogy, I could perhaps, make it eaſily appear, that few people are deſcended of better parents than myſelf, but let that paſs; the ſcene is alter'd with me at preſent, and rather than take up with ill courſes, or to be troubleſom to my relations, I am content to keep a coffee-houſe. Now as I was ſitting in my bar this morning, and footing a pair of ſtockings for* Alexander *the* great, *in came two raſcally grenadiers, and ask'd for ſome juniper; but alas! while I was gone down into the cellar to fetch it, theſe lubberly rogues plunder'd me of a ſilver ſpoon and nutmeg-grater, and made their eſcape.* Come miſtreſs, ſays I, this loſs is not ſo great but a little diligence may retrieve it. *Oh never*, ſays ſhe again, *unleſs you help me by your art, I am utterly undone to all intents and purpoſes.* Finding her ſo much mortify'd for the loſs of her two utenſils, I reſolv'd to exert the fortune-teller to her, and banter her in the laudable terms of aſtrology;

logy; so putting on a very compos'd countenance, I seem'd very seriously to consult a celestial globe that stood before me; then enquiring the precise time when this horrid theft was committed, I drew several odd figures and strokes upon a piece of paper, and at last the oracle thus open'd: *Mistress, it appears I find by the* Heliocentric *position of the planets, that* Jupiter, *you understand me, is become stationary to retrogradation in* Cancer, *and consequently, you observe me, mistress, equivocal to him; but how and why in* Trine *to* Mercury *in* Scorpio, *both posited in watry signs, and at the same time* Mars *being ascendant of the second house, as you may perceive, 'tis as plain that the culminating aspect of* Saturn's Satellites, *do ye mind me, centres full in the foresaid configuration. So then mistress, the hoary question thus resolves itself,* viz. *That your goods were carry'd away* South-East *by* East *of your house, under the sign of a four-footed creature, and if you'll leave open your parlour windows a-nights, I dare pawn my life and honour, that both your silver spoon and nutmeg-grater will be flung into the house one of the nights. Semiramis* was wonderfully pleas'd to hear such news, dropt me a fee, and went about her business

She was hardly gone, but in came queen *Dido,* who the last time I saw her call'd *Virgil* so many rogues and rascals in my hearing, for raising such a malicious story of her and and the pious *Æneas*; it was a long time before I could get her to tell me what errand she came about: at last, after abundance of blushing, and covering half her face with her hood, *Seignior* Haneso, says she, *I doubt not but a person of your experience has observ'd in his time but too many instances of female infirmity. To be plain with you, I am one, and tho' I made as great a splutter about my virtue as the soundest of my sex, yet I was a damn'd recreant all that while. In short, I find by several indications which I have not nam'd to you, doctor, that I am with child,—and being very tender of my reputation,—which, doctor, is all we poor women have to depend upon,------- -and loth to have my good name expos'd in ballads and lampoons.—— —— I beg the favour of you, dear doctor,————-and you shall find I will gratify you nobly for your pains, to help me to something that shall make me,-————but you know my meaning, doctor.---------To miscarry is it not, Madam? You are in the*

right on't, dear Sir, reply'd she. Why then, Madam, I must tell you, are come to the wrong house; for whether you know it or no, I carry a tender conscience about me, mind me what I say, I carry a tender conscience about me, and would not be guilty of such a wicked thing as you mention for the world. But there is an Italian *son of a whore at the corner of the street, that will poison you and the child in your belly, and half the women in the city for half a crown. You may make your application to him, if you think fit, but for my part, Madam, I'll be perjur'd for no body; for as I told you before, my conscience is tender:* Upon this our famous *coquette* immediately withdrew in a great deal of confusion, and curs'd me plentifully in her gizzard, I don't question.

My next visitant was *Lucretia*, who brought some of her water in an *urinal*, and desir'd me to give her my judgment on't. Finding her ladyship look a little blueish, and so forth, under the eyes; what was more, having been privately inform'd of the correspondence she kept with *Æsop* the *fabulist*; *Madam*, says I bluntly to her, *the party to whom this urine belongs, is under none of the most healthful circumstances, but troubled with certain prickings and pains. I'll swear, doctor*, says she, *you are a man of skill, for to my certain knowledge the party is troubled with those concerns you were talking of. You need not foreslal me, Madam*, says I to her, *but especially when she makes water; I knew it as soon as ever I cast my eyes upon the urinal: and pray, Sir, what may be the occasion of it? for the party is at a horrid loss, what is the matter with her. Why, Madam*, says I, *the matter is plain enough, the party has been committing acts of privity with somebody, and has disoblig'd love's mansion by it: or to express myself in the familiar language of a modern verificator and quack;*

Has been dabbling in private, and had the mishap,
In seeking for pleasure to meet with a clap.

How doctor, says she, have you the impudence to say the party is clapt? verily, Madam, and yet I am no more impudent than some of my neighbours. *Why you saucy fellow you*, continues she, *I'd have you to know that I am the party to whome the urine belongs, and my name is* Lucretia, *that celebrated matron in* Roman *history, who scorning*

ing to out-live her honour, perferr'd a voluntary death to an ignominious life. Yes, Madam, says I, *I know your history well enough, and whatever opinion I may have of your chastity, I have yet a greater of your discretion; for, between friends be it said, Madam, before you left the insignificant world, you were resolv'd to taste the sweetness of young* Tarquin's *person; and finding what a vast difference there was between vigorous love and phlegmatick duty, you thought it not worth your while to be troubled any longer with the dull embraces of an impotent husband. Oh most abominable scandal,* cries our matron, *but Heaven be prais'd* Livy *tells another story of my chastity; and to let thee see how scrupulous and careful I am to preserve my reputation spotless, know, I keep company with none but moralists and philosophers. Lord, Madam,* says I, *your intrigues are no mysteries to me: I am no stranger to that laudable commerce you keep with that crook-back'd moralist and fable-monger of* Phrygia, *they call him my lord; Æsop* (at which unwelcome words she look'd paler than I have the charity to believe she did when the impetuous *Tarquin* leapt into bed to her) *and as for those sage recommenders of virtue, the philosophers, take my word for it, a clap may be got as soon among them, as any other sort of men whatsoever. Since my coming into these parts, Madam, I am able to give you a true account of the present state of most of these* Philosophers *bodies.* Thales, *who held that* Water *was the beginning of all things, is now satisfy'd that* Fire *is the conclusion of love.* Pythagoras *that run thro' so many changes in the other world, has undergone a greater transmutation here in a sweating tub. The divine* Plato, *and his disciple* Aristotle, *are at this present writing very lovingly salivating in my garret.* Socrates *had his shin-bones scrap'd t'other morning by my toad-eater Dr.* Connor, *by the same token the* Hibernian *thrash'd him for swearing so inordinately at his* dæmon *that led him into this mischance.* Aristotle *told me last night, that nothing in philosophy troubled him so much as pissing of needles.* Diogenes *has a phiz so merrily collyflower'd, that he protests against planting of men, since these are the effects of it; and the virtuous* Seneca *has lost all his* Roman *patience with his nose. But alas, these solemn splaymouth'd gentlemen, Madam,* says I, *only do it to improve in natural philosophy, with no wicked intentions,*

I can assure you, no carnal titillation to urge them on, or the like. Well says, she, since 'tis in vain to play the hypocrite any longer, I own myself a downright frail woman, therefore resolve me what is best to be done for my recovery? Look you, Madam, says I, *you must take physick, and live sober for a fortnight or so, and I'll engage to make you as primitively sound as when you first came squaling into the world. Here's a dose of pills the devil of any* Mercury's *in them; take four of them every morning, and to make them operate the better, drink me a quart of honest* Phlegethon *a little warm'd over the fire, and mix some grated nutmeg with it to correct the crudity.* She promis'd to observe my directions, presented me with half a score broad pieces, and as she was going out of the room, *Worthy doctor,* says she, *I conjure you to have a care of my dear dear reputation: And,* Madam, answers I, *pray have you likewise a care of your dear dear brandy bottle, and your beloved Dr.* Steven's *water with the gold in it;* and so we parted.

I was thinking with myself, surely it rains nothing but female visitants this morning, when a brace of two handed strapping jades bolted into my closet, and upon a due examination of their faces, I found one of them to be *Thalestris* the *Amazonian,* who, as I hinted to you in my last, is become an haberdasheress of small wares; and the other that termagant motly composition of half man half woman, *Christiana* the late queen of *Sweden.* So my two chopping *Bona Roba's,* says I to 'em and what business has brought you hither? *Why you must know, cries* Thalestris, *that both of us are furiously in love and want a little of your assistance.*

The ladies may be always sure of commanding that, answers I, but pray explain yourselves more particularly. *For my part, says* Thalestris, *having formerly been happy in the embraces of* Alexander *the great, I could never fancy any thing but a soldier ever since. Why our military men,* says I, *have been always famous for attacking and carrying all places before them, but pray tell me the happy person's name, whom you have singled from the rest of his sex to honour with your affection? With the malicious world,* continues she, *he passes for a bully, but I call him my lovely charming Capt.* Dawson; *'tis true, I am not altogether disagreeable to this cruel insensible; he likes the majesty of my person,*

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my humour and wit well enough; but t'other morning he told me, over a porringer of burnt brandy, when people are apt to unbosom themselves, that he had an unconquerable aversion to red hair, and so I am come to see whether you have any relief for this misfortune, as you promise in your bills. This is no business of mine, says I to her, *but my wife's who'll soon redress your grievances, and furnish you with a leaden comb and my* Anti-Erythræan *unguent, which after two or three applications will make you as fair or as brown as you desire.* And having said so, address'd myself to her companion, and enquir'd of her what she came for? *I am up to the ears in love,* says Christiana, *with a jolly smock-fac'd duchess's chaplain lately arriv'd in these parts; I have already signify'd my passion to him, both after the antient and modern way, persecuted him with* Latin *and* French billet-deux, *for which I was always famous: but this stubborn* Theologue *tells me my face is too masculine for him, and particularly quarrels with the irregularity of my forehead and eyebrows. Those will easily be rectify'd by my wife,* says I: *and now, Madam, will you give me leave to ask you a civil question or two?* a hundred, my dear *seignior,* answers she very obligingly. *To be short then,* says I, *a certain* French *author, who has writ the memoirs of your life, has been pleas'd positively to assert, that your majesty went thro' at least one half of the college of cardinals, and that two or three popes were suspected of being familiar with you. I wanted,* answers she, *no sort of consolation from those noble personages, while I liv'd at* Rome; *and to convince you how well I am satisfied in their abilities, by my good will, I would have to do with none but ecclesiasticks; for besides that they eat and drink plentifully, and by consequence want no vigour, they possess another no less commendable quality, and that is taciturnity. I applaud your judgment,* replies I, *for your churchmen are true feeders and thundering performers. No body knows that better than myself,* says Christiana, *and take my word for it, one robust well-chined priest is worth a hundred of your lean half-starv'd captains. I'll never hear the soldiery blaspheme'd,* says Thalestris, *in a mighty passion, I tell thee, thou insignificant north country trollop, thou foolish affected grammarian-ridden she-pedant, that one soldier is better than a thousand of your stiff-rump'd parsons;* and immediately saluted

her with a discourteous reprimand a cross the mazzard. The blood of *Gustavus Adolphus* began to be rous'd in *Christiana*, and my glasses, globes, and crocodile and all, were infallibly going to rack between these two furious heroines, when my wife luckily stept in to put an end to the fray. In short the matter was amicable made up, and so they follow'd my spouse into her closet, where I'll leave them.

Thus, *gentlemen*, you may perceive what sort of customers resort to me, I could tell you a hundred more stories to the same purpose, but why should I pretend to entertain persons of your worth with so mean and unworthy a subject as my self? therefore to diversify the scene, I will endeavour to divert you with some occurences of a more publick importance, which have happen'd in our *Acherontic* dominions since I writ to you last.

But before I proceed any farther I am to inform you, that we have a spacious noble room in the middle of *Brandinopolis*, where the virtuosos of former ages as well as of the present, use to resort and entertain one another with learned or facetious conversation, according as it happens. Of late we have had the same controversy debated among us, which so long employ'd monsieur *Perault* and the famous wits of *France*, I mean, whether the antients are preferable to the moderns in the learned arts and sciences. The question had been discuss'd one afternoon with a great deal of heat on both sides, when an honest merry gentleman and a new comer among us, whose name I have unluckily forgot, interpos'd in the dispute, and express'd himself to this effect. Gentlemen, says he, I think you may e'en drop this controversy, for I can make it appear, that little *England* alone affords a set of men at present, that much out-do any of the antients in whatever they pretend to. There's honest Mr. *Edmund Whiteaker*, late of the admiralty office, that in the mystery of making up accounts out-does *Archimedes*; and my lord *Puzzlechalk*, who told his master's money over a gridiron, understands numbers better than *Archytas* or *Euclid*. Mr. *Burgess* of *Covent-Garden*, and indeed most of the *dissenting parsons*, go infinitely beyond *Tully* and *Demosthenes* in point of eloquence; for those old fashion'd orators could only raise joy and sadness successively, whereas the latter so manage matters,

matters, that they can make their congregations laugh and weep both at once. The antients were forc'd to drudge and take pains to make themselves masters of any tongue before they pretended to write in it; but here's *your old friend Dr.* Case *by Ludgate*, writ a system of anatomy in *Latin*, and does not understand a syllable of the language. As for musick you may talk till your heart akes of your *Amphions* and your *Orpheus*'s, that drew trees and stones after them by the irresistible force of their harmony; this is so far from being a miracle among us, that the vilest thrummers in *England* and *Wales* do it every wake and fair they go to: then as for the various perturbations of mind caus'd by the antient musick, we saw something more wonderful happen upon our own theatre since the late revolution, than antiquity can boast of; for when *Harry Purcel*'s famous winter song at the *Opera* of king *Arthur*, was sung at the play-house, half the gentlemen and ladies in the side boxes and pit got an ague by it, tho' it was sung in the midst of the dog-days. Lastly, to conclude, for I am afraid I have trespass'd too much upon your patience, we infinitely exceed the antients in quickening of parts: *Virgil*, one of the topping wits of antiquity, was forc'd to retire out of the noise and hurry of *Rome* to his country *Villa*, and bestow'd some ten or twelve years in composing his *Æneis:* whereas Sir *Richard Blackmore*, who passes but for a sixth rate versifier among us, was able to write both his *Arthurs* in two or three years time, and that in the tumult and smoak of Coffee-houses, or in his coach as he was jolting it from one patient to another, amidst the vast multiplicity of his business too, which as the city bard frankly confesses, was never greater than then.

The gentleman delivered his ironies with so good a grace that he set all the company a laughing, and for that time put an end to the dispute. And now since I am upon the chapter of Sir *Richard*, you must know, that the young wits, inhabiting upon the banks of *Phlegethon*, have lately pelted his *Arthurs* with distichs; but I can only call to mind at present three of them. The two first reflect upon the poem's genealogy, which was partly begot in a coffee-house, and partly in a coach.

Editus in plauſtri *ſtrepitu, fumoque* tabernæ,
Non aliter naſci debuit iſte *liber.*

Qui potuit matrem Arthuri *dixiſſe tabernam*
Ille poteſt currum dicere, Ruſe, *patrem.*

Sæpius in libro memoratur Garthius *uno,*
Quam levis Arthuro Maurus *utroque tumens.*

I do not wonder now at prince *Arthur*'s wonderful loquacity, ſays another, (for as I remember, when he and king *Hoel* met upon the road, he welcomes him with a ſimile of forty lines perpendicular) ſince he was born at a coffee houſe; nor at the rumbling of the verſe, ſince one half of the book was written in a leathern vehicle; for we find, continues he, that what is bred in the bone, will never out of the fleſh; and thus, 'tis no wonder, that according to the obſervation of a modern virtuoſo, the *Severn* is ſo miſchievous and cholerick a river, and ſo often ruins the country with ſudden inundations, ſince it riſes in *Wales*, and conſequently participates ſometimes of the nature of that haſty, iracund people among whom 'tis born. However, cries ſurly *Ben*, I muſt needs commend Sir *Richard*'s ſagacity and politicks in taking care that his muſe ſhould be ſo openly deliver'd; for Epic poems, like the children of ſovereign princes, ought to be born in publick.

The other day, as I was taking a ſolitary turn by myſelf, 'twas my fortune to meet with a leaſh of old-faſhion'd thread-bare mortals, with very dejected looks, and in the beſt equipage of thoſe worthy gentlemen, whom you may ſee every day between the hours of twelve and one, walking in the *Middle-Temple* and *Grays-Inn* walks, to get 'em a ſtomach to their no-dinners. At firſt I took them for a parcel of fiddlers, when the oldeſt of them undeceiv'd me, by addreſſing himſelf to me as follows. Sir, ſays he, my name is *J. Hopkins*, my two companions are the fam'd *Sternhold* and *Wiſdom*, and underſtanding that you are lately arrived from *England*, I have preſum'd to ask you a queſtion: we have been inform'd ſome time ago, that two *Hibernian* bards, finding fault with our verſion and language, have endeavour'd to depoſe myſelf and my two brethren

thren here out of all parish-churches, where we have reign'd most melodiously so long, and to substitute their own translation in the room of it; I must confess it vexes me to the heart to think that I must be ejected after an hundred years quiet possession and better, which, by the Common as well as Civil law, gives a man a just title, and resign my ecclesiastical dominions to two new fangled usurpers, whom I never injur'd in my days. Now, Sir, pray tell me how my affairs go in your world, and whether I have reputation enough still left me with the people, to make head against those unrighteous innovators? Why truly, Mr. *Hopkins*, says I to him, when these adversaries first appeared in the world, I was in some pain about you, the conspiracy against your crown and dignity being so speciously laid, that nothing less than an universal defection seem'd to threaten you. 'Tis true indeed, some few churches in and about *London*, where the people you know are govern'd by a spirit of novelty, have thrown you out, but by what advices I can receive, excepting some few revolters, the generality of the people seem to be heartily engaged in your interests, and as it always happens to other monarchs when they are able to surmount an insurrection form'd against them, I look upon your throne, since you have so happily broke the neck of this rebellion, to be settled upon a surer basis than ever. The Parish-clerks, sextons, and old women, all over the kingdom are in a particular manner devoted to your service, preserving a most entire and unshaken allegiance to you, and on my conscience would sooner part with all *magna charta* than one syllable of yours. You wonderfully revive my spirits, replies old *Hopkins*, to tell me such comfortable news, but pray, Sir, one word more with you; This new translation that has made such a noise in the world, is it so much superior to mine, as my enemies here would make me believe? Mr. *Hopkins*, says I, I flatter no man, 'tis not my way, therefore you must not take amiss what I am going to say to you. For my part I am of opinion, that king *David* is not oblig'd to any of you, but ought to cudgel you all round; for I can find no other difference between the *Jewish* monarch in his ancient collar of *ekes* and *ayes*, which you and your brethren there have bestow'd upon him, and in his new-fashion'd *Irish* dress, than there is between

between an old man of threescore with a long beard hanging down to his waste, and the same individual old man newly come out of a barber's shop nicely shav'd and powder'd. 'Tis true, he looks somewhat gayer and youthfuller, but has not a jot more vigour and ability.

I know you gentlemen of *Will*'s coffee-house, will be glad to hear some news of Mr. *Dryden*, I must tell you then, that we had the devil all of combustions and quarrels here in hell since that famous bard's arrival among us. The *Grecians*, the *Romans*, the *Italians*, the *Spaniards*, the *French*, but especially the *Dutch* authors, have been upon his back; *Homer* was the first that attack'd him for justifying *Almanzor*'s idle rants and monstrous actions by the precedent of *Achilles*. The two poets, after a little squabbling, were without much difficulty perswaded to let their two heroes fight out the quarrel for them, but the nimble-heel'd *Græcian* soon got the whip-hand of the furious *Almanzor*, and made him beg pardon. *Horace* too grumbled a little in his gizzard at him for affirming *Juvenal* to be a better satirist than himself; but upon second thoughts thought it not worth his while to contest the point with him. Once it happen'd, that Mr. *Bays* came into our room when *Petronius Arbiter* was diverting us with a very fine *nouvelle*. Monsr. *Fontaine*, Sir *Philip Sidney*, Mr. *Waller*, my late lord *Rochester*, with Sir *Charles Sidley*, compos'd part of this illustrious audience; when Mr. *Dryden* unluckily spoil'd all by asking the latter, what the facetious gentleman's name was, that talk'd so agreeably? How, says Sir *Charles Sidly*, hadst thou the impudence, in the preface before thy *English Juvenal*, to say, that so soon as the pretended *Belgrade* supplement of *Petronius*'s fragments came into *England*, thou couldst tell upon reading but two lines of that edition, whether it was genuine or no; and here hast thou heard the noble author himself talk above an hour by the clock, and could not find him out? Upon this the old bard retired in some disorder; but what happened to him a day or two after was more mortifying.

Chaucer meets him in one of our coffee-houses, and after the usual ceremonies were over between two strangers of their wit and learning, thus accosts him. Sir, cries *Chaucer*, you have done me a wonderful honour to furbish up some of my old musty tales, and bestow modern garni-

ture

ture upon them, and I look upon myself much obliged to you for so undeserved a favour; however, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you, that you over-strain'd matters a little, when you liken'd me to *Ovid*, as to our wit and manner of versification. Why, Sir, says Mr. *Dryden*, I maintain it, and who then dares be so saucy as to oppose me? But under favour, Sir, cries the other, I think I should know *Ovid* pretty well, having now convers'd with him almost three hundred years, and the devil's in it if I don't know my own talent, and therefore tho' you pass a mighty compliment upon me in drawing this parallel between us, yet I tell you there is no more resemblance between us, as to our manner of writing, than there is between a jolly well-complexion'd *Englishman* and a black-hair'd thin-gutted *Italian*. Lord, Sir, says *Dryden* to him, I tell you that you're mistaken, and your two styles are as like one another as two Exchequer tallies. But I, who should know it better, says *Chaucer*, tell you the contrary. And I, say Mr. *Bays*, who know these things better than you, and all the men in the world, will stand by what I have affirm'd, and upon that gave him the lye. *Rhadamanthus*, who is one of *Pluto*'s oldest judges and a severe regulator of good manners and conversation, immediately sent for our friend *John* to appear in court; and after he had severely reprimanded him for using such insufferable language upon no provocation; for your punishment, says he, I command you to get Sir *Richard Blackmore*'s translation of *Job* by heart, and to repeat ten pages of it to our friend the author of the *Rehearsal* every morning. Poor *Bays* desired his lordship to mitigate so rash a sentence, and by way of commutation frankly offer'd to drink so many quarts of liquid sulphur every morning. No, says my lord judge, tho' they commute penances in *Doctors-Commons*, yet we are not such rogues to commute them in hell, and so I expect to be obey'd.

Thus *Gentlemen*, you see we observe a severe justice among us, and indeed to deliver my thoughts impartially, I must needs say, that equity is administer'd after a fairer and more compendious manner in these dominions, than either in your *Westminster-Hall*, or your palace at *Paris*, where *Astræa* pretends to carry all before her, yet has as little to do in either of those two places, as a farrier at *Venice*.

Venice. A signal instance of this we have had in a late famous tryal. A foot-soldier of the first regiment of guards, and a *Drury-lane* whore, were summon'd to appear before judge *Minos*, who after he had, with a great deal of patience, heard the crimes that were alledg'd against them, asked them what they had to offer in favour of themselves, why sentence of damnation should not pass? the young harlot, either replying upon the merits of her face, which she foolishly imagin'd would bring her off here, as it had often done in your world, or else being naturally furnish'd with a greater stock of impudence than the soldier, broke thro' the crowd, and thus address'd herself to the court: I hope your lordship, says she, will take no advantage of a poor woman's ignorance, who ought to have learned counsel to plead for her; however, I depend so much upon the justice of my cause, that I will undertake it my self. The chief argument I insist upon, my lord, is this: I think it highly unreasonable that I should suffer a-new for my crimes in this world, having done sufficient penance for them in the other. By my aunt's consent and privity, I was sold to an old libidinous lord, and debauch'd by him before I was fourteen; the noble peer kept me some four months; then took occasion to pick a quarrel with me, and set me a drift in the wide world, to steer my course as fortune should direct me. In this exigence I was forc'd to apply my self to a venerable old matron, who finding me young and handsome, took me into her service, shamm'd me upon her customers for a baronet's daughter of the *North*, and much I was made of, and courted like a little queen; but, my lord, our profession is directly opposite to all others, for too much custom breaks us. In short, an officer in the army, whom *Pluto* rewarded for his pains, taught me what *Fortune de la guerre* meant, so that I was very fairly salivated before fifteen. Having got a little knowledge of the world under this old matron's directions, who went more than halves with me in every bargain, I thought it high time to trade for my self, and told her one morning, that I was resolved to expose myself no longer in her house. What you please as for that, replies this antient gentlewoman, but first, my dear child, let us come to a fair account to see how the land lies between us. Then stepping into the next room she

ſhe ſhew'd me a deal-board all be-ſcrawl'd with round o's and cart-wheels in ungodly chalk; then clapping on her ſpectacles, let me ſee, cries ſhe, for lodging, diet, waſhing, cloaths, linen, phyſick, *&c.* you owe me ten pounds, (which came up within a few tranſitory ſhillings of what I had earned in her houſe) and this you muſt pay, ſweetheart, before you talk of parting. 'Twas in vain to complain of her extortion, for beſides that ſhe pleaded perſcription for it, her arithmetick was infallible, and ſhe judg'd for her ſelf *en dernier reſſort*. Thus I was turn'd out of doors, but having in the interim, while I ſtay'd here, contracted a ſmall acquaintance with a ſiſter of the quill that lodg'd in *Covent-Garden*, I repaired to her quarters, and continu'd with her. Between us, my lord, we acted the ſtory of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, that is, we were never viſible together, but when ſhe appear'd above the horizon, 'twas bed-time with me; and when ſhe kept her bed, 'twas my time to ſhine at the play-houſe. When either of us went abroad, we made a fine ſhow enough, but then we gratify'd our backs at the expence of our bellies; cow-heel, tripe, a few eggs, or ſprats, were our conſtant regale at home, and upon holidays a chop of mutton roaſted upon a packthread in the chimney; and many a time when my ſiſter and I wore ſilver-lac'd ſhoes our ſtockings wanted feet. I ſhould treſpaſs too much upon your lordſhip's patience, to tell you how I have been forc'd to ſhift my name as well as my quarters, to ſubmit to the nauſeous embraces of every drunken tobacco-taking ſot, that had half a crown in his pocket to purchaſe me; and when I have been arreſted for a milk-ſcore not exceeding the terrible ſum of four ſhillings, to let an ill-look'd dog of a *Moabite* enjoy me upon a founder'd chair in a ſpunging-houſe to procure my liberty. To this I ſhould add, what unmerciful contributions I was forc'd out of my ſmall revenue to pay to the conniving juſtices clerks, the conſtable, the beadle, the tallyman, but eſpecially to thoſe raſcals the *Reformers*, whoſe buſineſs is not to convert, but only lay a heavier tax upon poor ſinners, and make iniquity ſhift its habitation oftener than otherwiſe it would, I ſhould never have done. In ſhort, our condition, my lord is like a frontier people that live between two mighty monarchies, oppreſs'd, ſqueez'd, and plun-

der'd

der'd on all ſides. By that time I was one and twenty, I could number more diſeaſes than years, ſmoak and ſwear like a grenadier; and laſt *Bartholomew fair*, having made a debauch in ſtumm'd claret and Dr. *Stevens*'s water, with an attorney's clerk, a fever ſeiz'd me next morning, and tript up my heels in three days. How I was buried, that is to ſay, whether by the contributions of the ſiſterhood, or at the charge of the pariſh, I cannot tell; but this, my lord, is a ſhort and faithful account of my life, and now I ſubmit myſelf to the juſtice of this honourable court. I will not pretend to vindicate my profeſſion, but this I may venture to affirm, that the world cannot live without us, and that a whore in the buſineſs of love, is like farthings in the buſineſs of trade, which (tho' they are not the legal coin of the nation) ought to be allow'd and tolerated, if it were only for the conveniency of ready change. Well, ſays my lord, ſince 'tis ſo, and your calling expos'd you to ſo much ſuffering, I hope you made your gallants pay for it? That you may be ſure I did, anſwers our damſel, I ſold my maidenhead to fifteen ſeveral cuſtomers, by the ſame token ſeven of them were *Jews*, and it pleaſes me to think how I cheated thoſe loggerheads in their own *Moſaical* indications. I never parted with any of my favours, nay, not ſo much as a clap *gratis*, except a lieutenant and enſign whom once I admitted upon truſt, by the ſame token they built a ſconce, and left me in the lurch. I always took care to ſecure my money firſt; tho' thoſe ungracious vipers of the army would rifle me now and then in ſpite of all my precaution: for my lord, we whores are like the ſea, what we gain in one place we loſe in another. Take her away, ſays my lord *Minos*, take her away, ſee her fairly dipt every morning for this twelvemonth over head and ears in good wholeſome brimſtone: to be both merchant and merchandize, to ſell her ſelf for money and yet expect pleaſure for it, is worſe exaction than was ever practiſed in *Lombard-ſtreet*, or *Cornhil*.

Our *Drury-lane* nymph was no ſooner carried off, but the ſoldier advanced forward, and thus told his tale: My lord, you are not to expect a fine ſpeech from me, I am a ſoldier, and we ſoldiers are men of action, and not of words. I was a barber's prentice in the *ſtrand*, liv'd with

him

him five years, got his maid with child, beat his wife for pretending to reprove me, had run on ſcore at all the painted lattices in the neighbour-hood. and my circumſtances being ſuch, was eaſily perſuaded to turn gentleman-ſoldier. My captain promis'd to make me a ſerjeant the very moment after I was liſted, but he ſerv'd me juſt as he did his creditors, whom, to my certain knowledge, he left in the lurch. Well, my lord, I follow'd him to *Flanders*, where I ſtood buff to death and damnation four campaigns, ſometimes for a groat, ſometimes for nothing a-day. Had I more ſins to anſwer for than either the colonel or agent of our regiment, I have buſtled thro' miſery enough to wipe out all my ſcores, curtail'd of my pay to keep a double-chinn'd chaplain, who never preach'd among us, and maintain an hoſpital, where I could never expect to be admitted without bribery; forc'd for want of ſubſiſtence to ſteal offal, which an hungry dog would piſs upon, and if diſcover'd ſure to be rewarded with the wooden-horſe, and left the unweildy beaſt ſhou'd throw me, ſcur'd by a brace of muſquets dangling on my heels; to lie up to the chin in water for preventing of rheumatiſms, and ſmoak wholeſome dock-leaves to prevent being dunn'd by my ſtomach; drubb'd and can'd without any provocation, by a ſmooth-fac'd prig, who t other day was a pimp, or ſomething worſe to a nobleman; never ſure of one hour's reſt in the night, never certain of a meal's meat in the day; haraſs'd with perpetual marches and counter-marches; roaſted all the ſummer, and frozen all the winter; cheated by my officer, cuckolded by my comrades. Theſe, my lord, were the bleſſings of my life, and if ever I could muſter up pence enough to purchaſe a ſingle pint of *Geneva*, I thought myſelf in my kingdom. Laſt ſummer I was one of the noble adventurers that went in the expedition to *Cadiz*, and having ſecur'd a little linen to myſelf at *Fort St. Mary*'s it order to make me a few ſhirts when I came home, and rubb'd off with two inſignificant ſilver puppets (I think they call them ſaints) out of a church, the ſuperior commander ſeiz'd upon them for his own private uſe, in her majeſty's name, and legally plunder'd me of what I had as legally ſtolen from the enemy. This and a thouſand other diſappointments, together with change of climates and other inconveniences,

threw

threw such a damp upon my spirits, that within three days after I landed at *Portsmouth*, I fell ill, and was glad to part with a wretched life, which had given me so much vexation and so little satisfaction. Thus my lord, I have honestly laid all before you, so let the court sentence me as they please. Why really, says the judge, thy case is hard enough, and I must needs say thou dost not want any new weight to be laid upon thee; and so immediately acquitted him, ordering him to be set at liberty without paying of fees.

Finding justice impartially administered in *Hell*, you may perhaps have the curiosity, gentlemen, to enquire what sort of reception my lord *Double* of *Turn-about-hall* found among us upon his arrival into these dominions. I must tell you then, that to the universal admiration of our infernal world, my lord is become *Pluto*'s great favourite, so that nothing almost is transacted here without his advice and direction. Every body indeed expected, that his lordship who changed his religion on purpose to delude the unhappy prince, whose prime confident he was, and at the same time kept a private correspondence with his enemy in *Holland*, would have found an entertainment suitable to his deserts, been loaded with chains, and regaled with liquid sulphur; but hitherto he has either had the good luck, or management, to avoid it. A sudden gust of wind had blown away the fan from the top of *Pluto*'s kitchin, that very afternoon he came here. Our monarch was first in the mind to clap his lordship's breech upon the iron-spike, and make a weathercock of him (the only thing he was fit for) that with every whiff of brimstone he might tell where damnation sate. Soon after he was of opinion to make a light-match of him to use upon occasion, whenever he had any empire or kingdom to blow up. But at last carefully considering his face, and the majesty of his gate, he made him his taylor, and to say the truth, nobody knows the dimensions of his *Luciferian* majesty better than his lordship: and as it often happens in your world for noblemen to be govern'd by their taylors or peruke-makers, so my lord in his present capacity of taylor orders every thing at court, puts in and displaces whom he pleases, and possesses *Pluto*'s ear to that degree, that happening to be in company last week with *Aaron Smith*,

Smith, Col. *Wildman*, *Slingsby Bethel*, *C---rn---sh*, and others of the same kidney, who heartily wish the prosperity of old *Hell*, they gravely shook their heads, and said they were afraid their master *Pluto*'s government would not long continue, since he had got a viper in his bosom, and a traytor in his cabinet, who would not fail to conjure up some neighbouring prince against him to dispossess him of his antient throne. Indeed 'tis prodigious to consider how this dissembler has wriggled himself into the good opinion not only of our sovereign, but even of queen *Proserpine*. About a month ago he had interest enough to get my late lord *Sh----ft----ry*, released out of the dungeon, where he has been confined ever since his coming here, and made him administrator of the *Clyster-Pipe* to *Pluto*, for this merry reason, because he had always a good hand at *striking at fundamentals*. That old libidinous civilian of the *Commons*, Dr *Littleton*, he has made judge admiral of the *Stygian* lake, and the famous Mr. *Alsop*, who wished in his address to king *James*, that the dissenters had casements to their breasts, he has got to be the devil's glazier; nay, what will more surprize you, he has procur'd the reversion of master of *Pluto*'s rough game, when it falls, for Dr. *Oates*; and obtain'd a promise of candle-snuffer-general to all the gaming-houses in these quarters, for honest *George Porter* the evidence.

The Remainder of my Catalogue of CURES.

Timothy Addlepate, of *Cheapside*, *Milliner*, was so wonderfully afflicted with the *Zelotypia Italica*, that he constantly lock'd up his simpering red-hair'd spouse, when business call'd him abroad, and would hardly trust her with her aunt or grandmother. By rectifying his constitution with my true *Covent-Garden* ELIXIR, he is so intirely cured of the *Ictterus Martialis*, or his old *yellow distemper* that now of his own accord he carries her to the play-house, sends her to all the balls, masquerades, and merry meetings in town; nay, trusts her alone at *Epsom-Wells* and *Richmond*, and will let her sit a whole afternoon with a gay smooth-fac'd officer of the guards at the tavern, and is never disturbed at it.

Jethro

Jethro Lumm, at the ſign of the *Blue-ball* and *Spotted-horſe*, between a *Cheeſemonger*'s and *Perfumer*'s ſhops in *Ratcliff-high-way*, by taking a few doſes of my *Pulvis Vermifugus*, or my *Antiverminous Powder*, voided above 30000 worms of all ſorts, as your *Aſcarides*, *Teretes*, *Hirudines*, and ſo forth, in the ſpace of 12 hours, one of which, by modeſt computation, was ſuppoſed long enough to reach from St. *Leonard's Shoreditch*, to *Tottenham high croſs*. I confeſs my medicine is a little bitter; but what ſays the learned *Arabian* philoſopher *Hamet Ben Hamet Ben Haddu Albumazar*, A diadem will not cure the *Apoplexy*, nor a velvet ſlipper the *Gout*: And are not all the Antients as well as Neotorics agreed, that *raro corpus ſine vermibus*. Therefore, my good friends, be advis'd in time.

Ezekiel Driver of *Puddle-dock*, Carman, having diſordered his *Pia mater* with too plentiful a morning's draught of *three-threads* and *old Pharaoh*, had the misfortune to have his car run over him. The whole ſtreet concluded him as good as dead, and the over-forward clerk of the pariſh had already ſet him down in the weekly-bills. Two applications of my *Unguentum Traumaticum* ſet him immediately to rights, and now he is coachman in ordinary to a Tallyman's fat widow in *Soho*. Witneſs his hand *E. D.*

Elnathan Ogle, Anabaptiſt-teacher in *Moreſields* over-againſt the *Graſshopper* and *Greyhound*, for want of being carefully rubb'd down by the pious females after his ſudorifick exerciſe, had got the greaſe in his heels, and was ſo violently troubled with rheumatical pains, that he was no longer able to lay out himſelf for the benefit of his congregation. My *Emplaſtrum Anodynum* ſo effectually reliev'd him by twice uſing of it, that he has ſince ſhifted his profeſſion, teaches the youth of *Finsbury-fields* to play at back-ſword and quarter-ſtaff, and has turn'd his conventicle into a fencing-ſchool.

Marmaduke Thummington, at the *Red-cow* and 3 *Travellers* in *Barbican*, was poſſeſs'd with an obſtreperous ill condition'd devil of a wife, whoſe everlaſting clack inceſſantly thundering in his ears, had made him as deaf as a drum. His caſe was ſo lamentable, that a demiculverin ſhot over his head affected him no more than it would a man 20 miles off; he was inſenſible to all the betting and ſwearing of the loudeſt cock-match, that ever was fought by two contending

ding counties; nay, at one of Mr. *Bays*'s fighting plays, would sit you as unconcern'd, as if he had been at a Quakers silent meeting. After all your *Elmys*, and other pretenders had despair'd of him, I undertook his cure, and with a few of my *Otacoustical* drops have so intirely recover'd him, that the society of Reformers have made him their chief director, and his hearing is so strangely improved, that at an eaves-dropping at a window, he can hear oaths that were never sworn, and bawdy that was never spoke.

Richard Bentlesworth, superintendent of a small grammar-elaboratory, in the out-skirts of the town, was so monstrously over-run with the *Scorbuticum Pedanticum*, that he used to dumfound his milk-woman with strange stories of *gerunds* and *participles*; would decline you *domus* in a cellar in the *Strand* before a parcel of chimney-sweepers, and confute *Schioppius* and *Alvarez* to the old wall-ey'd matron, that sold him grey pease. Tho' this strange distemper, when once it has got full possession of a man, is as hard to be cured as an hereditary-pox, yet I have absolutely recovered him; so that now he troubles the publick no more with any of his *Dutch-Latin* dissertations; but is as quiet an author as ever was neglected by all the town, or buried in *Little-Britain*.

Timothy Gimcrack, doctor of the noble cockle-shell-fraternity, whose philosophy and learning lay so much under ground, that he had nothing of either to show above it, used to be troubled with strange unaccountable fits, and during the *paroxism*, would contrive new worlds, as boys build houses of cards, find a thousand faults with old *Moses*, make a hasty pudding of the universe, and drown it in a *Menstruum* of his own inventing, and leave the best patient in the city, for a new gay-coated butterfly. I took out his brains, washed them in my *Aqua Intellectualis*, and if has since relaps'd, who may he thank, but his cursed *East-India* correspondent, who addled his understanding a-new, with sending him the furniture of a *Chinese* barber's-shop.

Nehemiah Drowsy, grocer and deputy of his ward, was so prodigiously afflicted with a lethargy, that his whole life was little better than a dream. He would sleep even while he was giving the account of his own pedigree, how

how from leathern breeches and nothing in them, he came to the vaſt fortune he now poſſeſſes. Nay, over the pious ſpouſe of his boſom he has been often found aſleep in an exerciſe which keeps all other mortals awake. By following my ſage directions he's ſo wonderfully alter'd for the better, that after a full dinner of roaſt-beef and pudding he can liſten to a dull ſermon at *Salters-Hall*, without ſo much as one yawn; nay, can hear his apprentice read two entire pages of *Weſley*'s heroic poem, and never makes a nod all the while.

The End of my Catalogue of CURES.

But to come to affairs of a more publick concern, we are in a ſtrange ferment here about the divided intereſts of the houſes of *Auſtria* and *Bourbon*. Our maſter following herein the policy of the *Jeſuits*, or rather they following him, for we ought to give the devil his due, ſeems to incline moſt to the latter: however, if the *Spaniards* and *French* ſet up their horſes no better in your world than they do with us, 'tis eaſy to predict that the unnatural conjuction of the two kingdoms will be ſoon ſhatter'd to pieces. Whenever they meet, there's ſuch roaring and ſwearing, and calling of names between them, that we expect every minute when they will go to loggerheads. 'Tis true ſome few of the dons that are lately arriv'd here, call'd *Lewis-le-Grand* their protector, and are *Frenchify'd* to a ſtrange degree; but the reſt of their countrymen call them a parcel of degenerate raſcals, and are ſo violently bent againſt them, that unleſs *Pluto* lock'd them up a nights in diſtinct apartments, we ſhould have the devil and all to do with them.

Next to the affairs of *France* and *Spain*, are we concerned about the fate of the occaſional bill; a few old faſhion'd virtuoſos among us hope it will paſs, but the generality of our politicians, and particularly thoſe belonging to *Pluto*'s cabinet, who are ſtiled the congregation *de inferno ampliando*, are reſolv'd at any rate to hinder its taking effect. As hypocriſy ſends greater numbers to hell, than any other ſins whatever, you are not to wonder if the miniſtry here do all they can to oppoſe the paſſing of a bill, which will prove ſo deſtructive to the infernal intereſt by deſtroying hypocriſy. For which reaſon *Pluto* has lately diſpatch'd ſeveral truſty emiſſaries to your parts, who are

to

to bribe your obſervators and other mercenary pamphleteers, to raiſe a hedious outcry about perſecution, and repreſent this deſign in ſuch odious colours to the people, that, if poſible, it may miſcarry. A little time will ſhow us the ſucceſs of this refin'd conduct.

One ſhort ſtory, gentlemen, and then I have done. A *Spaniard* laſt week was commending the authors of his own country, and particularly enlarg'd upon the merits of the voluminous long-winded *Toſtatus*, who, he ſaid, had writ above a cart-load of books in his time. But why ſhould I talk of a cart-load, continues he, when he has writ more than 'tis poſſible for any one ſingle man to read over in his life? judge then of the worth of this indefatigable *Toſtatus*; judge how many tedious nights and days he muſt have ſpent in ſtudy. Under favour, cries an *Engliſh* gentleman lately arrived here, we have a writer that much exceeds your famous *Toſtatus*, even in that reſpect. His name is *Bentivoglio*, and tho' at preſent he falls ſomewhat ſhort of your author, as to the number of books of his own compoſing, yet he has writ one octavo, which I'll defy any man in the univerſe to read over, tho' he has the patience of *Job*, the conſtitution of *Sampſon*, and the long age of *Methuſelah*.

But hold---I forget who I am writing to all this while; gentlemen that have either more buſineſs or pleaſure upon their hands, than to go thro' the tedious perſecution of ſo unmerciful a letter. However, I hope you'll pardon me this fault, if you conſider the great difficulty of tranſmitting the *nouvelles* of our ſubterranean world to your parts; for which reaſon I was reſolv'd rather to treſpaſs upon your patience, than loſe this opportunity of giving you an account of all our memorable tranſactions. If in requital of this ſmall trouble I have given myſelf, you will be ſo kind as to order any one of your ſociety, to inform me how affairs go at preſent in *Covent-Garden*, at St. *James*'s, &c. what news the dramatick world affords in *Drury-lane*, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and *Smithfield*, as 'twill be the moſt ſenſible obligation you can lay upon me, ſo it ſhall be remember'd with the utmoſt gratitude by,

Gentlemen, Your moſt obedient Servant,

GIUSIPPE HANESIO.

CERTAMEN EPISTOLARE,

Between an *Attorney* of *Cliffords-Inn* and a dead *Parſon*. By Mr. T. BROWN.

The ARGUMENT.

A fellow of a college came up to town about buſineſs; which detaining him there much longer than he expected, he was forc'd to borrow five pounds of his landlady, a widow in Shoe-lane, *and promis'd to pay her within a month. At his return to* Cambridge, *a living in* Lincolnſhire *fell vacant, and the* College *preſented him to it. On the day of his inſtitution he drank ſo plentifully with his pariſhioners, that he fell ſick of a fever, which diſpatch'd him in a few days. All this while the widow wonder'd what was become of the gentleman; and after ſeveral months forbearance, having no news of him, employ'd an* Attorney *of* Clifford's-Inn *to write to him for the five pounds. The letter coming to the* College *ſome eight months after our* Parſon's *deceaſe, a gentleman of the ſame houſe had the curioſity to open it; and to carry on the frolick, anſwer'd it in the name of the dead man, which gave occaſion to the following commerce.*

LETTER I.

To Mr. ----- *at his Chambers in* ----- *College in* Cambridge.

SIR,

INgatum ſi dixere omnia dixeris, was the ſaying of one of the greateſt ſages of antiquity; to whoſe name and merits I preſume you can be no ſtranger. *Perit quod facias ingrato,* was likewiſe the ſaying of another *Græcian* philoſopher, as you will find in *Eraſmus*'s adagies. *Save a thief from the gallows and he'll cut your throat,* is a proverb of our own growth; and we have a thouſand inſtances

ſtances in antient and modern hiſtory to confirm the truth of it.

Indeed ingratitude is ſo monſtrous and execrable a vice, that, according to the *Roman* orator's obſervation (I need not tell you, that when I ſay the *Roman* orator, I always mean *Tully)* the very earth itſelf, the *bruta tellus*, as *Horace* deſervedly calls it, is a ſtanding teſtimony againſt all ungrateful men, and riſes up in judgment againſt them. For does not this earth, the vileſt of the four elements, make grateful returns to the husbandman for the little coſt and pains he beſtows upon her? Does ſhe not ſometimes give thirty, ſometimes twenty, and at leaſt ten meaſures of corn for the one he entruſted her with? Whereas an ungrateful wretch is ſo far from doubling or trebling a kindneſs done to him, that 'tis next door to a miracle, if he can be brought to give back the principal.

And now, Sir, you'll ask me, I ſuppoſe, what I mean by declaming thus againgſt ingratitude, any more than ſimony or ſacrilege, or any other ſin whatever; and particularly how this comes to affect you? Why, Sir, don't be ſo haſty, I beſeech you, and you'll ſoon be ſatisfied.

You muſt underſtand me then, that one Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman*, widow, who lives at the ſign of the *Griffin* in *Shoe-lane*, (I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſomebody's conſcience begins to fly in his face by this time) told me, that a certain gentleman of *Cambridge*, who very much reſembles you in name, face, and perſon, (and now Sir, I humbly conceive that ſomebody that ſhall be nameleſs bluſhes) borrow'd of her upon the firſt of *April*, 1698, in the tenth year of his majeſty king *William*'s reign, the ſum of five pounds, (well Sir, let him bluſh on, for bluſhing is a ſign of grace) which he promis'd to repay her *in verbo ſacerdotis*, within a month after, (good Lord! to ſee how canonically ſome people can break their words) upon the word of a gentleman, as he was a chriſtian, and all that. But mind what follows, Sir. This worthy gentleman, I told you of, altho' he was bound to the performance of his promiſe by all that was good and ſacred; and if good and ſacred would not bind him, by a note under his own hand, wherein he promis'd to pay to Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman*, widow, or order, the aforeſaid ſum of five pounds upon demand: nevertheleſs, and notwithſtanding all this, he

has not had the manners so much as to send her a letter to excuse himself for this delay, and takes no more notice of her, than if he had never seen any such person as Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman* in all his life.

She being therefore my antient acquaintance and friend, and one for whom I profess to have a very great value, desir'd me to write a few lines to you, which accordingly I have done, and by her order I request you, as being a person of great civility and candour, to tell the aforesaid gentleman, (whom as I am inform'd you may see every morning in the year, if you have a looking-glass in your room, which I will in charity suppose) that she expects to have the five pounds *supradicti* within a fortnight at farthest, and then all will be well: otherwise she must be forc'd, in her own defence, to employ the secular arm, *anglicè*, a baliff or catchpole, and put the abovemention'd person into lobb's pound.

Now, Sir, having a great regard to mother university, (of which I might have been an unworthy member, had not my uncle - - - -) and likwise being desirous to prevent farther effusion of christian money, I make it my humble request to you to speak to the aforesaid gentleman, that he would send me the sum of five pounds with all expedition; and in so doing you will in a most particular manner oblige,

Sir,

From my Chambers
in *Clifford*'s-Inn.

Your most humble tho'
unknown Servant,

W. H.

ANSWER I.

To Mr. W. H. *Attorney at Law, at his Chambers in* Clifford's-*Inn*

Worthy Sir,

YEsterday morning, about eight of the clock precisely, the sun being newly entred into *Sagittarius*, and the wind standing at south-east by east; which corner, as the learned abbot *Joachimus Trithemius*, in his elaborate treatise,

treatise, intitled, *Eurus Enucleatus*, tells us, is a certain prognostick of droughts and hot weather; I was smoaking a pipe of tobacco, and reading *Erasmus*'s *Moriæ Encomium* of the *Basil* edition, printed by *Frobenius*, who, you know, Sir, married *Christopher Plantin*'s cook-maid, when to my great surprize, the post-boy brought me a letter from one *W. H.* who pretends to date it from his chambers in *Clifford*'s-Inn; tho' as far as I can judge of the beast by his stile and way of writing, he ought to have a room no where but in the brick-house in *Moorfields*.

For, Sir, the author of it, and I desire you to tell him so much from me, seems to rave, and in his raving fit disgorges old buckram *Apophthegms* and ends of *Latin* stolen out of *Lycosthenes*; and in short, at the expence of other folks, throws his thread-bare quotations about him like a madman, as you will soon perceive, if you'll give yourself the trouble to read what follows.

I. This retainer to the law, Sir, begins his letter with *Ingratum si dixere omnia dixere*; and has the impudence to tell me, that it was a saying of one of the greatest sages of antiquity, as if a man were a jot the wiser for his calling him so; and, like a presuming coxcomb as he is, presumes I am no stranger to his name and merits. Pray, Sir, tell him from me, that he has falsify'd his quotation; for which crime, by an old statute of king *Ina*, as you will find in *Gothofred* and *Panormitanus*, he ought to do penance in a certain wooden machine, call'd in *Latin*, *Collistrigium*, and in *English* a *Pillory*; and that in all the antient manuscripts both in the *Vatican* and *Bodleian* libraries, not to mention those of the duke of *Courland*, and the prince of *Hesse-Darmstadt*, 'tis written, *Attornatum si dixeris, omnia dixeris*; which is as much as to say, Sir, that if you call a man an attorney, you call him all the rogues and rascals in the world.

II. Before I proceed any farther, I must beg the favour of you to inform him, that we are much surpriz'd here to find an attorney guilty of so much nonsense, as to send down *Latin* to the university, where we have more than we know well what to do with. 'Tis as bad as sending *Derby*-ale from *Fullwood*'s-rents to the town of *Derby*, or sturgeon to *Huntingdon*. In fine, as he has

manag'd matters, 'tis downright *murderium* (he knows the meaning of that world) for which he must never expect the benefit of the clergy.

To pass over his next idle quotation, and an old batter'd *English* proverb; the next person he falls upon, is the *Roman* orator; and with his usual discretion, he gives me to understand that he means *Tully* by him. 'Tis well he tells us whom he means; for of all the men in the world, I thought an attorney had as little to do with an orator, as a bawd with an eunuch. But why should a fellow that never meant any thing in his life, pretend to meaning? Or how came *Tully* and such a blockhead to be acquainted? Well, but *Tully*, he says, observes that the earth itself, which, I hope by the bye, will one of these days stop his pettifegging mouth, for calling it the vilest of the four elements, is a standing testimony against ingratitude; and why forsooth, because it returns the husbandman two for one. I can't imagine how it should come into this wretch's head to rail at ingratitude, who is the most ungrateful devil that ever liv'd; and 'tis ten to one but I prove it before I have done with him. He is ungrateful in the first place to his schoolmaster, for making no better use of the *Latin* he wipp'd into him. He is ungrateful to the *Common Law*, for polluting it which wicked sentences purloin'd out of *Pagan* authors: and lastly, he is ungrateful to the *Inn* he lives in, for dreaming seven whole years there to no purpose, and continuing as great a blockhead as when he first come to town.

Towards the conclusion of his letter, *you must understand*, says he, *that one*---This he said to shew his civility and good manners; *You must understand?* Why suppose I won't *understand*, how will he help himself? Or what man alive can understand a fellow that murders his thoughts between two languages? but I find I must *understand* him right or wrong. After this compliment, he tells me an idle foolish story of a widow in *Shoe-lane*, and raves about five pounds, that I know nothing of; and is so full of it that a few lines below he calls it the sum *supradict*. I shall take another opportunity to knock this impertinent tale on the head, and shall only desire you at present to acquaint this *W. H.* from me, that when he has answer'd this letter, I design to give him satisfaction in his other points.

In

In the mean time, unknown Sir, I am as the *Roman* orator has it,

Tuus ab ovo usque ad mala,

Q. Z.

LETTER II.

SIR,

I Don't know what plenty of *Latin* you may have in the *University*; tho', by the bye, I can hardly believe you are so overstock'd with it as you pretend; but I dare swear that *good manners* are very scarce things among you, and your letter sufficiently demonstrates it.

You are angry with me, it seems, for quoting a few *Latin* sentences; I am afraid 'tis the meaning of them, and not the language that disgusts you; for some people can't endure to hear the truth told them in any tongue whatever: but, under favour, *Sir*, what mighty virtue should there be in the air of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, that *Latin* should only flourish there? Or why should not *Tully* take up his quarters in the *Inns* of *Chancery*, as well as one of your *Colleges*? I am sure we can give him better meat and drink, and perhaps have cleaner and larger rooms to entertain him.

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora POENI,
Nec tam aversus equos TYRIA sol jungit ab urbe.

The meaning of these two verses are, (for why should not I interpret my *Latin* to you, as well as you have taken the freedom to explain your's to me?) that *London* is not so barbarous and unpolish'd a place, but that *Apollo*, and the nine *Muses* may find as hospitable a reception there, as with you in the university.

But, *Sir*, I have no time to lose, tho' you have. The widow is pressing for her money, the *Term* draws on apace, and I must know your answer one way or other. Therefore let me desire you in your next, not to ramble from the point in hand, but to keep to the text. Once in your life take *Martial*'s advice, *Dic aliquid de tribus capellis*; here's *Latin* for you again; but the advice is good and seasonable. Once more leave off flourishing and

come immediately to buſineſs, that I may know what meaſures to take.

I am,

Yours, as you uſe me,

W.H.

ANSWER II.

SIR,

YOU charge me with want of manners in the *Univerſity*. Now to convince you that your accuſation is groundleſs, frivolous and vexatious, I will take no notice of the ſcurrilous reflections in your letter, but, as you deſire me, fall immediately to buſineſs.

To ſum them up in a few lines what you have beſtow'd ſo many upon, you tell me that a certain gentleman of my acquaintance, meaning myſelf, I ſuppoſe, whom in your exceſs of charity, you believe to have a looking-glaſs in his chamber, and a great deal of the like ſtuff, borrow'd five pounds laſt *April* of one *Rebecca Blackman*, widow, and ſpinſter, living at the ſign of the *Griffin* and *Red-lion* in *Shoe-lane*, and has not paid her as he promis'd. Now, *Sir*, if I make it appear to you that there is no ſuch a thing as a widow *in rerum natura*, or a *Griffin*, or a *Red-lion*; that *Shoe-lane* is an equivocal word; and that 'tis impoſſible for a man that lives under the evangelical diſpenſation to owe any ſuch *heatheniſh ſum* as five pounds; I hope you'll be brought to knock under the table, and own that you have given me and yourſelf a great deal of unneceſſary trouble.

Firſt of all, I affirm, aſſert and maintain, that there is no ſuch thing as a widow in the univerſe; and thus I prove it. A *widow* is one that laments and grieves for the loſs of her husband; but how can you or any man in *London* know that a woman really grieves? for ſhedding of tears, and wearing of crape, are not ſure ſigns of grief; conſequently then how can you be ſure there is any ſuch thing as a widow? And if ſo, are not you an inſufferable coxcomb to palm a widow upon a ſtranger, that never did you any harm? Well, but ſuppoſe it were poſſible for a man to know that a woman really grieves for the loſs of her husband, which propoſition, let me tell you, *Heroboord Burgerſdicius*, and the whole ſtream of the *Dutch* commentators

commentators and *Peleponnesian* divines positively deny; how shall we be able to find out this monster, and tell where the place of her abode is? Why, say you, she lives at the sign of the *Griffin* and *Red Lion* in *Shoe-lane*? Bless us! what a sad thing it is to be troubled with a distemper'd brain! *Imprimis*, a *Griffin* is a new *ens rationis*, only devis'd by the imagination, and is no where to be found, no not in the deserts of *Arabia*, or the vast forests of *Afric*; altho' *Afric*, Sir, ever since the time of *Eratosthenes* and *Strabo*, has been said continually to produce some new monster: and as for a *Red Lion*, I defy you and all the attornies in the kingdom to shew me one. *Theophrastus*, *Ælian*, *Dionysius*, *Harmogi stus de miraculis*, *Perogunius de brutis*, *Philopemen junior de robusta natura*, and a hundred more of worth and credit, whom I have read, and you never heard nam'd, either in *Westminster-hall*, or *Westminster-abbey*. But since these are pagan authors, it may be you will pretend they ought to have no weight with a christian, and I know you will be damn'd before you will allow of any thing against your own mammon; therefore I shall proceed to give you more modern accounts of what has been remark'd in the most natural places for to expect monsters in, and yet the devil of a *Red Lion* do they mention. *Don Gonsales* gives us a particular of all the wonders, miracles and strange things in the habitable part of the moon; *Mandevil*'s *Travels*, *Piuto*'s and *de la Val*'s, the most fabulous of the poets, the most lying pilgrims and extravagant historians, never dar'd to have the impudence to impose so much upon mankind as to assert the being of a *Red Lion*.

Now if human reason, experience in so many places, and no proof any where can have place, as it ought to do with a lawyer, I hope here are enough to convince you of your error; but if nothing under ocular demonstration will satisfy you, and you are not at leisure to turn over so many volumes, let me request you, worthy Sir, to take a step to the tower, and if you don't find what I say to be true, I promise you here under my hand to give you a hundred pounds, *bonæ & legalis monetæ Angliæ*, the next time I meet you.

However, for peace sake, let us once admit, that *Griffins* and *Red Lions*, are real things, and no fictions of the brain,

as *Smegleſius* hath evidently prov'd it, in what ſtreet or ſquare, or lane, or alley, is the abovemention'd Mrs. *Rebecca Blackman* to be found? Oh, cry you in *Shoe-lane*. Come Sir, *Shoe-lane* is a fallacy which you muſt not pretend to put upon a man that has taken his own degrees, and writes himſelf *A. M* don't you know, that *dolus latet in univerſalibus?* Whatever lane people walk in they muſt certainly wear out ſhoe-leather; and in whatever lane they wear out ſhoe-leather, that lane, in propriety of ſpeech, deſerves and may challenge the name of *Shoe-lane*; conſequently then, every lane, not only in *London*, but in all his majeſty's dominions, where the ſubjects of *England* walk, and wear out ſhoe-leather, may properly be call'd *Shoe-lane*. Judge then whether ever I ſhall be able to find out the true place where this widow lives by the equivocal deſcription you have given of it. As for my *Major*, I defy you or any of your brethren in wicked parchment, to find out the leaſt hole in it. My *Minor* is as plain as the ſun at noon-day; and you may as well run your head againſt a brick-wall, as pretend to attack it; and then the conſequence muſt be good of courſe. I would take this opportunity to ſhew the falſhood and vanity of the remaining part of your letter; but the bell-rings for ſupper: however, I ſhall take care to do it next poſt; at which time you may certainly expect to hear farther from

Your moſt humble ſervant, Q. Z.

ANSWER III.

I Fully demonſtrated to you in my laſt, that there was no ſuch thing as a *Widow*; or ſuppoſe there was, that it was morally impoſſible for a man to know it. After this, I proceeded to ſhow, that your *Griffin* was romantick, your *Red Lyon* fabulous; and that *Shoe-lane* by being every lane, was conſequently no lane at all. Now, *Sir*, I come to conſider the following part of your letter, where with your uſual ingenuity and good manners, you tell me I am indebted the ſum of five pounds to the widow above-mention'd; and I doubt not to lay open the vanity of this allegation, as well as of thoſe that preceded it. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that 'tis impoſſible that---ſhould owe any

any such sum as five pounds. Is it to be imagin'd that a--- should trespass against a plain positive express text of scripture? This is what the worst of our adversaries, either papists or other sectaries, of what title or denomination soever, would not have the impudence to charge us with. Does not St. *Paul* positively say, *Owe no man any thing but love?* How then can I owe this chimerical widow of your own making that heathenish sum called five pounds? Indeed if there is any such person, I owe her a great deal of love, as the text commands me; but as for five pounds, I owe it her not: and for this, as I have already observ'd to you, I can produce a plain positive text of scripture, which I hope you will not be so wicked as to deny.

In short, *Sir*, I am afraid that the law has discompos'd your brain, and this I conclude from your incoherent citations of *Latin*, your raving of *Griffins* and *Red Lions*, of *Widows* and *five pounds*. Therefore, tho' I am wholly a stranger to you, yet, as you are a native of this kingdom, I heartily wish your cure, and shall do whatever lies in my power to effect it, for which reason I desire you to take notice of the following advice. It being now spring time, at which season according to the observation of the learned *Zarabella* and *Ciacconius*, the humours begin to ferment and float in all human bodies, I would advise you to correct the saline particles, with which I perceive your blood is overcharg'd, with good wholsome nettle-broth and watergruel every morning alternately; but take care to put no currants or sugar into your watergruel, because, as the judicious *Frenelius*, in his *Diatriba de usu*, affirms, currants excite choler, and sugar has an ill effect upon the diaphragm, glandula pinealis. Then, Sir, thrice a week at least, refrigerate your intestines with good salutary clysters, and take some eighteen ounces of blood away about two hours before the clyster is administred to you. Above all let me conjure you to forbear stuff'd beef, salt fish, pepper and hot spices, and what is full as pernicious as pepper and hot spices, the reading of any *Latin* authors, for fear they should raise a new rebellion in the humours: sage and butter, with a glass or or two of clarify'd whey moderately taken in a morning, may be of singular use. Go to bed early, and rise betimes. If you live up to these directions, I do not

doubt but you'll be your own man again in a little time. Having no farther intereſt in all this than only effecting your cure, I perſuade my ſelf you will be ſo much your own friend as to follow the advice of

Your humble Servant,

Q. Z.

LETTER. III.

SIR,

SINCE you were ſo wonderfully kind in your laſt letter, as out of your great liberality to honour me with ſome of your own directions, I am reſolv'd not to be behindhand with you in point of courteſy, and therefore recommend the following rules to your conſideration.

In the firſt place, I crave leave to inform you, that ſyllogiſms and ſophiſtry pay no debts; That as old birds are not to be caught with chaff, ſo a lawyer is not to be impoſed upon by thin frothy arguments; and that *Ariſtotle*, let him make never ſo great a figure in the ſchools, has no manner of authority in *Weſtminſter-hall*, where I can aſſure you they won't take his *ipſe dixit* for a groat.

Secondly, I would adviſe you not to have ſo great an opinion of your own parts, as to deſpiſe the reſt of the world, and think to palm any of your little banters upon them. 'Tis enough in all conſcience, I think, that you take the liberty to dumfound us with your *Fathers* and *Councils* in the pulpit, which we of the laity are forced to take upon content; and therefore you may ſpare them elſewhere.

Thirdly, and laſtly, When you run in any one's debt, 'tis my counſel, and I give it you for nothing, that you would take care to ſee the party ſatisfy'd in good current money, for fear a wicked *Moabite* ſhould compel you to it, which, between friends, will not be much for your reputation. As this is the laſt letter you are like to receive from me, I make it once more my requeſt to you to obſerve the contents of it: for I am not at leiſure to trifle any longer with you: otherwiſe a ſtone-doublet is the word, and wars muſt enſue, which every good chriſtian ought to prevent, if it lies in his power. I am, unleſs you give me further provocation,

Your Humble Servant, W. H.

P. S.

P. S. *Your old friend the widow, is sorry to hear you have made so familiar with her, as to call her being in question; as likewise that of her* Griffin *and* Red Lion. *As for your love, having no occasion for it at present, she desires you to bestow it elsewhere; but is resolv'd, notwithstanding all your learned quirks and quiddities, to get her five pounds again; and when he has it in her pocket, for your sake she'll never trust it with a logician, that would* ergo *her out of what is her own.*

ANSWER IV.

I Received your last, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and am entirely of your opinion, that old birds are not to be caught with chaff; I find, Sir, you are a great admirer of old proverbs, and I commend you for it, for a great deal of morality and wholsome knowledge is to be pick'd out of them: besides, Sir, they are like the Common law of *England*, and derive their authority from usage and custom. Now I am talking of proverbs, there is one comes into my head at present, which I desire you to ruminate or chew the cud upon. In short, 'tis *Birds of a feather flock together*, which is effectually and literally fulfill'd when an attorney and a pickpocket are in the same company.

I am likewise of opinion, worthy Sir, that what you say of *Aristotle*'s making none of the best figures in *Westminster-hall*, may be true; for how can that plodding animal call'd a philosopher, expect civil quarter from the sons of noise and clamour? But by the by, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you, that some of his friends here take it very ill, that you the black guard of *Westminster-hall* will not take his word for a groat. Sir, that diminutive contemptible piece of money a groat, Sir, three of which go to the making up of that important sum, denominated by the vulgar a shilling. Is it not very barbarous and inhuman, that *Aristotle*, formerly tutor to the greatest monarch in the universe, (when I say the greatest monarch in the universe, I neither mean *Bajazet*, nor *Tamerlane*, nor *Scanderberg*, nor *Pipin*, nor yet the *French* king, but *Alexander the great*) whose *ipse dixit* would have formerly gone more current than our present *Exchequer* notes, or *Malt* tickets, in any tavern, inn, or victualling-house, between

between the *Helleſpont* and the *Ganges*, for a thouſand pounds upon occaſion: is it not barbarous and inhuman, I ſay, that this ſame *Ariſtotle* ſhould not be truſted for a groat in *Weſtminſter-hall?* That language one would hardly have expected either from *Goth*, *Vandal*, or *Hun*, but much leſs from a perſon of your civility and learning.

But alas! Sir, *Ætas parentum pejor avis*; we live in the ſag-end of a moſt degenerate ungrateful age, that has no regard to *Greek* or *Latin*. *Oh tempora & mores!* was the complaint of a great virtuoſo two thouſand years ago, which we have but too much reaſon to renew now. Oh, *Ariſtotle*, *Ariſtotle!* that I ſhould ever live to ſee thy venerable name in ſo much contempt, that any one belonging to *Weſtminſter-hall*, ſhould have the impudence to ſay, he will not truſt thee for a groat! *Ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet.* I dare ſwear, that even in *Muſcovy* and *Poland*, none of the moſt hoſpitable countries in the world, thou mayſt at any time take a good dinner and a gallon of brandy upon thy *Entilechia* and *Actus perſpecui*, and yet in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, the moſt enlighten'd hall of the moſt enlighten'd city of *Chriſtendom*, thy *ipſe dixit* in ſo much vogue formerly with the *Thomiſts* and *Scotiſts*, the *Nominaliſts* and *Realiſts*, ſhould not paſs for a groat! So much, *Sir*, by way of anſwer, to *Ariſtotle* and *Weſtminſter-Hall*, *ipſe dixit*, and a groat.

What you ſay in a following paragraph concerning the wicked *Moabite* and the *Stone Doublet*, is very picquant and ingenious: for, Sir, reading Mr. *Hobbs*'s chapter about *Concatenation of Thought*, I find there is a great connection between the *Moabite* and *Stone doublet*; and ſome of the modern itineraries inform us, that ſtone doublets are in mighty requeſt with the people of thoſe countries to this very day; and the phyſical reaſon they aſſign for it, is, becauſe ſtone doublets are very refrigerating and alexpharmick, which undoubtedly is a great refreſhment in ſo hot a climate, as that where the wicked *Moabite* lived.

But, *Sir*, in lieu of the advice, which, out of your great bounty and liberality, you were pleas'd to give me for nothing, be pleas'd to accept of the following character, which I give myſelf the trouble to tranſcribe out of an ancient MS. in the *Cotton-Library*, ſuppos'd to be written by the famous *Junius*, who for his great skill in the oriental

ental languages, acquir'd the firname of *Patricius*; and this character, unless I am mistaken in my mathematicks, will give you a lively idea of a certain beast you may perhaps be acquainted with.

An attorney is one that lives by the undoing of his neighbours, as surgeons do by broken heads and claps, and like judges that always bring rain with them to the assizes, is sure to bring mischief with him wherever he comes. He's an animal bred up by the corruption of the law, nurs'd up in discord and contention, and has a particular cant to himself, by which he terrifies the poor country people who worship him as the *Indians* do the devil, for fear he should mischief 'em. He is a constant resorter to fairs and markets, and has a knack to improve the least quarrel into a law-suit. He talks as familiarly of my lord chief justice as if he had known him from his cradle, and threatens all that incur his displeasure with leading them a jaunt to *Westminster-hall*. If his advice be ask'd upon the most insignificant trifle, he nods his head, twirls his pen in his ear, and cries 'twill bear a noble action; and when he has empty'd the poor wretch's pocket, advises him to make up the matter, drink a merry cup with his adversary, and be friends. He affects to be thought a man of business, and quotes statutes as fiercely, as if he had read over *Keble* and got him by heart. The catchpole is his constant companion, by the same token they are as necessary to one another, as a midwife to a bawd, or an apothecary to a grave physician. While he lives, he is a perpetual persecutor of all the country about him; but fattens by being curs'd, as they say camomile grows by being trod upon. At last, the devil serves an execution upon his person, hurries him to his own quarters, in whose clutches I leave him.

If this character may be of any service to you, I shall heartily rejoice, it being my highest ambition to approve my self, *Your most*, &c. Q. Z.

ANSWER. V.

NAY, *Sir*, since you are so peremptory and all that, I have sent you my last conclusive answer, and am resolv'd to be plagu'd with you no longer. Hoping therefore that your worship is in good health, as your humble servant is at this present writing, this comes to let you know (nay don't startle, I beseech you) that I am fairly and

and honeſtly dead (oh! fy, Sir, why ſhould you be diſcompos'd at ſo ſmall a matter as that is) in ſhort, dead to all intents and purpoſes as a door-nail; or if that won't ſerve your turn, as dead as *Methuſalah*, or any of the patriarchs before the flood. And becauſe, Sir, I am in a very good humour at preſent, and ſomewhat diſpos'd to be merry (which you'll ſay is ſomewhat odd in a dead man) and beſides having a mighty reſpect for a perſon of your worth and gravity, I will let you know what diſtemper I dy'd of, and give you the whole hiſtory of my illneſs from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*. Upon the 20*th* of *July* laſt, old ſtile, I was invited to a chriſtning in a certain village in *Lincolnſhire*, where I had the honour of being vicar; and by a ſtrange fatality was over-perſuaded to eat ſome cuſtard, which is the moſt pernicious aliment in the world, but eſpecially in the dog-days. Since I have been in the *Elyſian Fields*, meeting with *Galen* and *Dioſcorides* the other day, I told them my caſe, and both of 'em told me that cuſtard had done my buſineſs. *Galen* whiſper'd me in the ear, and told me that whatever ſham ſtories the hiſtorians had palm'd upon the world *Trajan* got his death by nothing but eating of cuſtard at *Antioch*, and mention'd two or three other eminent perſons that had their heels tript up by that pernicious food. *Dioſcorides* added farther, that cuſtard was deſtructive of the intellect, and conjur'd me that the next time I writ to any of my acquaintance in *London*, I would deſire them to preſent his moſt humble ſervice to my *Lord Mayor* and court of *Aldermen*, and adviſe 'em as from him to refrain from cuſtard, becauſe it obnubilated the underſtanding, and was detrimental to the memory. So much by way of digreſſion, but now, Sir, to proceed in the hiſtory of my illneſs: this eating of cuſtard firſt of all gave me a cachexy, and 'twas my misfortune that there was no brandy to be had in the houſe, for in all probability a cogue of true orthodox *Nantz*, would have corrected the crudity of the cuſtard. This cachexy in twelve hours turn'd to a *Dolor alvi*, that to a *Peripneumonia* in the *Diaphragm.* and that to an *Epyema* in the *Glandula Pinealis*. Upon this a hundred other diſtempers came pouring upon me like thunder and lightning, for you know when a man is once going, *down with him* is the word; that very fairly diſpatch'd me in four days, and ſo I dy'd

dy'd without a doctor to help to dispatch me, or an attorney to make my will. A little before I troop'd off, I desir'd my parishoners to bury me under the great church-spout, which accordingly they did, I thank 'em for't, and upon every shower of rain I find a refreshment by it; for you must know that when I was living, I was very thirsty in my nature, and abounded in adust cholerick humours.

I believe, Sir, you might have writ to a thousand and a thousand dead men, who would never have given themselves the trouble to answer your letters, or have been so communicative of their secrets as you have found me; but, Sir, I scorn to act under-board. And if this don't satisfy all your doubts, I can only wish I had you here with me, to give you farther conviction.

And now Sir, let me desire you to put your hand to your heart, and consider calmly and sedately with yourself, whether it be not illegal as well as barbarous, to disturb the repose of the dead, and persecute them in their very graves? You that are so full of your *Cases* and your *Precedents*, tell me what *Case* or *Precedent* you can alledge to justify so unrighteous a *Procedure?* Is it not a known maxim in law, that death puts a stop to all *Processes* whatsoever, and that when a man has once paid the great debt of nature, he has compounded for all the rest? How then can you make me amends for the injuries you have done me, and the great charges you have put me to? For upon the faith and honour of a dead man, the very passage of your letters to this subterranean world, has cost me above five pounds, the pretended sum you charge me with. However, if Heaven will forgive you, for my part I do; and to show you, that after so many horrid provocations I am still in charity with you, I remain,

Feb. 5. *From the* Elysian-Fields. *Your defunct Friend and Servant,* Q. Z.

P. S. *All the news that I can send you from this part of the world, is, that we are troubled with none of your professions here, which is no small part of our happiness, I assure you; and, upon a strict enquiry, I find, that not one* Attorney *for these* 1500 *years, has been so impudent, as to give St.* Peter *the trouble of using his keys.*

The End of the *Letters* from the DEAD to the LIVING.

Dialogues of the DEAD.

In Imitation of *LUCIAN.*

The Scene HELL.

The Trial of CUCKOLDS.

Lucifer. HOLD! porter, ſhut the gates of this our auguſt court, that we may not be thus throng'd. Let no more come in, 'till we have clear'd the bench of theſe numbers we have before us already.

Porter. Mighty emperor, your commands ſhall be obey'd.

Lucif. Now, my noble lords, ſet we ourſelves to ſearch and examine what of late years brings daily ſuch gluts and ſpring-tides of ſouls to our infernal manſions, 'ſpecially at this time, when neither war, famine, nor plague, are abroad in the upper world, or at leaſt in that part of it from whence I obſerve moſt of this gang arrive; *Europe* I mean: if there were war, 'twould be no wonder ſo many were damn'd; the liberties of the ſword ſurprize enough in their ſins to throng our courts of juſtice: nor is the plague without advantages for us that way; the few that have ſpiritual relief, in ſuch contagious and quickly-deſtroying diſtempers, encreaſe our crop: and the general cruelty of mankind is ſuch, that in famine, thoſe that have will keep for themſelves and their dogs, and let the reſt of their own ſpecies periſh, without ſo much as a pitying look: and this makes many atheiſts in their wants, and does that, without our inſtigation, which we could not perſwade *Job* to do, that is, *Curſe God, and die.*

But, my lords, when none of theſe, our loyal vaſſals, are abroad, 'tis not ſtrange that I am to ſeek in the cauſe of this great concourſe at our tribunal; and, therefore, that

that virtue, for want of reward and due praiſe, may not ſlacken, we will examine to what induſtrious friend we owe this unexpected ſucceſs; wherefore, you minor devils and under-officers of our court, bring them in order to the bar, and let no devil of honour, that has paſt that inferior office of touching the uncleanneſs of humanity, defile himſelf with too near an approach to any of them.

[*Here ſeveral lacquey-devils and porter-devils, with the reſt of the mob of hell, bring on the firſt band to the bar in* Italian *garbs.*]

Speak, criminal, whence thou art? Of what nation, quality, or condition in the world? And what's the happy cauſe of thy coming hither?

Ghoſt, Firſt, Signor, adjuſt ſome points in diſpute, which highly concern the honour of our country, and the decorum of good breeding, and I ſhall, for all this noble train that follow me, anſwer to your devilſhip's queries. Coming to the confines of your flouriſhing empire, we were met by ſome of the officers of this honourable aſſembly, who gave us ſafe conduct to your royal preſence: but juſt now, entring into theſe liſts, confronted us a company of paltry ſcoundrels, and preſs'd for precedence, ſwearing, That they were *Engliſhmen*, and ought to take place of all that were damn'd for cuckolds. We urg'd our title in heraldry, that we ought to take place of all nations, being the ſucceſſors of the once maſters of the univerſe; but they were deaf to reaſon here, as well as in the world, and one ſwore *d—me*, *bl—d* and *z—ns*, another, oaths all round the compaſs; and in this volly of mouth-grenadoes, one very demure gentleman preſs'd, by *Yea* and *Nay*, that we were in the wrong; and had it not been for this honourable devil here, that's a friend to our nation, we had been worm'd out of our birth-right by the arſe and refuſe of the world: *Et penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos*, as our noble country-man has it, Dogs ſhut out of doors from all the reſt of mankind. I therefore appeal to this thrice excellent ſenate, and you the *right and moſt reverend doge*, to redreſs this affront.

Lucif.

Lucif. Hey-day? What, has not hell yet brought you to your ſenſes, that you can think we devils are ſuch ſots to trouble our heads about the ridiculous whims of ceremonious mankind? But ſince they were ſo obſtreperous to make a diſturbance in hell, they ſhall be the laſt heard: Therefore proceed to the queſtion.

Ghoſt. An't pleaſe your thrice puiſſant devilſhip, noble ſignor, I was coming to that point: Therefore, to be brief, (for I hate prolixity) I am, Sir, an *Italian* by nation, and a noble-man by quality. My own vanity, and ill chance, give me a pretty wife, and my honour made me chuſe her of an illuſtrious houſe; but ſhe prov'd lewd and prodigal, the natural iſſue of beauty and high birth; my dotage on her charms hath bred in me ſuch a fond, blind, uxorious vice (which my countrymen are ſeldom guilty of) that I was almoſt ruin'd before I found I was betray'd: but travelling towards *Genoa*, I met the ſpark, my pretended friend, on the road to my dwelling; I ſeemingly paſs'd on my way, but in the night return'd, unexpected, and ſurpriz'd 'em all, and, therefore, as my honour bid me, I murder'd him, and bak'd him in a pye, and (ingeniouſly in my revenge) ſwore ſhe ſhould eat no other food but her lover: the cruſt ſhe a while did eat, but one day, having prepar'd a *ſtelleto*, at ſupper ſhe diſpatch'd me thus to your thrice noble and illuſtrious devilſhip.

Lucif. Very well! and worthy thou art of ſuch a puniſhment, that could'ſt not forgive beauty a gentle ſlip of that nature thou thyſelf hadſt ſo often tranſgreſs'd. Speak the next.

2 *Ghoſt.* I am alſo an *Italian*; and obſerving a gentleman often ogling my wife, which ſhe did not a little encourage, I ſent a *bravo* to diſpatch him; (for we *Italians* do not love to look revenge in the face ourſelves) but the rogue of a *bravo*, won by my wife, and by a great ſum of money of my adverſary's, comes back to me, and cuts my throat. And this, moſt noble ſignor, is moſt of our caſes; our wives have given us the caſting throw for damnation.

Lucif. You, the reſt of the malignant train, is this true, that your wives have ſent you hither?

Omnes.

Omnes. Yes, yes; we have all had wives.——All the plagues of *Egypt* let us undergo, but no wives, we moſt humbly beſeech your moſt noble devilſhip.

Lucif. Prayers are in vain; tranſgreſſions are to be puniſh'd by the ſame way they are committed; nor muſt you be your own carvers here in hell, gentlemen. Away with 'em, down into cuckolds-cave, ten thouſand fathom deeper than the whore-maſters, and next the keeping-cullies, *and let each have two wives to torment him.*

Omnes. O wives! wives!

[*They are remov'd off, and others brought on.*

Lucif. Proceed to the next band.

Say, what were you in the world, and what dear ſin brought you to this place?

Spaniſh Ghoſt. Great prince of darkneſs, and lord of the greateſt part of mankind, may it pleaſe your catholick majeſty, I was, by my worldly ſtate and condition, a *Spaniſh* grandee, of the firſt magnitude, rich as fortune and an indulgent prince well could make me, (for your devilſhip muſt know, our king is but a ſheep for us to fleece when we pleaſe, which we do in all places, letting his ſoldiers and inferior ſervants ſtarve) happy, 'till too much ſucceſs was my undoing; for by that I gain'd the lady I lov'd, and ſo in one unhappy word was married. 'Tis tedious to repeat the injuries I receiv'd from the ungrateful fair, who, after all, to make room for another, ſent me away (like an *Italian* as ſhe was) in all my ſins, with a poiſonous draught.

Lucif. Is the ſame your fate, you, the reſt of this beſotted crew, that have met with juſt puniſhment from one part of yourſelves, for preferring your private grandeur before the ſervice of your king and honour of your country?

Omnes. Yes, yes; thirſt of honour and wealth made us cheat the king; and drew down the judgment of wedlock; and that brought us to this long home and fiend of matrimony.

Lucif. Away with theſe, and drive 'em out of their ſnails pace. [*A tatter'd Ghoſt comes forward.*

Ghoſt. Juſt may be their puniſhment, moſt noble devil; but why ſhould I be condemn'd to wincing, who was ſo far from cheating the king, that I could never get my due of

of him, and being a gentleman born, never did any thing below my extraction, and have gone without a meal, many a time, rather than degrade myself to get one? And tho' I could arrive to it no other ways, yet kept up my part ſtill in ſtately walk, and my wallet, tho' I had no bread for either, or a ſhirt to my back.

Lucif. Since thy own folly made thee marry, 'tis now too late to prate, you muſt away with the reſt.

[*They are carry'd off, and others brought on.*

Bring the next to the bar: declare the cauſe of your deſerv'd damnation. My life on't theſe dapper ſparks are in for cakes and ale too; the very air of their faces ſpeaks them cuckolds.

French Ghoſt. Sire, may it pleaſe your moſt victorious majeſty, *Voſtre Eſclaro* is a *Frenchman* by birth, and a leader of the moſt chriſtian king's moſt magnanimous forces; and whilſt I, with my commilitones, was reaping lawrels in the field of renown, and engaging the enemy abroad, my lady wife (as moſt of our *French* wives will, (for having once taſted the ſweets of love, they'll ne'er have done 'till they have undone us one way or other) my lady wife, I ſay, was engaging with a friend at home, who very genteely gave her the pox, which I, at my return, like a gay cavalier of a husband, receiv'd of her as genteely without rebuke, it being no matter of ſcandal with us. But madamoiſelle's pox proving a very *virago*, gave me damn'd thruſt in *quarto*, and ſent me hither in *decimo ſexto*, *monſeigneur*.

Lucif. You, the reſt, ſpeak.

Omnes. We are all *Frenchmen*, and therefore you need not doubt the cauſe, the pox and our wives, *ma foy*.

Lucif. Away with them: they'll make a fire by themſelves, or will ſerve inſtead of ſmall-coal to kindle others; for they are half burnt out already. Place 'em next the *Spaniards*. The next there ſpeak.

[*They are carry'd off, more brought on.*

German Ghoſt. I am, by nation, a *German*, and, by damnation, a husband, a cuckold, or what you pleaſe; for I hate to mince the matter with a long preamble, when a word to the wiſe is enough.

Lucif. Very well; you, the reſt, ſpeak.

Omnes. Ev'n ſo, an't pleaſe your imperial devilſhip; whilſt

whilſt we drank and fought againſt the *Turks*, our wives whor'd with the *Chriſtians*. O wives! wives!

Lucif. Away with theſe into the hotteſt, for their carcaſſes are ſo ſoak'd with liquor, that they'll put out an ordinary fire. You, the next, ſpeak.

[*They are carry'd off, others brought on.*

Dutch Ghoſt. Gads ſacrament, I am a member, or rather two members, of the *Hogen-Mogen* common-wealth of *Europe*. Two members, I ſay; for I am a member governed, and a member governing; for the people with us, and in all ſuch common-wealths, are both ſubjects and maſters, govern laws, and govern'd by the ſame.

Lucif. Your country's name then is contradiction. Is it not?

Ghoſt. Contradiction to monarchy, tho' ſet up by ſome monarchs to ſpite others. But to your queſtion, old tarpaulin: Whilſt I was getting money and drinking punch and brandy, to hearten me for the noble combats of ſnick or ſnee, or ſome illuſtrious ſea-fight, or ſome generous undertaking at the iſland of *Formoſa*, (for a true *Dutchman* never fights without his head full of brandy) my wife made it fly like *ſooterkins* at home; at laſt ſhe made me turn bankrupt, and cheat my creditors, and ſo dying, I came with a full ſail and brisk gale into your port.

Lucif. You, the reſt, ſpeak.

Omnes. For our wives, O *Sooterkin Hagan*, our wives, whoſe broad-built bulk the boiſterous billows bear.

Lucif. Away with them into the den of anarchy and confuſion, below the founders of *Babel*.

[*They are carry'd off, and abundance of* Engliſh *bands come forward.*

Lucif. Numerous crew! anſwer me; What has brought you into this kingdom; and what were you in the world?

[*A ghoſt of a beau ſpeaks to a another of the ſame feather.*

1 *Beau's Gh.* D——me, *Jack*, didſt ever hear ſo ſilly and impertinent a queſtion? As if marriage was not the only cauſe of damnation. [*Aſide.*

2 *Beau's Gh.* R——t me, *Ned*, as thou ſay'ſt, I never heard a country juſtice ask more *mal à propos*; but the devil's an aſs, and ſo let him paſs.

The firſt of the firſt band anſwers the Devil.

I am an *Engliſhman*, who, after I had been a notorious cuckold

cuckold, was perſwaded by my wife to fight the man that made me ſo, and was fairly kill'd for ſatisfaction, as all this band that follows me were; and we are damn'd for *fools* as well as *cuckolds*.

Omnes. 'Tis true, *honour* and *wedlock* have been our ruin.

Lucif. Away with them into *fools paradiſe*, below the keeping-cullies, as the more *unpardonable monſters*.

[*They are carry'd off, and as the next come in, the Beaux ſpeak.*

1 *Be. Gh.* D——me, *Ned*, didſt ever know ſuch fools as they, that could not be ſatisfy'd to live *cuckolds*, but muſt die ſo too, with a witneſs, [*Aſide*,

2 *Be. Gh.* R——t me, *Jack*, if ever I was of that fighting humour; nor did I ever fight but once, and then forc'd to it; but my *ſtays* ſav'd my life, and I wore my glove that was cut in the encounter as long as 'twould hang on my hand: therefore, tho' I knew Sir *Roger Allfight* kiſs'd my *wife*, yet as long as I could ſup at the *Roſe*, and break the drawer's head if he made not haſte, or brought *bad wines*, or ſo, 'gad I let him kiſs her and welcome. [*Aſide*.

1 *Be. Gh.* S——k me, *Ned*, I was always of thy mind, as long as I could flutter abroad in my glaſs coach, have my diamond ſnuff-box full of *Orangeree* or *Roderigo*, *&c.* D——me if I car'd a ruſh who rode in my ſaddle. But mark that formal coxcomb now going to ſpeak: lord! how fine a thing it is to be a mam of wit, and what a ſingular figure he makes! but hark, old grey-beard begins,

Lucif. Speak you the next.

Ghoſt. I was a man of quality, of the ſame country; but my fortune being, in my youth, run out, in *France* for breeding, and in *England* by keeping, I thought in my riper years to retrieve all by marrying a *city heireſs*; but ſhe had by nature, ſo much of the mother in her, that by intriguing and equipage ſhe ſoon brought me into a worſe condition than before: ſo that, as my laſt refuge, I was forc'd to turn *Plotter*, and being diſcover'd, was lopp'd ſhorter by the head, as all this honourable tribe that follows me were.

Lucif. Away with 'em. [*They are carry'd off, and, as the next are bringing to the bar, the beaux diſcourſe again.*

1 *Beau.*

1 *Beau. Gh.* D--me, *Ned*, this was a worſe fool than the other.

2 *Beau. Gh.* R--t me, *Jack, vous avez raiſon:* for I always lov'd to keep myſelf out of the *jeopardy of action: Jack*, I'd talk treaſon, or ſo; ſort myſelf with the diſaffected, and blow up the coals of their *diſcontent*, or ſo: but for *engagements, covenants, conditions, and unlawful aſſemblies*, 'gad they muſt pardon me. [*Aſide.*

1 *Beau. Gh.* Z--ns, *Ned*, thou and I were always one man; I could rail at the magiſtrates, pen a lampoon, or, at leaſt, convey it to *Julian*, give penny pies to the mob to make a noiſe, ridicule the tranſactions of the government, and give ſquinting reflections on the king, that was my *ne plus ultra*; for all that I can ſee, we are in the beſt caſe ſtill, *Ned*. But now our band advances, let us preſs forward, or our cauſe may fail. [*Aſide.*

2 *Beau. Gh*, Hell and damnation, all's loſt; for look yonder, that conceited coxcomb, my lord *Flippant*, preſuming on his quality, has taken upon him to be our chief, and ſpokes-man. [*Aſide.*

1 *Beau. Gh.* S--nk me, *Ned*, ſo ſay I: I never knew a conceited man, but he was a fool; but let's hear, we may put in an appeal, or a writ of error afterward, or award judgment, if our cauſe be ill handled. [*Aſide.*

O! what an admirable thing it is to be a man of parts!

Luc. Speak, thou fluttering fool, for the reſt of this thy peacock-gang.

L. Flippant's Ghoſt. D--me, Sir, I have been a man of the town, or rather a man of wit, and have been confeſs'd a beau, and admitted into the family of the rakehellonians: and, d--me, Sir, I think I am much under that dilemma at preſent.--- I was learn'd in the ingenious art of dumfounding; a wit I ſaid dear devil, I was, and it lay as a gentleman's ſhou'd, moſt in lewdneſs and atheiſm. I married in jeſt, or a frolick, which you pleaſe; but as I thought a fortune, (got by cullies) I was made a cuckold in earneſt; tho' that was no grievance to me, ſince it only made me in the mode: nor cou'd I expect any better, ſince I knew ſhe was a whore before I had her; but 'twas with my betters, and ſo I was contented her money ſhould paſs currant with me, where her reputation would not: but ſharping was her beſt quality, and gaming her greateſt

patrimony; and she set up a basset table, and whilst I was at the groom-porter's throwing *a-main*, she would be sure to set me, at home, a pair of horns. I seldom coming to my apartment, but I met some cully nobleman or other; but that which was worst, she still had a knave in her mouth, or an alpue in her tail, that carry'd away all the gain: whilst I was at *Will*'s coffee-house, fast'ned in controversy or poetick rhapsodies, though I had neither religion nor learning, she was sure of me 'till play-time and then too; for at five, come, *Dick*, says I (to a brother of the orange and cravat string) d--me, let's us to the play: r--t me, says he, 'tis a dull one: d--me, says I, I value not the play, my province lies in the boxes, ogling my half-crown away, or running from side-box to side-box, to the inviting incognito's in black faces, or else wittily to cry out aloud in the pit, *&c.* *Bough*, or *Boyta*, and then be prettily answer'd by the rest of the wits in the same note, like musical instruments tuned to the same pitch. And whilst I was thus generously employ'd, my consort had her retreat of quality, to be provided of what I fail'd in. From the play to the *Rose*, where we drank 'till four, or break of day; from thence to bed, where we lay 'till four or five again, so *in infinitum*.

1 *Beau. Gh.* D--me, *Jack*, did'st ever hear a sot spoil a good tale in the telling so?

2 *Beau. Gh.* Z--ns, *Ned*, we're undone thro' this scoundrel's ignorance and nonsense: shall I speak?

1 *Beau. Gh.* R--t me, if thou wilt, thou may'st: but I am sure I could make more of it: for tho' thou art a man of wit, and a good judge of poetry, and all that, r--t me, *Jack*, oratory is thy blind side.

2 *Beau. Gh.* D--me, Sir, don't put upon your friends; for have I been bred at the university, and think myself as good a judge as you or any man alive: and, Sir, were we out of the court, I believe you would not thus have abus'd me.

1 *Beau. Gh.* Nay, D--me, *Ned*, now thou art unjust to thy friend: r--t me, to quarrel for't, I acknowledg'd thee a man of parts, *Ned*, and all that.

Luc. Away with the gay sots, and because I have no plagues in hell equal to their deserts, let them be a torment to one another. Away with them. [*As they go off, the Beaus discourse.* 1 *Beau. Gh.*

1 *Beau. Gh.* Well, *Ned*, shall I speak before it is too late: you may depend on my excellence in oratory, 'tis my talent; I never writ billet-deux in my life, but it prevail'd with the cruel nymph: and do you think I can't with the devil? I'll perswade him out of his seven senses, man? d--me, I'll make it appear to him that he is a god, and all that, man: r--t me, *Ned*, be not obstinate.

2 *Beau. Gh.* Z--ns, Sir, no more of that strain. Sir, you're a coxcomb. What doubt my universal parts?

Luc. You with such a busy face, speak, what are you? *Here abundance of Cits, in various dresses, come forward.*

Cit. Ghost. An't please your infernal majesty, I was a right worshipful citizen of *London*, that famous *Metropolis* of *England*, and I have born all the honourable employments of the same, ev'n to sheriff and lord-mayor: I was long of the court of aldermen, and one of the chief spokesmen of the common-council: I made speeches, and penn'd most of the addresses. But 'tis not for being a cuckold alone, or that I was feign to cheat so many to maintain my wife's pride and luxury, that I am damn'd with this right worshipful crew here; for those are crimes common to the rest of our brother-citizens, as well as us; but we were so mad to marry second wives, and for their sakes turn our children out of doors, (after we had bred them up in all the ease and luxury of the age) to seek their fortunes in the wide world, and left our estates to our wives at our death, who will be sure to bestow them on some silly hectoring spendthrift bully of *Alsatia* or other, and let the children, begot of our own bodies, starve.

Luc. Away with that rank gang of fools, as well as knaves, who cou'd so much forget nature and its necessary and known laws, as to cast off their own off-spring, to give away their substance to those that will not only misuse it, but contemn the memory of them that were their benefactors, with so great an injury to nature.

2 *Cit.* May it please your most noble devilship to hear me, before you give judgment upon us, and I don't doubt, but I shall seriously, offer such reasons of our behaviour in that matter, as shall sufficiently move that ignominy your devilship was pleas'd to cast upon us. First, then, tho' it be true, that upon my marriage, I agreed with my second spouse to turn all my children out of doors, yet I

did it not 'till she or I had found some cause so to do; for some of them were undutiful, and others put tricks upon me, (as my good wife said) and others were lewd and extravagant, and some self-will'd; so that I deserted none of 'em without some fault. If they were undutiful, was I to blame to punish 'em for it? Or was it my duty to keep and maintain them, after they were of sufficient bigness to prog for themselves? The birds and beasts take care of their young no longer, than 'till they are able to care for themselves; and why should man be confin'd to more severe laws in that point than his vassal creatures? I must profess, on the word of a citizen, that I can see no reason why a man that gets his estate himself, may not give it away to whom he pleases; and none so and near deserving, as the wife of one's bosom. What tho' she may have slips, the witcheries and temptations of love are great to their soft sex; and if we have been so employ'd in getting, that we could not mind that other business, why should we blame them for easing us by other supplies, where we wanted power to give them.

Luc. Thou hast spoken as much to the purpose, as when in the world thou used harangue at the choice of a sheriff; and therefore I shall proceed to a singular punishment for you. Your argument of punishing your children for their undutifulness, turns here on your own head; for when they are little, you encourage their impudence: and that is a witty child with you, that can prate saucily and lewdly before he can read, and swear and catch the maid by it before seven years old; and then when you have given them their head without controul, during their childhood and minority, you punish them for the fruit of that tree which yourselves have planted, which is in itself the height of injustice; but on the contrary, you are condemn'd for breaking the laws of your maker, which you were bred in fear of, and taught to obey; and you that could punish your own flesh and blood so for nothing, without relenting, have a just judgment for being punish'd here without mercy. And as for their being lewd and extravagant, that is no plea for you, since that is the lesson you have taught 'em both by example and precept, from the time of their birth, 'till their coming to years of understanding; for you let a taylor's daughter, with you, go in the garb of the children

of

of a duke in the country, and even miſs ketch be call'd away from the mob: your ſons muſt keep their horſes, and their whores too, before they know the uſe of either; and then you puniſh them for perſevering when they are better skill'd. And as for the birds and beaſts, (examples I think unworthy to be follow'd by a nobler being, or quoted as a precedent) they are ſo far excelling you in that point, that they educate their young in the ſimple courſe of nature, not elevating them above what's neceſſary, nor leaving them, 'till they have ſufficiently inur'd them to provide for themſelves all that nature requires. But juſt contrary to the example you quote, you, all the infancy of your children, keep them from hardſhip and knowing how to live and provide for themſelves, and then on the ſudden caſt them out of their neſt unfledg'd, without teaching them to fly. Nor is your proud ſuppoſition, that you may diſpoſe of your own gettings, more pious or juſtifiable, unleſs you will make your ſelves gods, and claim the propriety of that which you cannot carry out of the world with you, no more than you brought it in. 'Twas heaven that gave ſucceſs to your endeavours, to provide for thoſe other bleſſings it beſtow'd upon you, of fine hopeful children; and you were, in right, but their tenant for life, to improve your ſubſtance for their good. Nor can you in reaſon imagine any one deſerves it better; for juſtice and reaſon both will have it, that you that begot them into the world without their ſeeking or deſires, to ſatisfy your own pleaſures, ought to provide all you can for them that you brought thus involuntarily into the maze of fortune and the treachery of mankind. And of all in the world, you have the leaſt reaſon to leave it to a wife, that not only betrays the rights of your bed, proſtituting herſelf and your honour to raſcals; but ſhew'd at firſt ſo little reſpect and love for you, as to deſire ſo unreaſonable a thing, that you ſhould caſt off all the bonds of nature, and forſake your own children, which ſhe could not but love, if ſhe lov'd you: for you know the proverb, *love me, love my dog.* Having thus therefore ſhewn the villainy of your crimes, 'tis fit I proceed to your juſt puniſhment, for which you are ſent hither. You that have thus more than monſtrouſly prevaricated againſt nature, ſhall want all the benefits of nature; fire you ſhall have, but not to give you gentle

warmth from the cold of the season, (as when you liv'd and hugg'd yourself in all epicurism, whilst your children starv'd) but to scorch your wretched consciences; and continual fears of burning your goods, houses, and writings, shall attend you; to which shall be added the piercing fire of jealousy, that shall prey upon every part of you; nor shall you be without the knowledge of your wives transactions on earth and see how they mourn in sack and claret, and how they marry and whore before you are cold; how they spend that profusely, which you scrap'd together to give them, with so much injustice to your poor orphans, whose injuries shall never let you rest, but with all the fury of hell for ever torment you worse than *Onan* or the *Sodomites:* away with them, whose villainies raises a horror, even in the prince of hell and great source of wickedness.

[*As they are going off, two Quakers ghosts speak.*

1 *Quaker's Ghost.* Ah! um! —— *Josiah!* verily, who would have thought that *Rebecca* would have fallen with the ungodly so, or that your *Tabitha* would have let the spirit move her to play with the calves of *Bethel*, the wicked of *Sidon*, or the profane children of *Moloch?*

2 *Ghost.* By yea and by nay, *Abadoniah*, as thou say'st, it was more verily than could enter into the heart of man to believe. Why, there was my neighbour *Sad-face*, and my cousin *Goggle*, *Nahu*, *Sneakphir*, and [*The lord said unto* Moses, *praise God.*] was his fore-name; had they not holy sisters, as to the appearance of the flesh, for their spouses? Yet behold with them, and within the tabernacles of their mansions, instead of raising up seed to the lord among the chosen and godly, they did sacrifice to *Baal* with the giants of *Moab*. Oh *Abadoniah!* what a falling off was there! what a backsliding!

1 *Ghost.* Oh, *Josiah!* As thou say'st, verily, and by yea and by nay, that the spirit should move us to come to the devil for our necessaries, without a convenience. But our lord will remember our captivity in *Babylon*.

The lawyers push forward, and speak very urgently.

Lawyer's Ghost. Sure, my lord, if the *Decorum* of any place ought to be kept, that of a court of judgment ought, and not to let a paultry cit speak before a man of the robe. But in these popish times, all law is neglected, and all its honourable professors contemn'd and postpon'd. However, my

my moſt honourable lord and patron of all that were black, I ſhall humbly move this honourable court, that I may at length be heard, ſince my cauſe is of ſo great import and concern, and in which the wiſdom of this court will be highly intereſſed, if it ſhould be brought in *Billa vera*; and it wou'd too much reflect on the impartiality of this court of judicature, to be ſlack in indagating into a cauſe of this weight and moment. My lord, before I open, I ſhall only premiſe, that I take this to be the high court of equity. Which granted, I ſhall begin to open.

I will confeſs, that the ſtatutes in *Banco Regis* may prevail, and cuſtom in the common-pleas; but humbly preſume, with ſubmiſſion to your lordſhips, that this being a court of equity, it will give the * devil his due. But, my lord, where a precedent of the like nature may happen in a caſe decided by the great council of the nation, I hope it will not be foreign, if I alledge it here where it has nothing to do. The caſe is parallel, as I may ſay, my lord, conſidering the circumſtances; that is, in ſhort, *Conſideratis Conſiderandis*, in *primo Henrici primi*, according to my lord *Coke* upon *Littleton*; and if your lordſhip will let us read, you ſhall find ſo many groſs errors in the bill, and the material objections ſo fully anſwer'd, and coſts, if not charges and damages. But, my lord, I do humby ſuppoſe, that part of this bill ought rather to have been put into an indictment, and ſo falls not under the cognizance of this court; and that is, my lord, that we are made *Felo's de ſe*, the cauſes of our own damnation, by an inſtrument call'd a wife, value two-pence. Therefore, my lord, if you pleaſe, let us try it upon a jury in any county your lordſhip ſhall think fit. Tho', I think, in our caſe, your lordſhip may decide it without farther trouble; for thus I prove the † negative, (hoping your lordſhip will let me bring in a writ of error). To deny, my lord, that we are damn'd, wou'd be perfect nonſenſe, and againſt all form of law; yet that we are damn'd for our wives, I preſume, does not follow. And I will prove, that it does not, ſo undeniably, to all that have any profound inſight into the law, that I queſtion not but your lordſhip will ac-

* *The devil laughs every now and then.*

† *The devils all laugh at his negative proof.*

quieſce

quiesce *Nemine Contradicente*; for tho' it be,

Mark, brothers, how I will puzzle the devil, and all his learned bench with one turn, one notable quirk; mind it well.

Aside to the other lawyers Ghosts that follow him. they look on one another, rejoicing, and hugging themselves.

[*Aloud*] For tho' I say it be true, that our wives spend a great deal of mony on our clerks, *Et cætera, quæ nunc perscribere longum est*, and cuckolded us as often as they pleas'd, in spite of our teeth; and though I will not deny that they were as profuse as *Heliogabalus*, or *Caligula*, and as proud as *Lucifer*, (with submission to your lordship) yet (now comes the paradox) yet, I say, (pray mind this) *we did not get money to maintain their* luxury, *but they maintain'd their* luxury *out of the money that we got:* which, I humbly conceive, falls not under the same predicament, but brings us within the act of *Habeas Corpus*, that we may not be carry'd away into the den of ordinary cuckolds. For, to give your lordship yet a more lively representation of this matter in question, be pleas'd to reflect on another very pertinent precedent in my lord *Coke*, where *John-a-Noakes* is tenant only for life, and *John-a Stiles* tenant in tail——

Luc. Heyday! what, is it *Midsummer*-moon with mankind? what have we got here! a cuckold hornmad, prating nonsense, and salving his knavery and folly with a quirk in law, a turn of a sentence? those shams won't take here, where there needs no fee for counsel, nor bribe for judgment. Away with him and his villainous tribe.

Lawyer's Ghost. Nay, but, my lord, I humbly move your honour, that we may not be condemn'd, *Causa indicta*, that is not right or equitable: wherefore I beseech your lordship to have some regard to me, as I am a barrister of thirty years standing, and a serjeant of ten, that you wou'd be pleas'd to reflect, that tho' I cheated the ignorant, and squeez'd and impos'd on the necessitous.——

Luc. Has not hell yet brought thee to thy senses? Away with this impertinent fellow, and all this black gang, among the rest of the most deprav'd cuckolds, but in the most deepest cavern, for whom they shall plead, *in Forma Pauperis*, till their lungs crack, without fees; let the writings

The Poets Hell describ'd.

Voll. IV. p. 321.

tings of their ill got estates be for their food. Scoundrels, that had no more sense, than after they had cheated so many wise and honest men, to suffer themselves to be abus'd by women! away with them, away with them.

Lawyer. As to that, my lord, I always fetch'd my dear home in her coach from her gallant, who had pawn'd her in a tavern.——

Luc. Away with them I say; what, am I not obey'd! *As they are carry'd off, they cry,* O tempora! O mores!

Luc. Who art thou, with so precise a grimace?

A Parson's Ghost. I was in the world above, most mighty king, of the reverend crew, and having a handsom wife, as most of us love, who was proud, as they generally are, my benefice (tho' good) was too small to maintain the grandeur she affected; but I being of a good comely port, with a pair of broad shoulders, and sufficient abilities, and the man of God too boot, (which made an easy and open way for all the rest) I ventur'd to crack a commandment with some of my wealthy parishioners wives, that they being so oblig'd, (according to my text) might prevail with their husbands to be the more generous to me in supererrogatory offerings, which flow'd all into the bottomless bag of my spouse's pride and lust; for that too, must be supply'd. [*They are carry'd off.*

Luc. You, the rest of this mad foolish crew, what are you? And what the cause of your damnation?

Poet's Ghost. *Quis Talia fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopúmve, aut duri Miles Ulyssi
Temperet à Lacrymis?

Ha! brothers of the quill, what fate for us remains!
But death, or worse than death, inglorious chains.

Luc. What ragged regiment are you that lag behind your fellows? what are you the black-guard of the cuckolds?

Poet. No, royal *Pluto*, no, (altho', indeed, we are the poorest cuckolds that come hither, I believe) we are of the learned rout.

We have on PARNASSUS *slept,*
And in the sacred stream
(To guild our amorous theam)
Of HELICON *our pens have dipt.*
And thro' AVERNUS *and black* STYX

By

By which to swear
The Gods do fear,
We hither slipt;
And fairly bilk'd old CHARON
As we were wont to do of yore
Poor HACK, *or* CHAIR-MAN,
Or our half-starv'd whore.
Wherefore, O Sir PLUTO,
Since we cannot bilk you too.——

Luc. Hold, hold I know your tribe of old; if you once get to repeating your works, or into the jingle of your rhimes, you'll never have done. Away with them to old *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, and the rest of the crambo-sparks: ye senseless scoundrels, that make wives of your muses when single, and whores of your wives when marry'd.

Poet. *O passi graviora!* ——
Solamen miseris, socios habuisse dolorum.

Luc. Clear the court, and let no more come in: the fatigue of this sitting has been enough: for my part, the follies of mankind are such, that the very hearing of them has quite turn'd my stomach for this month at least.

Porter, Great Sir, here is a throng of wild *Irish*, that will take no denial, but thrust in whether we will or no.

Irish, Nay, nay, my deer joy, chreest bless the sweet majestees fasn indeed; poor *Teague* is St. *Patrick*'s own country-man, be chreest, and poor *Teague* will come into St. *Partick*'s purgatory; and if there be no vacancee, indeed thee must make a vacancee.

Porter. Nay, but this is hell, and not St. *Patrick*'s purgatory: therefore keep back.

Irish. Boo! boo, boo, boo, boo, hoo, hoo! hell indeed! say'st thou mee deer joy! be mee shoul, and bee chreest and St. *Patrick*, ee was think that hee that was in the highway to hell, cou'd not miss St. *Patrick*'s purgatory, since there is but a wall betwixt them.

Porter, Ouns, stand back, or I'll send you back to the *Boyne*, ye impudent pultroons you.

Irish. Boo, hoo, ooo: bless the sweet fasn of thee indeed, poor *Teague* will have patience 'till his good grace will let him in indeed. [*A noise without.*

Lucif.

Lucif. What noiſe is that without?

Porter. Here is a troop of *Scots* that ſwear and ſtare to get in, and beg they may but skulk into ſome cold corner of hell, (which they wou'd not know from their own country above) with their *Ganymedes*, from the fury of their wives, whom they hear are juſt following them at their heels. And then here is ſome thouſands more from *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*, puſh'd on with the ſame fear: but I'll keep them here in the *Lobby*, 'till your infernal majeſty is more at leiſure.

Lucif. Do ſo,--for the horrid naſeouſneſs of theſe ſots have almoſt put me into a fit of vomiting and looſeneſs. And now, my lords and gentlemen, that have given your attendance at this court, you may depart 'till farther orders; but tendering my health, both for your ſakes and my own, I ſhall confer the office of my deputy on our right reverend and well-belov'd couſin *Belzebub*, prince of the *Flies*; for I am unable to undergo this fatigue any more.

Belzebub. I humbly beg your majeſty wou'd excuſe my age, and give me my *q. ietus.* Here is prince *Satan*, an able and active devil, and worthy your choice.

Satan. Good prince *Belzebub*, you might have ſpar'd your good word; for I ſhall beg to be excus'd, if my former ſervices may be reſpected; for I had enough of mankind when I tempted *Eve*, ſhe foil'd me ſo at my own weapon; therefore I hope your majeſty will confer that troubleſome employment on ſome devil of leſs quality than myſelf.

Lucif. So be it then, and let the mob of hell make choice of one, for I am reſolv'd to trouble myſelf no more about them. But before we riſe, let proclamation be made of a general play-day and jubilee for all the leſſer and laborious rank of devils, who have been thus long continually employ'd in damning mankind; let them take their eaſe as long as matrimony prevails above; for now our buſineſs is much better done by woman to our hands: Or if any are ſo zealouſly inclin'd to be ſtill buſy for the good of their country, let them employ their time and talents to better purpoſe than formerly, in perſwading the eaſy world againſt cœlibacy, by ſtigmatizing all that affect it with the name of whores, rogues, and hypocrites; and if that prevails, we gain our point, and widow'd Heaven may bid

good-night

good night to mankind. For if we get them into our nooſe, we may be ſure of our purchaſe. Let none therefore loyter away his time in tempting the marry'd; for one woman will out-do a legion of you.

For ſince their grandame Eve *in* Eden *fell,*
The ſex *has learnt the damning trade ſo well,*
Where e'er that rules, there's little need of hell.

The Belgic HERO *Unmask'd*;

IN A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Sir *Walter Rawleigh* and *Aaron Smith.*

Sir *Walter.* HOLD thy impertinent tongue, I say, thou everlasting babbler, or ——

Smith. Come, come, we lawyers are not so easily silenc'd as you think. Liberty of speech is one of the eldest branches of *magna charta*; therefore I will once more maintain it, before all the world, that the reign of my late *Batavian* master, was in every respect equal to that of the famous *Elizabeth.*

Sir *Walter.* Not that is't worth my while to enter the list with such a petty-fogging dog as thou art, or the cause in debate admits any manner of parallel: but since thou hast the impudence to defend so monstrous a paradox before all this company, inform us what noble things this hero has perform'd, to deserve all that nauseous idle flattery, which hardly none but *Sectarists*, *Deists*, *Republicans*, and particularly the rascals of thy kidney, when he was alive, conspir'd to give him.

Smith. Why, in the first place, he deliver'd *England*, then just upon the brink of being devour'd by arbitrary power and popery. He won the noble battle of the *Boyne*, reduc'd *Ireland*, appeas'd the disorders of *Scotland*, reap'd a new harvest of glory every campaign in *Flanders*, and at last, after an obstinate expensive war, forc'd a haughty tyrant, who had insulted and bully'd the whole christian world for almost forty years, to clap up a peace with him

upon his own terms at *Ryſwick*, by which he was oblig'd to vomit up numberleſs provinces and towns, which he had diſhonourably ſtollen from their true proprietors.

Sir *Walter*. And as for his perſonal qualities, what have you to ſay of them?

Smith. Whether you behold him at home or abroad, in the cabinet or the field; in fine, whether you conſider him as a king, a general, a ſtateſman, a husband, or a maſter, you'll find his character uniformly bright in all theſe relative ſtations: affectionate to his queen, merciful to his ſubjects, liberal to his ſervants, careful of his ſoldiers, and providing, by his great wiſdom, againſt all future contingencies that might hereafter diſturb the tranquillity of *Europe*. But as for his munificence to his ſervants and favourities, I may venture to ſay, that few princes in hiſtory ever went ſo far as he.

Sir *Walter*. This laſt clauſe is not ſo great a commendation to him as you imagine.--Well, and is this all, for I wou'd not willingly interrupt you, 'till you have gone the full length of your panegyrick?

Smith. 'Tis all I think needful to ſay upon the occaſion, and enough, in my opinion, to eſtabliſh his reputation to to all ſucceeding ages.

Sir *Walter*. Let us carefully examine the ſeveral particulars; and when we have ſo done, we ſhall be able to determine on what ſide the truth lies--*Imprimis*, you tell me he deliver'd *England* from tyranny and popiſh ſuperſtition: but was there no other way of accompliſhing his deliverance, but by ſending a certain relation to graſs, and wounding the monarchy in ſo tender a part, which had ſuffer'd ſo terribly in the late unnatural rebellion of 41? If what one of the ancient fathers ſays, be true, that the whole world is not worth the ſaving, at the expence of a ſingle lye, ſurely *Great Britain*, which makes ſo ſmall a part of the univerſe, hardly deſerv'd to be deliver'd from an imaginary ruin with ſo much perjury, infidelity, and ingratitude. Beſides, he ſolemnly proteſted in his declaration, that he had no intention to make himſelf king, yet he exercis'd the regal power the very moment he landed: ſo that unleſs there had been a crown in the caſe, I am afraid he would hardly have croſs'd the water to reſcue the church of *England*.

Smith

Smith. This is indeed what his enemies and some envious people have objected to him.

Sir *Walter.* Nothing of that can be laid to my charge. who was never known to your hero either *Beneficio* or *Injuria*; but as I still preserve an invincible affection for my native country, my zeal for the welfare of that, makes me assume this freedom. To be plain with you then, I can hardly believe he had any extraordinary concern for the prosperity of *England*, upon whom he threw the greatest burden of the war; whose troops he suffer'd to fight without their pay, in *Flanders*, at the same time when a parcel of unworthy foreigners had store of gold and silver in their pockets. Neither can any man perswade me he had the least affection for the royal family, from which he was descended, who suffer'd such numberless invectives and libels to be publish'd against his royal grandfather, both his uncles, and, in short, the whole family of the *Stuarts*, yet never call'd any of the authors or printers to an account for't during the whole course of his reign.

Smith. Aye, but a hero, you know, has other business to mind, than the *bagatelles* of the press.

Sir *Walter.* And yet this hero could condescend to mind these *bagatelles*, as you call them, with a witness, whenever they were levell'd against himself or his favourites. But to proceed,-- can any one in his senses believe, that this deliverer ever set the monarchy and true constitution of *England* to heart, under whose reign all the democratical treatises, both of this and the last age, were not only publish'd with impunity, but the abettors of such villainous doctrine, thought the only persons that were in the true interest of the nation, and deserving to be preferr'd? Was *England* so utterly destitute of able generals, that a regicide, proscrib'd by act of parliament, must be sent for over to head our forces in *Ireland?*

Smith. You'll never leave off harping upon this string.

Sir *Walter.* And lastly, have we not very violent reasons to suspect, that he never had any true hearty concern for the protestant interest, whatever he pretended to the contrary, who so notoriously sacrific'd it at the treaty of *Ryswick*; who, to enable him to carry on the late revolution against his uncle and father-in-law, enter'd into a league; one of the first articles of which, was, to oblige

the king of *France* to do juſtice to the uſurpations of the *Roman* ſee? And laſtly, who, if he had no averſion, had certainly no affection for the church of *England*, the ſupport, as well as ornament of the whole reformation, which evidently appear'd by his beſtowing its beſt preferments upon *illos quos pingere nolo*, a ſett of moderate lukewarm gentlemen, that were willing (good men) to throw up the conſtitution, whenever their enemies ſhould ask them the queſtion. What ſhall I ſay of others, that were advanc'd for no other merit, but becauſe they had been juſtly puniſh'd in former reigns for their ſeditious practices, or deſcended from *Oliverian* parents; or laſtly, becauſe they held antimonarchical and antihierarchical doctrine, both in pulpit and preſs, which they honeſtly call'd free-thinking?

Smith. Nay, this is mere calumny; for can any thing but the blackeſt envy preſume: to attack him upon the ſcore of religion?

Sir *Walter.* For once I'll ſpare his religion, yet 'tis certain his miniſters had not the leaſt tincture of it. To the eternal honour of his reign, be it obſerv'd, all the *Socinian* treatiſes that ſtole into the world in the late accurſed times of licentiouſneſs and diſorder, were fairly reprinted, and theſe, together with the modern improvements of *Deiſm*, ſold in the face of the ſun, without the leaſt check or diſcountenance from any at the helm: 'twas come to that pitch at laſt, that a man might better call the divinity of our Saviour into queſtion, than the legality of that revolution; and ſafer inſult the aſhes of king *James* the Iſt, *Charles the martyr*, and the whole royal line, than attack ſuch a lew'd, perjur'd, infamous ſcoundrel as *Oates*. 'Tis a general maxim, that the court always ſteers its courſe *ad Exemplum Cæſaris*; and that a ſhrewd gueſs may be made of a prince's morals, by thoſe of his miniſters. If this obſervation holds good, a man would find himſelf ſtrangely tempted to ſay ſome raſh things of your monarch, which good manners and decency oblige me to paſs over in ſilence.

Smith. But ſtill you ſay nothing of *Ireland*.

Sir *Walter.* Far be it from me to do detract in the leaſt from any man's actions: But this, I think, I may affirm, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of malice, that the exploit of the *Boyne*, every thing conſider'd, is not altogether

together so miraculous as his flattering divines and courtiers would represent it; for, after all, where was the wonder, that a well-disciplin'd regular army should defeat an unfortunate dispirited monarch, with none but a few raw, unpractis'd, naked troops about him? and then his giving the forfeited estates there to his minions, in open contradiction to what he had promis'd the parliament, does not seem to argue so great a concern for keeping his word. As for *Scotland*, the subversion of episcopacy, and murder of the *Glencow-men*, (not to mention the perpetuating of the convention, during his whole reign, and by that means depriving the country of electing proper members) will, I believe, look so frightful in future story, that few of your heroe's flatterers will mention the administration of that kingdom to his credit.

Smith. Well then, but *Flanders?*

Sir *Walter.* I thank you for reminding me of it. I am of opinion then, that, bating *Namure*, he might have put all the glorious harvests he yearly reap'd there, into his eye, and not have prejudic'd his royal sight in the least. However, as I know full well what a mighty advantage one powerful prince, that commands by his own single authority, has over a many-headed confederacy, where all are commanders I scorn to insist upon this point. For this reason I will not enumerate, nor enlarge upon the constant ill success that everlastingly attended him in *Flanders*, but come to the peace of *Ryswick*, which was his own proper act and deed. And here 'tis worth our observing, that by his leaving the poor emperor in the lurch, the city of *Strasburg* unluckily continu'd in the *French* hands; and that either out of want of politicks or a zeal for their religion, he made no stipulations for the *German Protestants*, nor took the least care to have them restor'd to those churches, of which they had been unjustly dispossess'd in the war.

Smith. Well, but necessity, you know, may make a man sometimes act contrary to his inclination.

Sir *Walter.* Why then did his parasites give out, That he was the controller of the peace, and forc'd the *French* king to accept of it upon his own terms. -- But not to mention a thousand other things that might be said upon this occasion, for I begin to grow weary of the subject, to stop

my

my mouth for good and all, and convince thee how far ſuperior in all the arts of governing the immortal *Elizabeth* was to thy *taciturn Hero*, I'll firſt give thee a ſhort sketch of her golden reign, and afterwards honeſtly and impartially ſhew thee a proſpect of the other:

Smith, With all my heart, proceed.

Sir *Walter*. As my miſtreſs had a true *Engliſh* heart, and made the proſperity of her people the only buſineſs of her life, ſhe ſuffer'd none of her miniſters to crave to themſelves extravagant fortunes out of the publick purſe. Tho' foreigners flock'd into her dominions as a certain aſylum, yet ſhe never encourag'd them to the detriment of her native ſubjects, nor imploy'd them in foreign embaſſies, nor admitted them into her councils: her affairs being manag'd with equal prudence and integrity, and encouragements properly diſtributed, no wonder ſhe was ſo fortunate in all her attempts. Thus we find ſhe ſupported the proteſtants in *France* againſt the oppreſſion of the *Guiſes*, and ſo well aſſiſted the *Dutch* in the infancy of their republick, that *Philip* II of *Spain*, with all his forces, was not able to reduce them. She was ſo far from beſtowing her royal favours upon the ſectaries, that ſhe ſuppreſs'd their growing inſolence with wholeſome laws, and was as careful to ſee them put in Execution. She could diſplay all her father's magnificence, when there was a proper occaſion to exert it; at other times, ſhe obſerv'd a ſtrict parſimony, equally advantageous to her own ſubjects, and eaſy to herſelf. The eſtabliſh'd church flouriſh'd ſo well under her auſpicious adminiſtration, that *England* never ſaw ſo glorious a conſtellation of reverend biſhops and learned divines, as in her reign. She retriev'd the honour of the *Exchequer*, and manag'd her payments ſo wiſely, that her people thought their money as ſafe in her coffers as in their own.——Now, your deliverer's reign was the exact reverſe of this happy ſcene. Schiſm and faction advanc'd, hypocriſy and dulneſs, under the diſguiſe of reformation, promoted to the higheſt honours, deiſm propagated, the true genuine ſons of the church diſcourag'd, foreigners admitted into our private councils, trade neglected, our narrow ſeas daily inſulted, the publick impoveriſh'd, the treaſury exhauſted and pillag'd by

inſatiable cormorants, the reputation of our arms decay'd and ſunk, the ſea-man ſtarv'd, the ſoldiers paid with paper; in ſhort, nothing but ill management and poverty at home, and infamy abroad.——And this I think is ſufficient to ſhew you, that you were mightily miſtaken, when you compar'd you know who to the immortal *Elizabeth*.

The End of the Second Volume.

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